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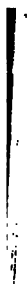
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John M. Gardener
THE

SECRET OF SUCCESS,

OR

FAMILY AFFAIRS;

A MEMOIR, IN ONE VOLUME

BY

A MISSISSIPPIAN.

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PREFACE.

THESE Memoirs were originally designed for my children alone, not supposing that others could be much interested with minute, and often frivolous details of transactions affecting only my own family; but as I could not get them into a form that would insure their perusal without incurring the expense of publication, I was advised by some of my friends, to whom I read detached portions of the manuscript, to strike off several copies, as the expense would be but slightly increased, and an opportunity would thus be afforded to those who from their acquaintance with the author, or from the very imposing title he has selected for his book, might be disposed to read it.

To you, my children, however, this little volume is most sincerely and respectfully dedicated, and I trust you will at least, give to the sentiments and principles of conduct I have endeavored to embody herein, your serious and candid reflection, for I feel assured that you will here find nothing of an injurious or immoral tendency, *but that on the contrary, you will be assisted in forming*

some safe and general rules for your own government in after life.

I could not be satisfied until I had thus given you (though imperfectly), the result of my experience in the world, the more especially, as my life has been rather a successful one in many respects, and although I have not attempted or desired, to present a very strict or accurate account of our Family Affairs, yet it will I think be found sufficiently so to interest you.

I have also occasionally, by way of relieving my narrative, interspersed it with rhythmical sketches of my earlier recollections, thinking they might serve to amuse, and perhaps to instruct you, as they are a sort of good-natured satire upon the manners and customs of the preceding generation.

With these remarks, I must submit these pages to your favorable and indulgent consideration, and while I am confident you will recognize in them, only the most unaffected desire for your prosperity and happiness, I cannot but believe they will prove the best legacy I shall ever be able to leave you.

YOURS AFFECTIONATELY.

SECRET OF SUCCESS,

OR

FAMILY AFFAIRS.

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE ever had a sort of blind faith in the Providence of God—that is, in his constant protection over the virtuous portion of mankind, and especially over those who put their trust in Him; and although I have met with reverses of fortune during a long life, I have always imagined I could discover the cause in some previous transgression of the moral or natural law. Thus my misfortunes have only tended to strengthen this sentiment in my bosom, and I now believe, with a confidence it would be difficult to shake, that the man who acts with the fear of God before his eyes, relying upon his omnipotent arm for support, can never, by any circumstances or condition, be removed from his guardianship and care.

When I was about twelve years of age, my mother was taken dangerously ill, and finally her life was despaired of by her physician. Having previously

lost my father, my mother was all the world to me; as well as I knew myself, I had no desire to survive her. With these feelings I retired into solitude and poured out the most devout supplication to my Heavenly Father, beseeching that he would raise her up and give her a long and useful life, promising at the same time to walk in his precepts, would he but vouchsafe my petition. I soon had the happiness to see her restored, and from that day to this, the Lord has been my shield and my strength and has answered every prayer I have ever offered before him, which was offered in full faith, and according to his word. It is true I have often been disappointed in the object of my desires, but it was only in those instances where I had doubts as to their propriety, or the probability of their acceptance.

I was married soon after my maturity. My wife is what would be called a plain woman; she is simple and unsophisticated in her manners, with more literary information than is possessed by the majority of women in this country, and correct moral principle; all of which render her an agreeable companion to one like myself; but there is this striking difference between us—I am theoretic, she is practical—I am disposed to scrutinize everything that comes in contact with my mind, she would let things remain as she finds them—I am a radical reformer wherever I can detect an error, she is satisfied with *the experience of others*, and copies their opinions

to save the labor of investigation. If she has been somewhat changed in this respect by her connection with me, she still thinks me speculative in my opinions, and dogmatically adheres to many absurdities, which have nothing but their antiquity to support them. With such opposing characteristics, it may well be supposed there have been frequent collisions of opinion between us, and candor compels me to acknowledge, that whenever I have advanced a new idea, or materially modified an old one, I have had my hardest battles to fight at home, for my wife was sure to join every opposer that came in, and if she did not always have the soundest argument, she always took care to adduce that very imposing one, of having all the learned on her side, while she never failed to enjoy the consolation of closing the discussion in her own way.

CHAPTER II.

THOSE who are born to large fortunes, and have ample provision made for them in the outset of life, who have houses and lands all ready for them to enter upon and enjoy, have but little idea, if indeed, they ever think, of the hardships and difficulties to be encountered by those who have neither, but who are thrown, almost entirely, upon the resources of *their own minds* for procuring them. In the term

poverty, there is something so disagreeable to the imagination, that we are too apt to forbear any allusion to it, during those more agreeable hours, when we think only of the pleasure we are enjoying, and the still greater happiness that awaits us in the possession of the object of our affections; and in truth, we are not always willing to acknowledge it to ourselves, until we are at last forced by circumstances (however reluctantly), to expose it to those, from whom, through a very natural sensibility, we have been most studious to conceal it.

Such was my own condition, and a year after I was married, I saw no way of obtaining a home for my family, but in the removal to a distant settlement, where I might become a squatter on the public domain. It was with this view that I addressed my wife as follows: "Well," said I to her one morning, by way of introducing my ideas to her, "My Dear Caroline—we have set out to make the journey of life together, whether we shall have a rough or a smooth road, will depend much upon ourselves, and our conduct toward each other. We must endeavor to be one in feeling and sentiment, as well as in the object and tendency of all our actions, for whatever tends to divide us, will weaken our strength and render us more liable to become the victims of our own passions, or the machinations that may be formed against us by others. It will be in vain that *we shall strive for riches or honor, in the world,*

unless we can first secure harmony and co-operation at home."

"To be one in feeling and sentiment, my Dear Charles," said my wife, "may not at all times be possible, but where it is, I assure you, you will ever find me ready to second your wishes in all things."

"I mean only to say, my dear," replied I, "that while I am struggling with misfortune, or fainting under adversity, it will be your duty to console me, or inspire me with courage for perseverance."

"Most assuredly sir," said she.

"When I am toiling in the laborious occupations of the patient husbandman, you will be sedulously plying your needle in some commanding position, where you can both witness the ebullition of the boiling cauldron of bubbling soap, and hear the rushing dasher of the splashing churn. When I shall be leaning over the handles of my busy plow, whistling the merry song of the reapers to keep my spirits up, you will be actively employed in separating the noxious weeds and grass from our vegetable garden, or with your nimble fingers twirling the distaff to the melting strains of rural felicity or happiness in a corner."

"Really, Mr. Bloomenback," said my wife, "I fear you overrate my musical talent, I am but a poor songstress, and—"

"I do not mean to say, my dear," I continued,

"that your music would be so enchanting, but you will allow that I should be delighted, however imperfect might be your attempts at melody, for they would at least satisfy me that my dear C. was happy. But to proceed, when the hour of noon shall arrive to respite my arduous labors, yours shall be the agreeable task to wind the welcome horn, to summons me in."

"Here again, Mr. B.," said my wife, "I would gladly obey you, were it in my power, but," —

"I understand you, my dear," I continued, "perfectly well; it is not expected that one of your age and inexperience should be expert at the various little offices of housewifery, which a very little practice will make you familiar with."

"Really, Mr. B.," she interrupted, "I am fearful this is one of the arts I shall never acquire, for I am convinced from frequent experiments, that it is impossible for me to make any sound on a horn."

"I cannot suffer myself to doubt, that my dear C., will be all that I could desire, in this case as well as in everything else; necessity, my dear, is the mother of invention, and thus we are often surprised, on looking back a few years, to see what we have accomplished, and find ourselves practicing, with ease, many things of which we once had no knowledge.—Yes, when I shall be returning, with slow and weary step from the furrowed field, you will be *displaying your cheerful table*, on which to spread

the frugal meal, and though the fare should at times be a little coarse, we shall have the grace of contentment, and what is worth more than all, we shall have the approbation of a good conscience, as we return our gratitude to our heavenly Father for his rewards of our honest industry; and when the heat and toil of the day are over, I shall return with joyful heart to greet my dear C., and in the happiness of her smiles, find that repose which kings and lordlings seek for in vain. In this way shall we go hand in hand through the world, and though the idle and dissipated shall withdraw from us, the vain and foolish wonder, or the proud point the finger of scorn at our humility, we shall at last be exalted, and force their respect, if we cannot command their admiration, and we shall also transcend them in this, that whereas this world is the great theater of their actions and must terminate their happiness, our own will be but fairly begun. But on the other hand, my dear,—and my heart almost dies within me at the picture—should jealousy, or contention, or ill temper, introduce the demon of discord, we shall forever bid adieu to domestic happiness—while I am combating misfortunes which no forecast of mine could prevent, or writhing under persecutions which I do not deserve, should you ill-naturedly find fault with my management, or upbraidingly taunt me with my folly. While I am laboriously pursuing the business by *which we are to make a living*, should you be luxu-

riating abroad in idleness and ease;—while I am rigidly curtailing my own expenditures and adding retrenchment to retrenchment, in order to save something at the end of the year, should you become ambitious of the gaudy trappings of the rich and gay, and indiscreetly tax my scanty income to gratify your vanity or add to your amusement; or, should you, in short, appear indifferent to whatever my condition or my troubles may be, when I am diligently struggling for our mutual advantage, and perhaps aggravate them by your unreasonable requirements, I say, my dear, could such a gloomy picture possibly be realized, then indeed, should we not only render ourselves just objects of the scorn and contempt of mankind, but we should utterly fail to accomplish that high and glorious destiny which I trust awaits us.”

At these words, I found my wife was in tears, and thinking it was a favorable moment for speaking to her of my notions of going to the swamp, I began thus:—

“Yes, my dear C., being without land, or the present means of purchasing it, it will be necessary for us to go to the swamp and become squatters for a few years on public land, as many of the poor are now doing. It is not at all dishonorable for me thus to bring these lands into notice, and enhance their value to the government.” A slight shudder passed over her frame at the word swamp, and I was afraid

she would utter her protest against my intentions, in this, however, I was happily disappointed, for she only remarked—

“She had always had a great horror of new settlements, which were associated in her mind with frightful bears and panthers, mosquitoes, chills and fevers, savage Indians, and uncivilized communities,” but added, “that she respected my opinion in such matters, and would endeavor to have no opinion of her own:” for which I was very particular in returning her my thanks; for although she had expressed her willingness to go with me, I knew she had but little idea of the real privations and difficulties that lay before us, and I therefore felt I should have to use all my arts at conciliation, to keep her in a good humor and reconcile her to the new modes of life to which I was about to introduce her.

CHAPTER III.

ON the following morning we prepared to set out for our new residence, and for this purpose the two old negroes, one of which belonged to each of us, bringing up the little two-horse wagon, we began to load; and now for the first time, I began to be uneasy for fear our *wagon was too small to hold the strange pile of things that had to go with us.* My mother

had given me first the old bed that I had slept on from boyhood; against this I remonstrated, urging that it would break her up; that although it had but few feathers, and had been greatly patched and ill used, it was still the only furniture she had for her best bedroom, and she could not do without it, but she insisted, and I had to give way. Secondly, she insisted on my taking three of the half-dozen chairs which her mother had presented to her on her last marriage; one had been a rocking-chair, and could even then be used as such, although one of the rockers had been broken off for years, and otherwise mutilated; the other I soon repaired so that it could be safely used by a little care in bracing it against the wall. To these she added half a barrel of meat, which I thought little of at the time, and sugar and coffee enough to begin with, as she said, which she balanced in a white cotton wallet.

My wife's parents had also given her an old bureau, the drawers of which opened with strings instead of knobs, and would run quite through when pushed in, unless it was sitting against the wall. It had, however, been so well scrubbed with soap, that it would have looked very well could it have stood alone; but for want of the two hinder legs, it was stretched on its back in the yard. Beside this, she had a large looking-glass, with two transverse fractures running the whole length and breadth of the face. A tin candlestick, well cleaned, a broken

china sugar-bowl, without cover, a bed and table. As to the bed, although it might properly be called a feather bed, yet it had but little of the precious commodity about it, for I have frequently had since to ask my wife whether I was lying on it or not. The table had once been a fine one; it was in the shape of a half-moon, and had a falling leaf, the leg of which having been a great while broken off, was lashed to one of the three remaining legs, with thrums, and could be set up by hand when needed for use. My wife had also five or six yards of curtain calico, which her kind mother had intended for a musquito bar.

When the above articles were dislodged at my mother's, a few days after our marriage, from the huge ox-wagon belonging to her mother, I was so much diverted, that I had to turn my back on my wife to conceal my merriment, and once I had to go quite behind the house and indulge in a hearty laugh, before I could recover myself so as to speak, for my wife manifested as much interest in them as if they had been of the finest quality, all of which I attributed to the love of property, which seems natural to the human family; and these were probably the only articles of this kind to which she had ever felt herself the rightful owner. All this together made a pile that seemed altogether too bulky for the little wagon, *the only conveyance we had for them, and I began to consider what articles I could most conve-*

niently get along without. After a little reflection and observation of the pile, I proposed that we should leave the looking-glass with my mother.

"No, never," exclaimed my wife, taking up the precious frame in her arms; "how could we do without something of the kind?"

"Why, my dear," said I, "this glass could never give a correct reflection of the human physiognomy, even though it had never met with the misfortune which has cracked it in almost every direction, and it would perhaps be better that we should never behold ourselves, than that our features should be so frightfully magnified."

"My glass, Mr. B.," interrupted my wife, "must go, and I will carry it myself, if it cannot go in the wagon. Indeed," she continued, "perhaps it would be better for me to carry it at any rate, lest it should be broken by jolting and rumbling over a rough road."

I now saw the glass would have to go, and assured her that I could stow it away securely amongst the beds, for I began now to picture my wife riding on the public road with a large looking-glass behind her, and I felt that it would be too ridiculous, even for our poverty. I was, however, by no means displeased at this newly discovered trait in her character, for I saw she was determined to hold on to all she had, and this I have ever found to be the better *part of economy*. Indeed, so fearful was she that *something* would have to be left, that she would let

nothing go into the wagon till she had made her calculations about placing what was to follow ; and I was surprised at her ingenuity in storing away small articles in the corners and vacant places, between the other things. I thought there was an error somewhere in loading, however, for I observed that most of the heavy things were on the top, and I feared the consequences, especially as old Joe had never driven before ; but so compactly was the whole arranged, that everything seemed to be in the very best place that could have been found for it ; and as my wife had displayed so much ingenuity in squeezing the huge mass into so small a compass, I did not wish to hurt her feelings by hinting that the wagon was injudiciously loaded ; and to tell the truth, I could not see where the error lay myself, and was not certain I could improve it if I should again unload. After about half a day spent in packing the wagon, the principal part of which my wife had insisted on doing with her own hands, old Joe, bidding farewell to all those among whom he had lived for forty years, harnessed his mule, and was soon rumbling along toward his new home in the swamp. But now I began to have serious fears about the fate of our things, for so much did they overtop the little wagon that I could hardly see anything but the wheels, while old Joe and his mules were entirely concealed. Yet I said nothing to my wife to alarm her, and indeed my fears were soon forgotten in feelings of a melancholy

nature, for on turning to her and my mother, I found them, together with all the family, weeping as if they never expected to see each other again.

CHAPTER IV.

"WELL, my dear C.," said I to my wife, as soon as we were calm enough to talk, (for I wished to avail myself of every favorable opportunity to make her think correctly), "this is an important era in our lives. To-day, for the first time, we venture out from the protection of the paternal roof, into the wide world. We must lay by our youthful follies, and call in our wild and extravagant imaginations, to the stern duties and sober realities of practical life, for we cannot expect that those among whom we shall now go, will look upon our imperfections with any great degree of allowance—that they will regard our errors with partiality, or sympathize in our misfortunes. No, my dear; we are now thrown entirely upon ourselves and the resources of our own minds, and it will require all the maxims of wisdom and prudence we have from time to time learned from those who can alone feel an abiding interest in our welfare, to supply the place of that affectionate indulgence which, from the earliest period of our lives *up to the present moment*, has been constantly *extended to us*. We shall find mankind selfish, my

dear," said I, "to a degree which, without the exercise of all our philosophy, we shall be but illy prepared to realize. We shall find that each prefers his own advantage to that of every other consideration, and we must make it the interest or the pleasure of others to contribute to our happiness, by striving to make ourselves useful or agreeable to them; for it is this mutual dependence of the various elements of society which unites it all in harmony, while each is impelled only by calculations of his own. We must not appear indifferent to the circumstances or misfortunes of our fellow-beings around us, for if we shall disregard those sufferings we might alleviate, or reproachfully point the finger of scorn at foibles we see in others, we shall, in turn, receive but little charity from their judgment, and shall be often mortified to find that they have discovered some one of the numerous defects in our own character, and, indeed," continued I, "I have been often struck with the force of that declaration of our Saviour, 'with whatsoever judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged.'" But I now saw that my reasoning had been lost on my wife, for although she had listened respectfully, and once or twice nodded her head in token of assent to my remarks, she interrupted me at this point, by exclaiming, "that the wagon had left some pieces of cloth her mother had given her, as well as her curtain calico for a mosquito-bar," but, said she, "we will *manage it somehow or other.*"

These last observations of my wife entirely changed the train of my thoughts, for to the present day, I have never been able to divest myself of a certain kind of pride, and I now began to fear that she intended I should carry her things, or what was just as bad, that she would carry them herself, and thus go, packed up like peddlers, along the public and fashionable highway we had to travel.

Early on the following morning, myself and wife prepared to leave a place, that was endeared to me by every tie that can bind a poor mortal to the earth. "This spot," said I to my wife, "is consecrated by so many agreeable recollections and past scenes of enjoyment, that nothing but the sincerity of my regard for you, and the necessity which you will allow exists of improving my circumstances, could induce me to dissolve the connection, for here, with my fathers, I would prefer that my ashes should repose. I must therefore, ask of you, my dear wife, that should it be practicable, and should it be my melancholy fate to—"

"Speak not the solemn word, my dear husband," said my wife, while tears rolled down her cheeks, "I understand you, and pray God that he will deliver me from,"—here she could say no more, and giving way to her feelings, she opened afresh the floodgates of anguish, in the breasts of us all, and my mother sobbed as if her heart would break."

"What," said she, "is to become of me, a lone

and destitute old woman? for years I have leaned for support and protection upon my eldest son, and now that he is going a hundred miles from me, I may die before I see him again; but my blessing shall rest on you my children," said she; "go where you will. God will ever be with the dutiful child, and perhaps in his mercy, he may yet spare me to see better days, when I may see all my children around me to receive my dying benediction."

"This is all quite natural, dear mother," said I, "and this proves to my mind, that it is right we should be sad on such an occasion as the present, but I hope you will never suffer any apprehension of my maternal ingratitude to arise in your mind, for, as you well know, it was impossible for me to procure a residence near you, even the humblest farm I have heard of in this country being entirely above my limited means; but though I go away, my old mother will ever be uppermost in my heart. I shall freely share with my own family, the fruits of my labors, for it will always afford me the highest pleasure to know that I can add to the comfort and happiness of her declining days. We have all our pilgrimage to run, said I, and if yours shall appear to be nearly finished, and mine but fairly begun, yet the difference is but a moment, and I almost begin, even now, to anticipate that glorious day, when we shall all be gathered to our final resting-place. That face which *is now wrinkled with age and infirmity, shall shine*

with the brightness of perennial youth, and parting shall be no more; for although theologians may dispute about the punishment of the wicked, or reason consign them to the shades of eternal oblivion, yet all will agree that the righteous shall be rewarded with eternal life, and that then shall we know even as we are known."

"In this view of the subject," said I, "I can see no reason in our grief, but on the other hand, rather an occasion for rejoicing that we shall be so highly favored." But here a movement on the part of my wife reminded me that it was time to start, and broke off the tenor of my reflections.

CHAPTER V.

IN undertakings of whatever kind, I have generally found that the chief difficulties lay at the beginning, and that once under way, obstacles were surmounted almost without my notice, that had at the outset, nearly discouraged me, and as I had started my wagon on the day before, and all moved smoothly off, I was in hopes the worst part of the removal was over; I did not then (as now) know that the whole journey of life is beset with troubles, which appear to increase as we advance, and perhaps in the end often become so exceedingly numerous, as to make even *death an agreeable relief* from them. I now disco-

vered on seeing my horse, that I might yet have trouble in moving myself, for there was but little chance to ride. My wife had superintended the packing of him; she had opened two bolts of cloth and spread them on my saddle, had tied a third behind it in the fashion of a portmanteau, and had stuffed the old saddlebags which I saw I was to carry, till their contents peered out at all the rents along the seam, and indeed, I did not at first know them; I was just about to try and mount them when my wife advanced with the wallet of sugar and coffee which she said I must carry, and which I knew myself we could not do well without.

"My dear," said I, "this will never do. Can we not send old Joe after some of these goods next Christmas?"

"Indeed Mr. B.," said she, "these are all indispensable, and if you are too much incommoded I will endeavor to carry them myself."

A glance at her horse however satisfied me that I had hardly my full share, and leading him up to the steps I mounted on the top of all; but so far was I from my horse, that I hardly felt like that I was on him, for my feet would not reach the stirrups by a foot or more, all of which was soon corrected by shortening the stirrup leathers. My wife had three bundles suspended from the right horn of her saddle, a piece of goods underneath, and the seat was so full of goods, that I observed she made several trials

before her leg would catch on the pommel, and she had placed the curtain calico on the top, two or three yards of which hung down by her horse's side, as a sort of screen for the other things. Now, although I would gladly have been relieved of a part of our load, for I had no doubt we should be laughed at on the road, yet I could not for my life, help feeling proud of my wife's love of property, which appeared to be a ruling passion, and I had then known that she had on two extra dresses, and four pair of stockings, two old pair of leather gloves in her bonnet, and two cotton handkerchiefs tied above her knees which must otherwise have been left, I should have lost all my sense of mortification in the consolation that I had been so fortunate in the selection of a companion. We now took our leave amidst the tears and lamentations of white and black, and immediately set forward on our journey.

CHAPTER VI.

Nothing of an unpleasant nature occurred during the forenoon of the first day except the impertinent observations of ill-bred fellows we passed; one of whom asked how we sold calico by the piece? Another, whether the late rise in cotton had affected *the price of domestic*, etc. At all of which my wife *seemed smartly nettled*, but as it was only what I had

expected, I endeavored to divert her mind from the ludicrousness of our appearance, by an animated discourse upon the defective systems of public education in this country. I endeavored to show that such vulgar youths as had attempted to insult us, were the children of very poor and ignorant parents; or what was worse, that they were orphans, who had never enjoyed the advantages of the plainest education, or even the instruction of pious or benevolent friends; that politeness was inculcated in every correct system of instruction, and that it was almost impossible for the mind to lose sight of those early moral lessons, which wise parents or virtuous instructors could not fail to impart, and I insisted on the expression of her opinion, as to whether they were not proper objects of commiseration, and whether it was not our duty at all times, when it was in our power, to give them advice, as well as to lend our humble assistance to philanthropists in general, in their benevolent schemes to ameliorate their wretched condition. She said, "She concurred in my opinion, and would be pleased to enjoy an opportunity of conversing for a few moments with one of these unfortunate beings, to ascertain whether or not, such was the real cause of their degradation," and so much curiosity had she on this point, that in a short time afterward, when we were accosted by a rough-looking backwoods wagoner, who wished to know whether we sold for cash or credit, she stopped short, and looking inquisi-

tively at him, asked him, in the kindest accents, "whether he would oblige her by answering a few questions?" I spoke as soon as possible urging her to proceed, (for I knew she was only subjecting herself to farther insult), which she reluctantly did; leaving the stupid wagoner as much astonished at her unexpected interrogatory, as he had at first been amused at our peddler-like appearance. I now saw that the unusual interest I had affected for this class of the community, had excited too much enthusiasm in my wife, and I began to qualify my previous observations by remarking, that perhaps there was as much depending on the time and circumstances in which we tendered our admonition, as upon the nature of the advice itself; that without a knowledge of the passions and temperament of those whom we undertake to admonish, we should often fail in our designs, and all these prerequisites concurring, that still a certain degree of confidence in those who offered their instructions was also necessary. I have often been frustrated in my own intentions, I continued, "by inattention to these considerations, and have even been charged with motives the very opposite of those by which I was prompted." Just as I had finished we came suddenly on the brow of a steep hill, and at the foot of the opposite hill was the little wagon I had been so anxious about, and a little to the right, was *one of the mules tied to a tree, and playing manfully with its heels*, while old Joe and Nancy, were laying

upon it with hickories, that threatened to leave no life in it. I immediately ordered them to desist, and inquired the cause of their cruelty. Old Joe informed me briefly, "that in consequence of her obstinacy, he had upset his wagon on the hill, and that now she refused to pull ; that she had always been whipped for such conduct, and would not pull till she had her drubbing."

I ordered her to be released, urging, that, "as this was her first offense in my service, I would forgive her, if that could be called such, which left her striped from head to tail."

CHAPTER VII.

Our wagon was soon after rumbling along and I was as soon moralizing on the scenes that constantly presented themselves to our observation.

"My dear C.," said I, "It is always painful to me to reflect upon the great disparity fortune seems to have made between her children; while the wealthy landlord of yon splendid mansion, revels in elegance, and luxury, and scarcely knows the hand that supplies his daintiest appetite and anticipates his wants, the poor tenant of this miserable hovel labors continually, from morning till night, for a scanty support, knowing that if he relax his industry but for *a day, his children will cry for bread.* While the

former treads on carpets, and sits upon cushions, or reposes (when satiated with gay festivities and fashionable amusements) upon beds of eider-down, this poor man moves cautiously over his ill laid puncheons to his three-legged stool in the corner, and rejoices as the howling blast pierces him through the crevices of his cabin, if he have but fuel to perpetuate his cheerful fire through the night, or bedding to protect his little ones from the still more intense cold, which he knows he must feel at midnight."

"I have often thought of this, my dear C.," replied my wife, "and I have been almost ready to question the justice of Providence, on account of the inequality with which his blessings are bestowed. I should be pleased," she continued, "to hear your opinion, if any you have formed, on this subject."

"I am gratified my dear C.," I resumed, "to hear you ask this question, for while it assures me I shall have your attention in particular to my remarks, it gives me an opportunity to speak upon a favorite theme, and in support of a long cherished opinion, which in future I shall endeavor to adopt as a governing principle of action, and that I may carry it out successfully, I will require the assistance of my wife. I do believe," I continued, "that poverty, is oftener attributable to ignorance, crime, or misconduct, than the world is generally willing to admit. I have seen many in my life," said I, "who *from ignorance of the simplest laws of economy, have*

toiled most laboriously for years without in anywise improving their condition. In the outset in life, they had imprudently gone into debt beyond their means of payment, often so greatly beyond, as to embarrass themselves for years, and lay the foundation for a struggle, which will generally paralyze the energies, and disqualify the mind for making any very vigorous efforts in after life. The unhappy victim of pecuniary difficulties," said I, "is in a worse condition than the unfortunate sufferer from moral evil, for while the sympathies of his fellow-beings never extend far enough to afford him the least assistance, he finds every day, by increasing the sum he owes, places it still farther out of his power to extricate himself, and it is little to be wondered at, if (when by the mere lapse of time he feels himself partially relieved from his obligations) he has no higher ambition than to avoid similar misconduct in future, and congratulates himself that he is able to balance the debit and credit side of his accounts, at the end of the year. Having failed at the outset, from inattention to the admonitions of age, or from want of a proper degree of forecast in himself, he finds it difficult in after life to learn, that in order to increase his substance he must live so much within his income, as to have an annual balance in his hands when his accounts are closed, and that small as his income may be, his expenses must be still smaller."

"It really seems to me," said my wife, *"that any*

one might make this calculation for himself, for it is self-evident."

"Truly," said I, "but pride aids in bringing on them their difficulties, by prompting them to purchase many articles which their judgment disapproves, and which might easily be dispensed with.

"There is another class who commence the world with too high hopes and expectations. They have looked only on the outside of everything, and readily suppose they will have no trouble in accomplishing their most extravagant desires. These not only plunge headlong into pecuniary obligations which they imagine they will have no difficulty in discharging, but in order that they may not be disappointed, endeavor to force all the resources of their income beyond their natural and proper limits. If the trade be physic, their bills are exorbitant; if it be law, or mechanics, the same are extortionary and ruinous; if it be agriculture, the field is enlarged beyond due bounds, the servants or laborers are overtasked, and the horses are over-driven in order to cultivate it, and perhaps, the Sabbath desecrated in order to make up for the insufficiency of the past week. This class are more unsuccessful than the first, for having transcended the bounds of prudence at every step, they soon find their punishment in the decline of the business, or diminution of the property, it was their *object to extend or increase*. The mind, now *disenchanted of its unphilosophical visions*, for the first

time discovers in the future, a stern and sober picture of real life. The selfishness of mankind, the multifarious wants of a household, the urgency of creditors, and the absolute necessity of speedy and active employment, rush upon the mind with a force which but few are able to resist; if we add to these embarrassing reflections, those that spring from mortified pride and disappointed ambition, which can now see but a gloomy prospect of escape from degradation and poverty, we shall hardly be astonished, that the unhappy victim is so often driven to miserable relief in the ball of dissipation, while he finds fault with Providence as the cause of all his misfortunes. But when this is not the result, so broken is the spirit, and so subdued is the ambition, that but few will afterward prosecute the business of life with the vigor necessary to success." My wife now appeared about to speak, but as I did not wish to be interrupted, I proceeded; "There is also a third class said I, which is about as numerous as either of the other classes; these seem dissatisfied with their share of the good things of this world, and are ever seeking to obtain from others, that, to which they are not justly entitled, whether by secret artifice, or open fraud. In this class (which I shall denominate the guilty), I would include the speculator, the gambler, the extortioner, and the covetous of all professions. Their motto is gain, while they are most unscrupulous as to *the means to be used*, provided only they can escape

the punishment of the law; upon these is stamped the disapprobation of Heaven, and sooner or later the very means they have used to obtain some unjust advantage of others, will be turned against themselves. This, though I may not prove to you as I could wish, yet we are told in the words of our Saviour, 'Who takes the sword, shall perish by the sword,' and my observation has ever shown this to be true; there are also some good reasons to be found for the reverses of fortune which they experience in the fact, that in their eagerness to acquire, they relax their vigilance in the preservation of what has been already obtained, while in the disapprobation of their own consciences, and the condemnation of mankind (which in the end render it impracticable for them to execute their knavish purposes may be found a sufficient reason for the inevitable destruction which awaits them. Now in these three classes, will probably be found at least three-fourths of the whole world, (for I do not believe," said I, "that more than one-fourth are prosperous, and receive through a long life of righteousness, the favor and blessings of Providence), and I can certainly not attribute their poverty and wretchedness to aught but their own ignorance, folly, or misconduct."

"If I understand you then, my dear C.," said she, "you do not think people excusable for being poor, and I was going to say,"—

"Say on," said I, "I wish to have a full expression of your sentiments on this subject."

"I was about to say, that this opinion reflects a degree of blame upon our parents whose lot it was to live and die in very moderate circumstances."

"I do not say, my dear," said I, "that poverty is a crime, but that it is as a general rule, the effect of bad management, and that what is usually called good luck, or good fortune, is nothing more than the success that attends the imitative student of nature."

From all her busy creation, we may learn industry, from their instinctive forecast we should learn care and economy, from the easy regularity of their motion, we should learn prudence and moderation in our labors, while the simplicity of their food and raiment, and the invariable uniformity of their habits should guard us against extravagance and luxury, and teach us the true secret of health and beauty.

"Our artificial wants," said I, "are many, but our absolute wants are but few, and these will become fewer if we sedulously cultivate the domestic virtues." My wife did not appear to be entirely satisfied with my reasoning, yet as she did not object, I flattered myself, I should have an opportunity of testing the merits of my theory, but as I saw it was entirely new to her, and involved a sacrifice of vanity which it is difficult for a woman to make, I continued to make, during the remainder of our journey, observations calculated to strengthen the views I had advanced.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE were now soon overtaken by nightfall and had to look out for a place of rest. Happening about sunset to meet with a well dressed man, (mulattoe), on horseback, I desired him to tell me whether we could get entertainment for the night at the fine looking residence just in view before us. He answered instantly in the negative, observing at the same time that he belonged to the owner, and that the servants had their orders to turn off all strangers who might want accommodations and direct them to a house about a mile off where strangers were generally taken in. I told him we were very tired, and that I was prepared to pay my way.

"You cannot stop, sir," said he, "for there is a large mastiff in the yard, and not one of the servants would dare admit a man of your appearance, that is, one not traveling in a coach."

I was a little stung by this last remark of the man, and pushed on. At about dusk we rode up to one of the smallest and most destitute looking places I had ever seen. The house was of round logs about twelve feet square, with a shed in front made of bushes, to break off the intense heat of the sun, around it was a low rail fence, barely sufficient to prevent the *intrusion of cattle*, a few of which were lying around. *I at first hesitated*, thinking it would be an intrusion

and almost an insult to ask for entertainment, but having stopped our horses, while we were thinking what we should do, an old man about sixty years of age accosted us asking us if we would not get down, remarking that he had but a small house and coarse fare, but that this was sometimes acceptable to a weary traveler, adding that we should be welcome to such as he had. On the inside of this rude cot, were four or five chairs, a small cupboard, a narrow bed in each of the back corners, a table for four persons, a chest and trunk, one or two articles were hung up on the walls, and a gun over the fireplace, and this was all that could be seen of property about the place, all of which wore an air of neatness and order however, for everything seemed to be in the place best suited to it. As soon as we were seated the old lady, who appeared to be fifty or upward, began to stir about between the cupboard and fireplace, where the coffee pot was sitting when we entered, and in a few minutes the little table was drawn and spread, and we were refreshed with one of the most palatable cups of coffee I have ever tasted, although it was made of corn parched, and taken without sugar. Myself and wife also did full justice to the fried bacon and eggs, honey and corn bread set before us. In the meantime, the old man and his little son had fed our horses and returned, who also, with the old lady, took their seat *around the little table*, and then in the *most solemn manner*, with uplifted hands, acknow-

ledged the blessings they received from a beneficent Providence. There was in this family, a sober dignity of demeanor, a calm quietude and independence of manner and conversation, that at once arrested my attention, and seemed to indicate something of better days, and as their kindness had already made a favorable impression on my mind, I began to feel a most irresistible desire to know something of the circumstances that had brought them to this low condition. Accordingly, as soon as the table was removed and all was quiet, I addressed the old man thus—"I hope, sir," said I, "you will not think me impertinent if I tell you I should be pleased to hear a brief history of your life, for you seem to be in very limited circumstances here, and probably misfortune or the dishonesty of mankind, have prevented you from having more of the comforts of life about you, or more of what the world is generally seeking for, as the means of happiness." The old man's face seemed to light up at once, and after fixing his eye upon me for an instant, as if to see that the interest I manifested in him was real, he stooped down to push up the pine knot that blazed upon the hearth, and then heaving a long and deep sigh, he began thus.

CHAPTER IX.

STORY OF A SPECULATOR.

“My father,” said he, “died when I was about a year old. My mother having died when I was too young to recollect her, I was in consequence, placed with my only uncle, with whom I remained ’till I was of age. My uncle was a vain and wordly minded man. His sentiments, (though they might be allowable by a certain false code of honor, which even to the present day is recognized by a large portion of the world), I now regard as immoral, and though I have every respect for his memory, I can not but regard them as the radical cause of the reverses and disappointments which have marked my life up to the present moment. I saw he was courted and flattered by a large number of the most gay and fashionable, as well as the most wealthy of the surrounding country, and I could not myself, but look upon him as a superior man. I never heard his opinions disputed, nor his views contested, by any of his numerous guests who seemed to be the most popular and influential class of the community, and it can not be thought wonderful that I had no higher ambition than to form my character after so brilliant a model, or that I adopted all his maxims and views, without once suspecting they could be wrong. His *very vices seemed to me, to be accomplishments.* He

cursed habitually, but his oaths seemed calculated to enforce what he was saying. He turned a glass most gracefully, and played a masterly game at whist and chess, and as he boasted to his friends of his lascivious achievements, I thought even these necessary to qualify a man for fashionable life. When I was twenty-one, he requested me one morning to walk with him into his study, for he was a man of books, and then desiring me to be seated, he addressed me as follows:—

“ My dear Thornton, said he, you are now of age, and about to enter the world to shift for yourself; I am proud to say I can see nothing to find fault with in you, nor in your conduct since you have been with me ; I must, however, give you my best advice, and endeavor to impress upon your mind a few leading and general principles of action, which will make you as respectable as I have been, and if you keep your wits about you, and make good use of your time, will certainly insure success, in a community where one-third are bungling gamblers, and one-third are stupid dolts. If you fail you must not blame these principles, but their application, for with them I have made a large fortune, although, in consequence of the treachery of friends, my affairs are now irretrievably embarrassed, and I must soon change this splendid mansion, in which I have enjoyed so many delightful hours, for a precarious support among professed friends. Yes,” he con-

tinued, while the tears started to his eyes, "and if I was young, I would not now throw myself upon those who may chide me with my folly, or despise me for my poverty. But to the point, my son," said he,—“Then in the first place you must religiously observe the laws of honor, for these will give you a favorable position for using your talents to advantage.

2d. “Never submit to an insult from your equals.

3d. “Be not niggardly with your money when publicly solicited.

4th. “Keep your word as sacred as your life, and above every other obligation.

5th. “Associate only with folks of fashion, and men of honor.

6th. “Let your wardrobe always correspond with your quality.

7. “You will regard all mankind as exclusively selfish, and consequently, ever striving to get the advantage of you. Thus it will not only be excusable, but proper, that you use every advantage which accident or good fortune may have given you over them, consistently, with the aforementioned code. Written laws are made for rascals, and should not bind men of honor; you will be as senseless as I have found the world to be, should you wait until you are injured, in order to retaliate upon your enemies; it would be as unnatural, as for the misguided traveler, who sees the glaring eyes of the crouching tiger

fixed full upon him, to wait until the destructive fangs of the terrible beast are buried in his flesh, before he makes an effort to defend himself. With these, my dear, T.," said he, "I must leave you to make your way in the world, but gloomy as are my prospects, I cannot see you leave me without a stake to start on, so here," said he, pulling out of his pocket \$500, "is the half of what I have been able to save for myself, I give it to you with my blessing, and if you have but a tithe of the skill and genius that characterized your family for the last fifty years, your fortune is sure."

"Being now in possession of a greater sum than I had ever seen before, I was buoyant with hope, and immediately began to buy and sell horses, for with this I was better acquainted than with any other kind of traffic; I did not forget the advice of my uncle, for I afterward wrote down his maxims, which I looked upon as *the secret of success in life*. I soon found, that by making use of those artifices that are generally considered fair, in trading, I could sell a horse for more than he cost me, such as warranting him to ride well, to run well in harness, etc., when I knew he would fall down under the saddle, or run off in harness. I also had another mode of imposition which was to excavate the teeth with a hot iron; at this, however, I did not succeed so well, and was nigh being detected. By the profits of this business, which I followed for three years, together *with a few dollars* I occasionally made at my favorite

game, I was able to begin the trade in negroes. Here I practiced the same system of double dealing, by which I had succeeded so well before. I frequently sold a negro for twenty-two, that was not less than thirty years of age, or one for forty-five that was sixty years old; this I did too, as I thought, in strict accordance with the laws of honor, for I did not lie. I had a kind of liquid, with which I occasionally washed the heads of the old ones. When I was asked about their age, I generally replied they would show for themselves, that I did not know their precise age, and that if I did it would be difficult for me to persuade others I was telling the truth, I however, always gave my opinion, which I took care to say was drawn from appearances, and this turn satisfied my conscience. I have, however, generally found men more ready to rely upon their own judgment, than upon what I might say, and I have seen them greatly mistaken.

“I had followed this business about two years, and had increased my little stock to fifteen negroes, which at the market prices were worth near \$10,000, when a most malignant disease broke out among them, and in the course of three weeks, I had lost all except one, and was dreadfully afflicted myself with the same malady. I was almost unmanned by this unexpected catastrophe; I had never before sustained any loss of property, and had not even reflected on

the possibility of an accident so ruinous, and I verily believe," said he, "that but for the counsel of that old woman, then a girl of nineteen, I should have despaired, and like thousands, have been now wallowing in dissipation, or what is more likely, long since numbered with the dead. Yes, it was at this critical moment of my life that a word from my dear Chloe saved me." Here he paused and sighed deeply, and after hanging his head a few seconds, "Yes," he exclaimed, I have lived to serve God, and I shall yet be happy." After wiping his eyes, he resumed; "I had loved her from childhood, but the active business in which I had been engaged, as well as my predominant passion for money, had rarely suffered the thoughts of her to enter my mind, but in the state of mental agony I was in, my mind involuntarily turned to her, and I determined to see her and tell her of my misfortunes. I was soon at her father's house, and reciting to her alone the tale of my misadventures."

"Thornton," said she, when I had finished, "you ought to know more of the world than I do, but I know more of the Bible than you do, and if there be truth in this book of books, none but the just and upright man can long be prosperous or happy. The way of the transgressor is hard, his career is short, and his destruction certain. Your heart is right, but your principles are wrong," said she "you have traded with deceit on your tongue, and have not

returned thanks to Heaven for your success; if you will reform your life, which you will do, by adopting different principles of action, you will yet have the favor of God."

"You will see, sir," said he, "that this kind of philosophy was directly opposed to the maxims of my uncle; yet strange as it may seem, I felt disposed to give way to it; I could not myself account for my calamity, and I easily assented to a solution that seemed to place in my hands a guarantee against a similar fate in future. Well, my dear C.," said I, "you know you have ever been nearer to my heart than any other. If you will consent to unite your fortune with mine, I will endeavor to make amends for my errors, but first with what little cash I have after paying my physician, I must go and make reparation to old Mr. Worthington, whom I have seriously injured, for I sold him a few weeks ago, a negro for \$500 that I knew to be worthless."

My dear Chloe, having consented, I went immediately to old Mr. W., begging his pardon for the unfair trade I had made with him, but the old gentleman was so struck with my liberality, and the motives which prompted me, that upon my confession to him of the fraud, he refused to receive more than \$100 of the money, and heartily congratulated me upon the change in my views, as well as upon my prospect of entering the married state.

"*It is strange,*" said he, "how soon we may be

converted from sadness to gayety, from grief to joy, from despair to triumph, and from misery to happiness. But the day before, and, I had been sunk in darkness and melancholy, now all was bright before me, and I almost regarded my recent losses as a blessing.

"As soon as I was married, I purchased a small farm, and applied myself diligently to its cultivation, for I had determined to be what that old woman there," said he, nodding at his wife, "calls an honest man. I remained here nineteen years, and enjoyed during this long period the most unexampled success. My cattle, my sheep, and other stock increased so rapidly, that I was obliged annually to sell off the surplusage, while all my interests were equally prosperous, and at the close of this period, my substance was increased fifty fold, and I was rapidly advancing to the consummation of my wishes."

"Yes indeed," interrupted the old lady, "I did not then know what it was to drink corn coffee without sugar, and live for months without seeing a grain of butter. I had things in abundance and somebody to help me do my work, but now I am old"—here she began to sob, and burying her face in her lap, she became silent while the old man resumed—

"Yes," said he, "by this time I might have been one of the wealthiest men in my native county.—*Pardon my digression,*" said he, "I can hardly help

it. About the close of this period," said he, "there began to be a strong passion among all classes of society for speculation. The lands in the low-grounds of the Mississippi river were rapidly coming into demand, and the greatest speculations were constantly made by buying and selling them again. My cupidity was at once aroused by the accounts that came to my ears of fortunes made in a day or two in this way. For a long time I resisted the force of my inclination, on account of the known repugnance of my wife, and the sore lesson I had learned nineteen years before. Finally however, the inducements became so strong, owing to the immense number of fortunate enterprises daily reported, (some of which I witnessed myself), that I could not longer withstand the temptation to try my fortune in this way. I accordingly proposed to my wife, that we should mortgage our whole estate to raise a capital for commencing this business. My wife stoutly objected, alleging that, we were commanded to eat bread by the sweat of our face, and that this mode of making a fortune, (even were it certain), was a violation of the divine injunction, and that she greatly feared the consequences."

"I replied, there seemed to be no great moral impropriety in it, especially as it had become so common, that I should perhaps-blame myself, in after life, should I fail to embrace the only opportunity that *could be expected to present itself in a lifetime, of*

procuring, in a short time, what would otherwise cost years of toil and care. She remonstrated, and I insisted, till she was compelled reluctantly to yield her assent."

"Yes," again interrupted the old woman, "and the Lord only knows," said she, "what I suffered."

"I had soon invested," said he, "the whole in several well improved places, for which I paid a high price, expecting soon to sell at a large profit. But alas! I had waited until the crisis of the speculation madness had come on, and was destined to be one of its victims. A terrible revulsion soon commenced, and lands for which I had paid twenty dollars per acre, I could not dispose of at any price, and after struggling for years to pay the taxes to the government and wait for another reaction in public affairs, I was compelled to let them be sold, saving only sufficient to transport our little family to this humble retreat. Sir," said he, "you now have heard my story. You perhaps, count me miserable; if so, you are much mistaken. I am now happier than I have ever been before. I have seen my folly in regard to wordly wealth, when it was too late to correct it. I am now old and want but little, and shall not want that long. I once trusted in myself; this was my error. I now trust in God, and I have already seen a great difference. I now only expect what is right, and I am never disappointed. I know that he is *with me, and this is the only comfort I desire.* We

shall see better days, but it is not in this world that we expect or hope to enjoy them; for we are now more than willing to close a life of toil, vexation, and disappointment, for one of peace and happiness, where instead of the scorn and contempt of the world, we shall have the smiles of Heaven, and the society of angels. You, my young friend," said he, "may learn a lesson from my experience. We should be always satisfied with the regular and certain rewards of industry; for perseverance, when directed by prudence and moderation, will always accomplish whatever object we may set our affections upon. By aiming at too much, we will generally fail entirely, and we will find ourselves, after each failure, less able, as well as less willing, to renew our efforts. Nor should we disregard the counsel, unsupported, though it often is, of her whose fortunes are wedded to our own. The heart of woman is generally on the side of virtue. Had I followed the advice of my wife, I should have been saved all the misfortunes I have experienced, and though she will still have the glory of my salvation in another world, I have no language to express my mortification at seeing her exposed to toil and hardships, the consequence of my own misconduct."

CHAPTER X.

MY wife seemed to be struck with the old man's history, and I was proud of it, for it was a practical verification of the negative part of my own theory. Before we started in the morning, she had given the old woman some of her cloth, while I had as freely divided my purse with the old man, who was unwilling to receive anything from me.

On the following evening, we reached what I was almost ashamed to tell my wife, must be our abode until circumstances might enable us to improve or change it. She at first, looked at me with a degree of doubt, but I suppose my looks as well as my conduct, soon showed her I was in earnest, for I dismounted and turned to assist her. The house was of round logs, ten by twelve feet; the door was barely sufficient to admit us upright, the floor was of puncheons badly laid, and the whole in a state of decay, for it had been built years before. Around the house was about half an acre cleared, which for want of cultivation the past season, had grown up in weeds and burs, to near the height of the house. Outside of this small opening, was a dense forest and cane-brake, where bears and panthers roamed about unmolested. Now I could not help feeling for my wife when I thought what a trial this must be to her; *yet I endeavored to keep up appearances, and stirred*

about as gayly as though I was about to enter on to a fortune. She however, seemed for some time to be in a brown study, notwithstanding all my efforts to divert her mind.

"At length," said she, after she had surveyed the interior of the house, "I see I shall have to leave some of my things out of the house, for there is not room for them and ourselves too."

"Are you not mistaken, my dear, said I—I am almost surprised," I continued, "that one who could crowd so many things into a little wagon, should find any difficulty afterward in arranging them in a house at least six times as large; perhaps I can be of service to you," said I, "I will at least make a suggestion, and then leave it to your greater ingenuity to make such disposition of all our things as you think best. Can we not," I continued, "by sawing off a little of the top of our bed-posts, put them in the two back corners? this would leave a space of two feet between them, in this space we can set my trunk, and by pushing it back against the wall, it will be out of the way, and will also make a comfortable seat, should we have more guests at any time than we can accommodate with chairs. You know, too, my dear," said I, "that the lid is loose, and as one end will be under each bed, it will be entirely safe; your table can occupy the corner, between the door and fire-place, for the door opening outward, *will not interfere, beside, as it is the finest article*

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we have, it had as well be in a conspicuous place, for although I do not care much about show; yet where our vanity does not cost us anything, it cannot be wrong to indulge it, we can also here prop it so judiciously as not to display the broken leaf, and make it look like a good table, while we shall thus also have the use of its whole broad surface, for your plates and crockery-ware; your fine looking-glass will, of course, hang above the gun-rack, over the fire-place, for this is not only," said I, "the most fashionable place for it, but we shall also be saved the trouble of walking across the house whenever we wish to look at ourselves. Now," said I, "my dear, I have got the most of our things in their places, according to my ideas, and there still remains one whole corner of the house and all the front vacant."

"But what," said she, "am I to do with the clothes, my bolts of cloth, and the chairs?"

"Why," said I, "the clothes will hang along the wall, and will be equal to so much moss in keeping out the cold. Your cloth (I could wish we had more of it) will be of great use in softening and raising the heads of our beds, beside, it will be the safest place for it, for a rat can hardly run across the floor, without waking me, and you know it would be almost impossible to remove a bolt of cloth from under one, without disturbing him; as to the chairs," said I, "I think the rocker will do best in the corner, *where it will always have the support it needs, and*

we should not forget, when strangers are in, to use this ourselves; the other two will always be employed when we are in the house, and when we are out, they will occupy our places; any other little things that I have not mentioned would be easily stowed away under the beds on the floor, or in the cracks, which would add to our comfort, especially in the winter months. I have now, my dear," said I, "given you my notions, but any arrangement you may make, will be satisfactory to me, for I will always yield to your sex in matters of this kind."

CHAPTER XI.

WE had now but little time to prepare for the night; my wife accordingly began to sweep, and I took to the woods, whence I soon returned with the entire trunk of a dead cottonwood, and very soon had a cheerful fire blazing upon the dirt hearth.

As soon as we had satisfied our appetites with some cold viands from my saddlebags, and a cup of coffee, which my wife made in a tin-cup we found about the place, our attention was naturally directed to the arrangements about our lodging, for having had some little experience in this line, I knew it would be very indifferent. My wife began to unfold the bolts of cloth, leaving a small part unrolled which

she used for raising the head, and I began to philosophize as follows:—

“Our accommodations,” said I, “are rather coarse to night, my dear, but I am considering whether we ought to complain, or indeed, whether we ought not to be thankful (in view of the destitute condition of a large portion of mankind,) that we have the comforts we this night enjoy. How many millions,” said I “of the old world, would gladly change places with us to night? How many poor and miserable parents are at this very hour tormented with the agonizing cries of their offspring for bread, which they are unable to furnish them? Without fire, and some even without straw to protect them from the cold, and of those who count themselves in better circumstances, how many are there, who have more than black meal, or potatoes and buttermilk for subsistence? And even this, with the most scanty lodgings on rented farms, which they hold at the will of another; how many weary travelers and laborious wagoners will to night repose under the broad canopy of the heavens? yes, old Joe, is perhaps, at this moment driving his load along, and he will at last tumble down beside his wagon, without even fire to warm his bread, or broil his salt bacon, and this he counts no hardship when his duty requires it.” These remarks were intended chiefly to reconcile my *wife to her uncomfortable accommodations*, and she

seemed at the time to feel their force, but from the spiteful manner in which she once or twice kicked the cloth which was our only covering, and the restlessness with which she turned from side to side, I became somewhat doubtful whether they had altogether operated as I desired. By several chunkings however, and two or three additions of fuel, we managed to get through the night and come safely to the light of another day. We were up early, for although I lay as still as possible, pretending that I was asleep, I do not know that I was so during the night, for I was both cold and uncomfortable, and I have since heard my wife say, she did not sleep a wink. She however now busied herself about breakfast, and I got a club with which I began to beat down the high weeds around the house, so that by the time the morning meal was ready, I had opened an avenue to the bank of the majestic river, that flowed silently in front of our cabin, and had begun to widen the circle of which the house was the center. "Well, my dear," said I, (as we took our seats on our bolt of cloth to enjoy our coffee,) "happiness does not depend upon our station in life, nor indeed greatly upon external circumstances. This was a most benevolent provision of our Heavenly Father; had it been otherwise, the poor must have been constantly miserable, and their unhappiness must have been greatly aggravated by their *envy* toward those above them; that

our happiness depends upon ourselves, is a settled principle in morals, and were it not so understood, it would be difficult to persuade me, that any pleasure is superior to that of the honest husbandman, as he labors to rear his crop, and anticipates, with proud satisfaction the certainty of his reward in the abundance of his harvest, while he seems to be indebted only to the bounteous goodness of Providence for the blessings he enjoys. This morning," I continued, "I cannot but anticipate the rich crop of corn we shall soon see growing on this fertile field, and the pleasure I shall then feel at the thought of having produced it, while the knowledge of the money it will command, must act as a uniform stimulus to the labor of cultivation, and render it encouraging and agreeable. If you do not share with me in the pleasure of cultivation, you will at least be able to eat a few of the roasting-ears next June," said I, "ha—ha,—ha."

CHAPTER XII.

EARLY in the afternoon, old Joe drove into the little opening where the house stood, and in a few minutes had halted in front of the door. We were as proud to see him, as is the lady of fashion her fine *furniture*, Turkey carpets, and elegant china; and

felt quite as important as the trader who arrived safely in port, with his rich foreign and merchandise.

said he had got on very well by tying up his two or three times during the trip, to whip her, there was no other way to manage her, and that could pull for about two-thirds of the day after and received what she wanted. Old Nancy was tired to see us; she had however seen so many entirely new to her, and had come so far from where she had been raised, that she seemed in despair at the hopelessness of her situation, it was several days before she seemed to be at all, or at all satisfied.

Well, my dear," said I, after I had unharnessed mules, and sent old Joe off to rest and refresh himself, "we have cause to be thankful, if we consider," said I, the many dangers to which he has been exposed, not only from the breaking a wheel or the deriding of a mule, but also from robbers and rappers, who might have made a prize of both mules and wagon, we shall,"—I now discovered my remarks would have but little effect however, my wife was so anxious to see the things, particularly her looking-glass, that she had begun to unharness herself, and I saw the best way was to turn in to help her, thinking we should have time to acknowledge our gratitude for their safe arrival at her time.

The glass had received an additional fracture or two across its face, yet it was still a valuable article in the unsightly heap of which it formed a part, for when I calmly surveyed the bulk, and the miserable hut into which it was to be put, together with the activity and solicitude of my wife, who was intensely engaged in placing them in order, I felt, in spite of myself, a disposition to levity, and should have laughed outright, had I not been afraid of discouraging my wife, by showing my own consciousness of the ridiculousness of our situation. Old Joe was soon sent for to assist my wife, and by night, everything was placed pretty much after the order I had suggested, and having now some addition to our stock of provisions, and a table to eat on, my wife had given orders to old Nancy about supper, which accordingly appeared just as we had completed our arrangements. We had hot cakes, butter, broiled ham, and coffee; and reader, with the keen relish I had for them, the gratification at our safe arrival at home, and the pleasure arising from the feeling that I was, for the first time, to sit at table in my own house, with my own Caroline, now my companion for life, I never experienced more real happiness than I enjoyed at that time; and if I add to these causes, the satisfaction I felt in my wife, at seeing her so much interested in her new home, as she constantly turned about to admire the furniture and the skillful *disposition* she had made of it, there seemed to be

nothing wanting save the accomplishment of the grand object of my removal to so rude and uncultivated a place.

“Well, my dear C.,” said I, as soon as supper was over, and all was quiet, “we still want one thing; I do not mean to say that I am dissatisfied, far from it, I hope I shall never utter the impious word; I am satisfied,” I continued, “with the goodness of God, who has so far blessed us, and it is by this very goodness that I expect to obtain what is yet necessary for our future comfort and happiness. Yes, my dear,” said I, “the same Providence that has delivered us safely here, will aid us in all our laudable pursuits, and by respect to his laws, I feel assured I shall readily progress, until I can place you in comfort, and increase my own means of usefulness. In the pursuit of these objects we must not disregard the poor around us, for they are the favorites of Heaven; we must endeavor to stimulate them with the same laudable ambition I have already,” said I; “I had a conversation with one of our poor neighbors about economy, and he promises to change his course and try to make something for his family; God has placed us here and commanded us to till the earth and subdue it; if we fail, it will be our own fault, and we shall have lived to no purpose; our precepts will fall without effect upon our children, and our examples will not be worthy of imitation; in our old *days we shall have to labor, while we shall have*

to endure the mortification of seeing our offspring separate from us in search of the conveniences, which our folly or our neglect have prevented us from securing for them, while their station will be degraded in society by the ignorance which we will then see with regret has alike resulted from our own misconduct." My wife seemed to be affected by my remarks and I desisted, feeling as I did, that I was perhaps, drawing too strong a picture of imaginary misfortunes.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE remained in this quiet and obscure retreat about three years, during which I widened out and extended the little opening where the house stood until it contained about ten acres, the principal of which I cultivated in corn, the balance in potatoes, melons, etc.

One of the above years having cultivated near an acre in the latter article alone, I realized over \$300 by selling to speculators who took them on the place for the purpose of selling, in a large city below ; old Joe and his co-laborer were chiefly employed in cutting wood, which we sold to the boats as they passed up and down the river.

It would be uninteresting to speak of the little *transactions of this part of my life*, they were such as

any deer-hunter or fisherman might relate; I was, however, entirely successful in every department of my little business, selling my wood as fast as I got it ready, without losing a single cord during the time of high water or otherwise; and it would be almost incredible to tell the small sum I annually expended for my little household; suffice it to say that by the end of the three years, I had saved about \$1500, while my neighbors, many of whom had advantages superior to those I enjoyed, appeared not to have at all improved their circumstances, or saved any money, some having entirely failed and lost their property, while others had abandoned their little improvements, because there was nothing to be made. There was only one who had at all improved his condition; this was the man whose cabin I purchased, and who had no other property, not even a week's provisions for his family. Having paid him the sum of thirty dollars for his improvement, and having encouraged him both by instruction and example, he had begun to manifest a love of property, and when I left him he had two or three cows and calves, a yoke of oxen, and 2 or \$300 worth of wood for the boats, for all of which he candidly acknowledged himself indebted to my frequent conversation with him, and the influence my conduct had upon him.

CHAPTER XIV.

"WELL," said one of my neighbors to me one day, when we happened to be together, "I should like to know the secret of your making money. You seem," he said, "to get along with more ease than any of your neighbors, and yet you are the only one I know of that has saved anything. Beside," said he, "they all came before you and have had a better chance, the choice of situations and the choice of timber; as for myself," he continued, "I shall leave here, for my expenses are more than I can make; my hands rise earlier, put up more wood, and have more corn than yours do in the day; yes," he exclaimed, "they know better than to be found in bed at day-light, or to offer me less than two and a half cords of wood per day, whereas you only require one and a half of yours, and they rise but little earlier and quit their work but little later than I do."

"I have myself observed this difference, neighbor," said I, "and I should be glad if I could make you understand it; for you will suffer me to remark, that no man's affairs can be stationary, if they are not in a state of improvement, they are growing worse, and as those of my neighbors you allude to, have made no visible advancement since I knew them, I fear they are retrograding in their temporal concerns. In *the first place*, then," said I, "they aim at what

they cannot do, and pay too little attention to what lies in their power ; they imagine their profits will be in proportion to the amount of labor they daily perform. Hence, everything is strained, and the hands are tasked to the utmost of what they are capable of producing. The consequence of this unnatural exertion is, that one-fourth of the time they are incapable of working at all ; perhaps, under the care of a physician, whose bill may amount to one-eighth of the nett yearly proceeds, and one-eighth of the time they make false pretenses, or run off to avoid the excessive labor. Here there is one-half of the time lost by an effort to do too much, to say nothing of the risk of the entire loss of the hands by death, or the permanent injurious effects of medical treatment. The wagoner is also required to haul in a given quantity of wood to the river ; here the same losses are sustained, with the addition of an extra team, and the cost of feeding them, in order that the daily work may be performed. To all of these losses of time and money, if we add one-half of each man's time spent in fishing, hunting, swapping horses and such like, we shall find that nearly two-thirds of the year's labor will be lost."

"I know these things to be true," said the old man, "but I do not exactly understand your remedy for them."

"I will tell you in a few words," said I, "in all things, I consult the will of God. I suffer my hands *to rise when all nature is waking around them, and*

the great orb of day has risen in the east to give them light. By requiring what they can easily perform through the day, I make their labor agreeable, and as it is without any unnatural exertion, it tends to keep them healthy, and what is more than all, it obviates the necessity on their part of deceit and artifice to avoid it. It is then regular, and tells well at the close of the year. I require no extra team to do my hauling, for the one I use works in so great moderation, they are always in good order, and I even sell the corn that others would feed to them, turning them out to graze at night; for a penny saved is two pence earned, as the saying is. Beside all this, I make my own yokes, carts, etc., which all might do at home. I traded my two mules for my yoke of oxen and the old mare, when I came here, and without giving a bushel of corn to either, my oxen have hauled in three or four hundred cords of wood, and are now worth one hundred dollars, and my old mare has three colts, which, together, are worth two hundred dollars. This, you are aware, could not have been their value, had I pursued a different system, or had I worked them according to the common custom. Had I worked them as hard as my neighbors, I could not have raised these colts, and should before this, perhaps, have purchased another yoke of oxen, while I should have consumed my whole crop of corn, (which I have regularly sold *for about two hundred dollars*), in their support. By

the plan I have followed, you will thus see, I have saved \$600 for my corn, while my oxen and horses are worth more than they were when I bought them. My oxen, (with the same mild usage), will answer my purpose for seven or eight years longer, for they are now only ten years old, and then I will turn them into beef for the butchers, for by keeping them always in good order, they will be easily fattened. The old mare will plow ten years longer, at the end of which time, or thereabouts, she will be found dead in the field, but I shall probably then have twelve or fifteen, or even twenty of her offspring to take her place, should I not turn them into cash to reduce their number before that time, for I have lived long enough," said I, "to find out, that moderate and regular treatment, with congenial food, (such as grass and other spontaneous products of the earth,) is a most infallible guarantee against bots, colic, glanders, &c., of which horses are said to die. This system, sir," said I, "I at first adopted from respect to my Creator, for the natural law is the certain expression of his will, and will always be found to tally with the divine precept, 'do unto others as you would, &c.' We will try it," said I: "were you or I put to work, we would naturally fall into that motion of the body which was most easy and agreeable. To be then forced out of this motion into a quicker, is not only a violation of the above precept, but it is *likewise clearly a violation of the natural law, and*

as every violation of this law results in punishment, as certainly as a blow upon the head is followed by pain, so he who steadily pursues an unnatural system will be always 'kicking against the pricks;' and though by hard labor and industry, he may overcome the most stubborn opposition, and by perseverance, force even adversity to pay him a tribute; yet his course will ever be a harsh one, and his success by no means, equal to his exertions. We may doubt," said I, "as to the degrees of motion we should assign to our servant, or to our beast, seeing they may be driven faster or slower, according to our pleasure, but is it not true, that he who regulates the motions of the planets, who makes the birds to fly, the snail to crawl, or the hare to leap, has also made man to walk? let him who is rash enough to question this opinion, rely upon his heels when pursued by the wolf or the leopard; or in his folly, endeavor to force the tardy ox to keep pace with the fleet reindeer.— There is then," I continued, "a motion proper to us all, and differing even in the same species, and though this may be accelerated or diminished, by voluntary or external causes, yet the consequences of either will always be found to be injurious, and if we do not always immediately perceive the effects, they must in the end be felt in some form or other."

CHAPTER XV.

As I concluded my remarks, the old man, for he was about fifty, fixed his eyes upon the ground, and for a few moments remained absorbed in deep reflection, then suddenly raising them, he exclaimed, with a wild and almost frantic expression of countenance—"Can it be possible, that I have been all my life, so awfully deceived? Have I been for thirty years in pursuit of a monstrous absurdity, without once pausing to consult with, or reason on my own conscience? May Heaven forgive me," he ejaculated, while tears stood in his eyes, and agony was visible in every feature. "It is true! it is true!" he said, "I have destroyed all I ever made, and I have never before seen it. A hundred horses and oxen whose bones now whiten my fields, have been destroyed, and their increase prevented, by the miserable and inhuman system of over-driving, which I have verily believed was the only road to success, while the strange and unaccountable barrenness of the different servants, I have from time to time possessed, is no doubt justly attributable to the same cause. Yes, I see it! I see it!" he continued, "but it has always been a mystery to me, before. Had I kept all I have had properly, it would have kept me and my family, and the natural increase, would have made me rich; but I am now too old to repair a tithe of the injury I have

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done to myself, or to atone for the shocking wrongs I have unintentionally committed." Here he commenced a recital of his numerous misfortunes, too tedious to mention, and with which I will not trouble the reader. I gave him all the consolation I could, by assuring him a great deal might still be done, in teaching his children a sound system of practical philosophy, the effects of which, he was not yet too old to see, and to enjoy.

I must mention a few more of my neighbors, though very briefly, as I can say nothing in their favor. One was most obliging to us, sending us ~~some~~ fresh fish, a venison steak, etc., as soon as we reached home, and soon after desired to borrow \$10, which he never returned. Another was arrested for cow-stealing, the day after I arrived; he protested so boldly, and with such apparent sincerity in his innocence, saying, he had killed the cow through mistake, that I could not help interposing in his behalf; and to save a poor fellow from prison, and perhaps from the penitentiary for years, I advanced the value of the cow, and prevailed with the owner to release him. The fellow seemed thankful beyond description, for this act of gratuitous kindness, and assured me on the honor of a man, that I should have my money in a few days, of which, indeed, I did not suffer myself to doubt. In the midst however, of promises and professions of gratitude, he left the neighborhood suddenly, by night, *and I have never heard of him since.*

Another, about to get married, and wishing to cut somewhat of a figure at the bridal celebration, came to me desiring I would stand his surety for a fine suit at the store. As he was a blacksmith, and in good business, I did not hesitate to oblige him, knowing he could easily pay the small sum at the end of the year, beside, esteeming this one of those favors which men are most apt to discharge. In this fellow I was likewise mistaken; he did not pay for the suit, and what is most unaccountable, he would never work for me afterward, for fear (as I suppose), that I would recover my money in this way. From this man I learned a lesson which I have since acted on; never to esteem that man trustworthy, who has lived for years without establishing a credit for himself.

CHAPTER XVI.

I HAVE said nothing about my wife, during our residence in the swamp; she occasionally complained of the society, and thought the country very unhealthy, because she had a touch of chills and fever in water-melon time; she however, managed to keep herself in books, of which she was very fond, and spent a short time every day, in teaching an orphan boy, who visited us for this purpose. It was during these three years that she acquired habits of economy that *have saved many a dollar to my pocket.* Having

little else to do, and finding out what pleased me, she exercised her talents in the modification of old clothes, cutting, patching, darning, etc., till she could make a new-looking garment out of one that I had thought worthless, and in this way, kept me from buying any article of dress of importance while I lived there. 'Tis true, I was not often in fashion, but this was of little importance, especially as we did not know what the fashion was, and I was always particular to praise her improvements, by way of encouragement, though for my life I could not sometimes see where I had gained anything by her operations.

We did not often receive company. When we did, my wife always took the three-legged chair in the corner, pretending it suited her business, and I as regularly seated myself upon the trunk, taking occasion to remark, that I preferred this seat, because it afforded me an opportunity of supporting my back against the wall.

I have often laughed in my sleeve at the ingenuity of my wife, when we had two guests to accommodate, and it became necessary to have four seats at the table; when such was the case she began to move about me, and with significant gestures, which I well understood, I was soon ousted of my seat; then whirling the trunk around and raising the lid, as if in search of some article it contained, she left it so as to *make a back seat* which I was to occupy at the table; *she then set the table to suit the trunk, with so much*

ease and grace, that the whole seemed to be more by accident than design. The table being ready, she gave an invitation to all, to be seated, and while this movement was going on (in which I took pains to draw the attention as much as possible to myself), she snatched the three-legged chair from the corner and was seated as soon as her guests, at the head of the table. She was given to making apologies sometimes, for the small uncomfortable house, at other times for the irregularity of the puncheon floor, which kept the table rocking from side to side, but chiefly for not having something better to eat; it was in the midst of one of these apologies about the simplicity of her fare, as I hung my head to my plate, that I saw the tablecloth suddenly snatched away, carrying my plate and all along with it; I raised my eyes just in time to see the comic farce, though I did not then so regard it; my wife had inadvertently leaned too much to the broken leg of her chair, she was now rapidly descending, and having involuntarily seized the tablecloth, she was taking the whole of our supper with her, and except what my guests and myself were able to save, was soon all down in a heap on the floor. In her descent she had kicked over the coffee-pot, which sat to her right-hand on the floor, and we had now to make our supper as we could, of the remains, and submit to the mortification withal, of acknowledging that one of our chairs *had only three legs*. However, as my wife, upon

trying in different positions, each of her limbs, found she was not hurt, I thought we ought to be thankful, and so the whole ended in a hearty laugh at her expense.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PURCHASE AND REMOVAL.

I HAVE ever found that when my wife set her head on anything whatever, she was certain to accomplish it; it is true, she often took up notions that I did not see the reason of, and many that were most preposterous, but she has managed to carry them all in the end. You must not imagine that I yielded to her unphilosophical suggestions, or that I ever acted at all without thinking at the time I was doing right; so far from this, it is not in the power of an angel to move me, without the use of reason and argument. Whenever my wife has proposed anything that seemed to me unreasonable, I have resolutely opposed it, showing at once, the reasons of my opposition, and sometimes, where the absurdity was more palpable, even going so far as to declare emphatically, I would not hear to any such thing. When she saw me so resolute, she desisted for the time, suffering me, however to exhaust my arguments, after which, she was *certain to make a remark that showed I had not*

changed her opinion, for I do not know that my reasoning ever had this effect upon her. Had she been convinced, or had she acquiesced in my decision, the matter would have stopped here; but not so; she took every occasion afterward, to throw out remarks, not with the view of vexing me, (as they nevertheless did,) but for the purpose of showing me she had still not seen the error of her opinion. The natural effect of this repeated irritation, was to set me to thinking about a remedy; and there being but a single step between thinking and acting, I soon found myself laboring to carry out views, which a short time before, had appeared to be wild or whimsical, having forced my imagination to furnish reasons that seemed to justify my conduct.

"My dear C.," said my wife to me, toward the close of the third year of our residence here; "it is always unpleasant for me to obtrude my opinions in matters which more properly belong to your better judgment; but when I have waited until my patience is nearly worn out, for you to make a suggestion on a subject of vital importance to us both, you will, I hope, excuse me, for taking the lead in expressing my views; especially when you consider, that all our sex can do, is to talk, and that you will still, after you have heard us, do as you please."

I now became alarmed, as I have generally been, when my wife has introduced her subjects with so *long a preface*. That tongue, thought I, which you

seem to think so impotent, is one of the most formidable opponents I have to contend with. I said nothing however, and she proceeded:—

“You are aware, sir,” said she, “that I have had two chills, and as many fevers within the last three weeks.”

“From eating too many water-melons, my dear,” said I.

“By no means, sir, by no means; this was not the cause; I felt quite unwell some time before; beside, our youngest is far from a healthy child, and I had rather die myself than bury my children. Do you not think with the \$1,500 you have made here, we can venture to purchase a place in the hills, where we shall enjoy good health ourselves, and have the satisfaction of seeing our children enter the world with strong constitutions, as well as with all the advantages which a polite and elegant society will give them?”

I saw at once that opposition was vain; she had more reasons than usual to support her appeal, beside I had myself frequently pronounced the atmosphere there impure, and had also expressed my ultimate intention of returning to the hills; so I decided at once to move, and in a few days set out in search of a place.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER about two weeks spent in examining the various bargains advertised in the public journals, I made a selection, and hastened home to acquaint my wife with the joyful intelligence of my success. She ran to meet me, for it was the first time I had ever been absent more than a day at a time, beside, she had dreamed, she said, that I was to bring home good news.

"Well, my dear," said I, as soon as the first transports of our meeting had a little subsided, "I have, at last, made a purchase, only twenty miles from my mother, and a little more from yours."

"Impossible, impossible," cried she, "this is more than I dared to hope for; am I to live near my mother again!" joy for a moment overcame her, and then she burst into tears; and in a moment more (so sincerely did I sympathize with her in the delightful thought of home and all its endearing associations), I had clasped her to my breast, and we were weeping together.

"My dear," I resumed, as soon as I had given vent to my overflowing heart, "we cannot be too grateful to Him who has watched over us, and fostered our interests with more than parental affection; for it is to Him that we are this day indebted *for the almost unexampled prosperity, which enables*

us so soon to return to the land of our nativity, and within the reach of those, whom it is our duty as well as our chief delight to honor and love, and whose old hearts will melt with joy when this delightful intelligence reaches them. It is only by continuing in his favor, that we can hope to accomplish the few humble objects of our earthly ambition, or attain at last to a glorious and blessed immortality in his more immediate presence. I feel this obligation of gratitude," said I, "more especially proper in us, because, I trust not in myself, but in his omnipotent arm, for the protection of our lives, our property and every other blessing which we hope for or enjoy. There are but few," I continued, "whose confidence extends thus far, and consequently, but few can, or ought to be so thankful."

I was thus particular in insisting upon our duty of gratitude, because I have never thought my wife had so profound a sense as I myself feel, and I sometimes even feared, that her ambition did not extend beyond the limits of the present life.

"I trust," replied my wife, "I have a proper estimate of the goodness of God, and this much I am certain of, that I never was so happy as I now am, at the thought of meeting those we so much love, and of spending the remainder of our days in the enjoyment of their society."

"This is a most gratifying anticipation, my dear, *truly*," said I, "and I value these privileges as high

as you can; but we should never suffer either our joy or grief to become excessive, for in this life they are ever mixed, and flow from the same fountain. Indeed," I continued, "I shall esteem myself most fortunate, if the very purchase, which is now the occasion of so much gratulation to us both, shall not in the end give rise to emotions of an opposite kind."

"My dear C.," said she, "I am astonished to hear you speak thus; what are the grounds of your apprehension?"

"Why, my dear," said I, "I sometimes fear the debt I have assumed is more than I shall be able to pay. I have agreed to pay \$4,500 in three years," said I, "and this really appears almost impossible with my small means."

"Indeed, it is so," replied she; "and I cannot see how you have made your calculation."

"I am to get a hand from my father's estates," said I, "this next year, and can buy two with the \$1,500 I have, this will give me five hands beside myself, and thanks to my Heavenly Father, I am a good one myself. With five hands and myself," said I, "I can make thirty bales of cotton a year; this is worth, at the present price, \$1,800, and would give us \$300 to live on; this is an extreme calculation, I know my dear," said I, "and there are but few men with double my means, that would venture upon so great a responsibility; should the price of cotton decline, or

should I fail to make the best crops, my notes must be protested, and my land be subject to forfeiture, but you know my faith," I continued, "God is with us, and who can be against us?"

"I will not doubt," she replied, "you will trust in God, and I will trust chiefly in you, not forgetting the frugal habits by which I have already saved considerable in your pocket."

CHAPTER XIX.

REFLECTIONS.

WE now began to make preparations for our departure, and having but little to move, we were very soon ready. "Is it not strange," said I to my wife, as we began to remove our beds to the little cart that was to transport them to our new home; "that we should so soon form an attachment to the small spot of earth, on which mere accident has cast us; for I must acknowledge, that as much as we have found fault with this little house, its crazy floor, large crevices, and smoking chimney, I feel a degree of sadness at the thoughts of leaving it. Even yon old sycamore (which seemed to threaten our lives), appears to me like a companion. This disposition," I continued, "has most probably been given to us, like *many of our other instincts, for our happiness alone, by causing us to love whatever objects or circum-*

es fortune may have placed around us, for I
ot see any other reason why we should feel this
d for a place which we have occupied from
ssity, and now leave from choice. It is true," I
inued, "we have here spent some of those de-
ful moments which can never return, for we are
ncing to that period of life, when our sensibilities
become less acute, and our affections be greatly
acted by the busy scenes, and multifarious cares,
(ch under the circumstances), it is now proper
ld claim the chief portion of our time. But
gh we shall steadily progress in the great journey
ife, my love, we should ever recollect, that our
iness is within ourselves, and wherever we may
ist, if we but adhere to the principles that have
far been the rule of our conduct, we shall always
enjoyments suited to our age and condition. If
cannot be so exquisite as the past, they will at
be the highest that our subdued tempers and
er feelings will then desire." As I concluded
e remarks, I saw my wife was in tears, for though
had not spoken, and had constantly proceeded in
business before us, her frequent sighs, pallid fea-
t, and labored breathing, assured me that she too
melancholy at the thought that we should never
his little spot again.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MOVE.

IN a few hours, we had safely lodged in the little cart, on which I had hauled in all my wood, every article which myself or my negroes possessed that was worth removing, and hitching to it my only yoke of oxen, I started old Joe to make his way back to his native hills, over a distance of eighty miles, trusting in Providence for his protection, for having no horses for myself and family, we were compelled to seek a conveyance on the bosom of the immense river that flowed within twenty-five miles of the place I had bought. It was necessary, however, that I should see old Joe over the river, as this was ever a delicate undertaking with a loaded wagon, and at the point where my cart must cross, particularly perilous.

"My dear sir," said the ferryman to me, as we drove to the brow of the very steep bank below which lay his open flat, "should your oxen be in the least contrary, or refuse to enter the boat immediately on reaching it, there will be the greatest danger of losing both them and your cart; it will be safer," he continued, "to unload, and we can place the whole in our boat without danger."

To this I strenuously objected, as it would cause *delay*, and insisted on driving down at once. The *oxen*, forced along by the almost perpendicular cart,

(which there was no way of locking), went hurriedly on, until they had placed their fore feet in the flat, but feeling this move beneath their heavy tread, they became alarmed, and pressing back with all their power, arrested the cart above them, while they stood suspended over the awful chasm they had made, obstinately regardless of all our efforts to urge them forward; their destruction now appeared inevitable. The cable which confined the flat to the shore, was stretched to its utmost tension, the stake to which it was fastened was already giving way, while the oxen remained immovably set against us. Just at this moment, when I had prepared my mind to see all I had precipitated to the bottom of the vast river that rolled beneath us, we were relieved by some negroes who came to our assistance, and by main force, threw the almost lifeless oxen into the boat.

It would be difficult to describe my sensations of gratitude, when I saw my team safely landed on the opposite bank of this wide river. I have regarded this, as well as a few other instances (in which I have been almost miraculously delivered from the most perilous situation), as the special interposition of a beneficent Providence, who designed to instruct, without inflicting upon me those ruinous calamities, which it is too often the fate of the wicked and unconfiding, to endure; and well have I profited by such lessons; for without ever having sustained a serious

loss of property, I have become one of the most prudent and cautious of men.

When I returned, I found my wife at work on my old drab-colored overcoat. She had put new velvet on the cape, and covered the buttons anew, with the remnants of the same article, which really improved its appearance very much ; but to suit the late fashion, as she said, she had cut off the tail just below the pockets, taking away nearly one-fourth of the whole length. I thanked her for her trouble, observing it looked like a new coat, for I knew her design was a good one, beside, I did not wish to discourage her economical habits ; but I must say, that although I may have been in fashion, yet I never afterward felt at ease when I had it on, for somehow or other, I felt top-heavy, and thought I could see myself a disproportion between its two extremities.

She spoke also of performing a similar operation upon my blue frock-coat, which I had preserved since our marriage, and which she said had likewise grown out of fashion. To this I strenuously objected, alleging it would be warmer with the whole tail, and that she could dock it the next spring, provided the fashion did not change again before that time.

My wife stirred about, and we soon had a broiled chicken, and a cup of coffee, of which we partook with our nearest neighbor, together with the little boy my wife had now taught to read. They had

me over to bid us farewell, and as I had a little corn and other articles too inconvenient to carry, I gave them to him, promising I would some day, if I was able, take the little boy into the hills, where he could have some opportunity of education.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN hour more saw my wife and two children, a little girl, the daughter of old Nancy, and myself, together with our trunk, bandbox, fiddle-case, and a little Indian basket, containing a few articles, all safely deposited in my red skiff, and making our way along the current of the river toward our new destination, where we were again to try our fortune in the world, having but little of encouragement in the future, save our reliance on one, who has to the present time, never disappointed me.

“Who, my dear,” said I, “as we leisurely floated along to the echoing sound of my oars, can attempt to predict the vicissitudes of fortune, or anticipate with any degree of certainty, the revolutions which are almost continually taking place in our own minds? Had we this prescience,” said I, “it would ever be a barrier to the enjoyments of the present hour, for we should be often shocked by the strange contrasts which appear in our condition, at different periods of our lives, and *augmented by the absurd metamorphoses that take place*

in our opinions and sentiments. Had I been told," I continued, "a few years ago, that I should at this time, be paddling a small skiff in the midst of one of the largest rivers in the world, with the delicate being, who then started at the rustling of the breeze, or trembled at the rippling of the murmuring rill, whose fancy saw sprites in every shadow of the soft moonlight, and almost swooned away at every sound that broke the stillness of the night; had I been told," said I, "that this timid female would be now sitting calmly in this frail bark, while her infant is playfully stroking the surface of the majestic river over its sides, amused at the image which the transparent stream reflects, I should have smiled with incredulity, or railed at the madness of so gross a contradiction."

CHAPTER XXII.

"MY COUSIN ELIJAH."

THE first night, we stopped at the house of a distant relative, who lived eight miles below on the bank of the river. This man was between fifty and sixty years of age, and his wife Sarah something less. He was lame in one of his hips, but from having been *used to labor*, he hobbled along with a good deal of *activity*, and was still able to do some work with his

plow or his ax. The old lady thought she was going into a dropsy, but she managed, with the assistance of her little girl about twelve years old, to do her house business. They lived in what was called a double house (being two cabins together), but they were among the poorest people I ever saw. "Elijah, said I, (after supper was over, and we had seated ourselves for a social chat), "Will you suffer me to ask you how it is, that you have worked so long, and have not yet made enough to keep you and your aged companion from the necessity of hard labor, nor collected around you the ordinary comforts of life?"

"I will answer you briefly, Charles," said he, "for I have ever thought I saw the reason why I did not prosper, and old as I am, I am not willing to give up the struggle for wealth, or at least, as much of it as would enable us to live in ease and comfort for the remainder of our days. I entered the world," he continued, "after my marriage, with a handsome start; my father gave me a small tract of good land, work-horses, cows, sheep, etc.; and my wife had two servants, both able to work, and other articles. I had no doubt I should get rich; I worked hard the first year, but at January, I was astonished to find that, the furnishing my house, with only such things as everybody had, together with a cheap carriage for my wife to ride in, and one or two fine suits for us, *during the year, my debts amounted to more than my*

crop. The second year, I was obliged to paint up a little, and buy carpets for the floor, for everybody about me had such things, and my wife said she did not feel like going anywhere, for she saw everybody was better fixed than she was herself. This you know," said he, "would naturally sting us a little. I had also to buy a pair of horses for the carriage, for we had been running it with one white and one black one, and my wife had frequently observed persons merry on the streets, who (she had no doubt), were amused at the oddity of her appearance. I always, however, went with my wife when she made her largest purchases, myself, and saw that she got things at a fair price, and I also used economy in buying my horses, for I only paid \$300, for the pair, when several pairs of matches had just been sold in the neighborhood for \$500; but with all my management, and industry, at the end of three years, I was so much in debt, that I found I should have to sell my land or negroes. I preferred the former, and had hardly closed the trade for my land, with one of my wealthy neighbors, when I was called on by an acquaintance, living on Persimmon Bayou. He spent a night with us, and gave us a glowing picture of the fertility of the soil, where he lived, and expressed his conviction that those who went over immediately and secured pre-emption rights, would realize almost *a fortune* for their land in a few years, while they *could make* with the most moderate labor (in the

meantime), as much or more corn and cotton, than they would be able to gather. He concluded also by offering us, at a very moderate price, a small improvement which he had made there. My wife, was at once taken with his description, and insisted I should go immediately, without even waiting to gather all my crop, which was then in part in the field. I must also, confess, I was pleased myself, at the prospects of the Bayou, and I also saw that this fashionable country did not suit me; that my wife's attempts to keep up with her rich neighbors, resulted after the manner of the hunt between the ass and the lion; that while the latter took the lion's share, and owned all our land and improvements, we got nothing but the ass's share of the booty. To gratify my wife, I sold my crop at a sacrifice, and pushed off for the Bayou, where I was in hopes to realize the golden vision which (to this day) has scarcely vanished from my mind.

I found the Bayou what it had been represented to be, most fertile, and also, that I could here make more crop than I could gather; but I found too, that the health of my family was such, that we could gather but very little, and that this was worth but very little to us, owing to the distance to the nearest gin, the state of the roads, etc.; while the bears destroyed almost the entire corn crop, as well as the principal part of our hogs. I remained in this unhealthy *situation seven years, hoping for better times, at the*

end of which time, I found myself, not only without money sufficient to secure my pre-emption, but, owing to my heavy doctors' bills and the unsettled accounts with a foot peddler, who paid us a weekly visit, I had now to dispose of one of my negroes to get out of debt. There now seemed to be but little prospect of doing anything here, and I understood from good authority, that a hand could make four dollars a day, by cutting wood on the river for the boats, and that a woman had sold chickens, butter, eggs, vegetables, etc., which she produced herself, to the value of \$350, a year, beside it was all cash in hand at the door. I was now astonished and ashamed that I had remained so long in a place, where I had been constantly losing, when I might have gone to the river (for which I had ever had a partiality), where I could readily have disposed of my produce for cash, employed all my leisure time in cutting wood for the boats, and have afforded my family an opportunity of seeing something of the world.

My wife was enthusiastic in favor of the change; she said, "she had not seen a store for years, and that trading as she did, she had to make up in quantity, what was lacking in the quality of their goods, and that she often bought of them what she really did not want, as a sort of substitute for the things she actually stood in need of."

We easily closed our business on the Bayou, and *settled on the river*. Since that time I have moved

five times. One of my places turned out to be a caving bank, and I was near losing a lot of wood; another was subject to overflow, so that I could only work part of the year at the wood business; another was rather scarce of good timber; the next I thought rather unhealthy; and the one I am now on, though it is preferable to either of the others, is objectionable on several accounts, and I am now endeavoring to get what it cost me, for I gave our last negro in part payment for it. It is true," said he, "that a good hand can make four dollars a day, but my boys, of whom three are now grown, seem to think I have done so badly myself I ought not to insist upon their services; and they are partially shifting for themselves, while I am too old to do much of this kind of labor myself. My wife could also sell any quantity of chickens, butter, vegetables, etc., but from one cause or another we have never yet had them to spare, and indeed, more than once, since we have been here, I have been glad of an opportunity to purchase these articles from the boats. As soon as I am able to sell," he continued, "I shall move to Texas, where (I am told), a man has nothing to do but to mind his cattle, and they will make him rich in a few years. This will be a delightful business to me for I am fond of stock, and my sons being good hunters, we can live well on the game which this country everywhere affords in such great abundance."

I never saw this relative, or any of his family

afterward, they however, soon after moved, and I think it quite likely, the old man and his wife died, before they found the place they had been all their lives in search of.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE next day we reached a town on the bank of the river, where we unloaded and put up for the night; here the people seemed much astonished at seeing us travel in this way, and indeed, I have no doubt it was entirely new to them.

"You are a most extraordinary man Mr. B.," said the landlord with whom we had taken lodgings, "for there are but few who would venture to carry their families so far in a skiff."

"It is true sir," I replied, "I have ever differed greatly from the great mass of mankind. For whereas the most of persons I have met with in the world, appeared to me to be influenced more by a desire to accommodate their actions to the notions and opinions of others, than by considerations of their own interest or convenience, I have ever endeavored to regulate mine by the latter alone. While they seek to conciliate the regard or force the admiration of the world, I find my greatest difficulties in so conducting myself that I shall be certain of my own approbation."

"*I think, sir,*" he answered, "you will not deny,

that we are all more or less dependent for our social enjoyments, upon the opinions of those among whom we live, and that if we disregard our obligations to them (among which we may reckon, our respect for their opinions), we shall not only forfeit our claim to their reciprocal friendship, but shall fall short even of that good opinion, which it is the constant ambition of the virtuous to entertain of themselves."

"I will not deny this, sir," I returned, "and I hope there is no one who estimates more highly than I do, the relation we sustain to others and the duties we in consequence owe them; but I shall ever maintain, we cannot so certainly or effectually discharge them, as by attending to the duties we more immediately owe to ourselves. That the Creator has so inseparably connected the various interests, as well as the different individuals that compose a political or social community, that they are reciprocally dependent upon each other, and that while they act separately for their own interest or happiness, they will (however ignorantly or unconsciously), be constantly contributing to the advantage of the whole. That though the good of others may not always, or indeed very often, constitute an element in the selfish calculation which prompts to action, this by no means prevents their natural and inevitable operation, or lessens their beneficial tendency. I would not wish," I continued, "to have you understand, that every *action*, which the malevolence or the depravity

of the wicked, may at times induce them to perform, will necessarily have this good effect, for their actions are often destructive of their own happiness, and their own interests, and perhaps, they are in a corresponding degree injurious to others, but even these may be right, for it would not be difficult to show, that every community draws its soundest maxims of safety, as well as its wisest penal statutes, from those instances of violence or injustice, which in their immediate effects are so shocking to society."

"You may be right," concluded the landlord, "but you are a man in a thousand."

On the next day we reached the little town opposite my place, and selling my skiff for ten dollars we were soon on the way out, having been supplied with horses by my kind mother. When we struck our native hills, I imagined my wife breathed freer, and looked more cheerful than she had done since we left them. For my own part, I could not help experiencing the most agreeable sensations, as I looked upon their bleak and sunny points, and winding lanes, that brought to my mind so many youthful recollections. Yet the arid poverty and meager productions of their clayworn sides, contrasted so strongly with the black rich soil, and luxuriant growth of the country I had left, that my heart almost sank within me when I thought of the heavy debt before me, and the years of frugal toil necessary *to relieve me from it.*

CHAPTER XXIV.

I DID not inform the reader, that the man of whom I purchased, set no value whatever upon the house that was on the place, for as he remarked, it was not fit to live in; and I was so much occupied with matters I thought of greater importance, that I paid but little attention to it, knowing that neither my wife or myself were very particular in this respect.

Before we reached home I had prepared my wife, by repeating to her the remarks of the man, to enter even a worse house than the one we had left. Having now arrived at home, we were both favorably disappointed; the house was of logs, and of most curious construction; it was also old and in many parts considerably decayed; but it was thirty-five feet long, with galleries, four rooms, either of which was larger than the little cabin on the river, a sleeping room above stairs, and cellar underneath all. I could not help being amused at the joy that animated my wife's countenance, as room after room was opened and examined with almost breathless rapidity. And indeed, I could not help feeling a degree of vanity myself, as I surveyed its dimensions, and contemplated myself as the sole owner and proprietor.

"Well, my dearest C.," said I, "the wheel of fortune *has again turned*, and our star is still in the

ascendant. The transition from the little hut we have left, to this commodious house, is certainly most flattering and agreeable, and a few more such turns would place us on a level with many who now esteem us greatly beneath them; yet I cannot but be struck with the very opposite feelings that often exist in the minds of different individuals, when placed in the same circumstances. The former proprietor of this house," I continued, "esteemed it so insignificant, as almost to be unsuitable for a human habitation, while we (I will not say are proud, for this you might not be willing to admit, but I think I can safely say, my dear), while we feel a degree of proud satisfaction on finding ourselves in the possession of it; while he regarded it with contempt, because of its coarse material, its unsightly proportions, and its unpolished walls, we admire it for its comparatively spacious, and airtight apartments, and the innumerable comforts and conveniences it affords. Thus it is in life; the towering aspirant for worldly honors and distinctions, who has long held some elevated station, which had once been the darling object of his desires, begins at last to regard it as altogether contemptible in comparison with that still more elevated position, which now alone seems capable of satisfying the cravings of his ambition, while some less fortunate, or less pretending favorite, joyfully receives the station he has just relinquished, and with a degree of *self-complacency* (which none so well understand as

himself), looks back on the difficulties he has surmounted, or the degradation he has escaped, and the myriads of intelligent beings, and vanquished rivals he has outstripped in the race, who must now yield to him their homage and their obedience. I hope, however, it will not be so with us, my dear," said I, "for while no unforeseen or accidental misfortune should be suffered to depress the uniform tenor of our calm and tranquil spirits, or for a moment shake the steadfastness of our confidence in the goodness and protection of our Heavenly father, so no sudden occasion of unexpected good fortune should at all be permitted to elate our minds, or cause us to forget those who are still struggling with poverty, many of whom may be destined finally to sink under the pressure of those very hardships and difficulties which we have ourselves so recently contended with and overcome. It should rather be our duty, as I trust it will be our pleasure, having taught them by our example, to exhort them by kind admonition to press forward in the great business of life, while the hand of charity, and the heart of sympathy, should expand at the calls of necessity, or melt with the cries of sorrow and affliction. But should our vanity still be disposed to rise, my dear," said I, "in spite of all our efforts to suppress it; should the baser passions of our corrupt natures still endeavor to predominate over the high and ennobling feelings of christian benevolence, and *should we so far forget ourselves, as to be found*

pursuing the chimerical visions and fleeting shadows that hold out their luring glare, to tempt the vain and foolish, we must recollect, that our prosperity is only apparent, and our success uncertain; that we have yet before us obstacles which it will require all our fortitude to battle with, and all our energy to conquer, and should we, by disregarding the obligations we owe to others, violate those we owe to ourselves and to our Creator, we cannot calculate upon the sympathy or assistance of any, but shall in the end, fall under the condemnation of all, and what is still worse, we shall not even enjoy the reflections, which, amidst every adversity and every disappointment, are still left to comfort and console the wise and the virtuous."

My wife seemed a good deal affected by these remarks, for she appeared to think they were intended chiefly for herself, and she replied, "that whatever prosperity it might be our good fortune to realize, she never could forget the poor by whom we had been surrounded, for many of whom she felt the kindest attachment." I was so much pleased, as my wife concluded, not only with her softened and affecting manner, but also with the sentiments and feelings she expressed, that I thought it prudent to offer her a kind embrace, for this the occasion seemed to justify, and indeed I thought it necessary that I should from *time to time* afford her this customary manifestation of *my unabated regard*. I accordingly advanced and

threw my arms at her neck for this purpose, but she artfully evaded my intentions, observing that we were getting too old for such childish amusements, in which opinion, I did not exactly agree with her.

CHAPTER XXV.

I WILL now pass over about nine years of my life, by only giving a brief account of my manner of conducting the business of my farm, the management of my servants, horses, etc., and my entire success; and by relating one or two signal instances of ingratitude which I met with in the time.

Notwithstanding my slender force and the comparatively enormous debt I had to pay in three years, I did not in the least change my system of management, or depart from those principles and maxims for the regulation of labor, by which I had from the beginning endeavored to govern my household, and which were drawn entirely from my own experience, and from my observation of the natural laws of the universe. I endeavored, while my negroes and horses were required to work with the greatest regularity, to see that they also worked with the greatest moderation. For this purpose I undertook a fewer number of acres to the hand than was customary in the country, by which I was able to keep my crop clean, and make the labor of cultivation easy and agreeable

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I was but seldom in what is called a push, and this was generally in the fall, when I found I had a good crop. I cautiously avoided tasking my hands, for I found they drove their horses too hard, sometimes made themselves sick, and slighted their work. My rule was, that my hands should be in the field at sunrise, for I found that my own inclination for repose, was a most insurmountable barrier to my enforcing an earlier hour, even had I been disposed to do so; and they dropped off about sundown, for I had no rule in regard to the time of stopping in the evening. I allowed about two hours in the middle of the day for dinner and rest, and in warm weather was not particular, perhaps they took three hours. My horses were never allowed to be kept up at night, but were invariably turned into a grass-pasture where they could supply themselves with water as well as with the food, which I observed they were very fond of. This was objected to by most or all of my neighbors, many of whom were old and experienced planters. They said it made them sweat too much, and rendered them less able to perform their work, than when they were kept on dry food; in this, however, as in other matters, I preferred to follow nature, and when the grass was good, and my corn a little scarce, I have frequently turned them out at night without feeding, having fed them well at noon.

By this mode of working, I found both my horses *and negroes* to be healthy and prolific; inasmuch,

that at the end of nine years from my commencement on this place, my negroes (including thirteen young boys and girls I had bought), amounted to about fifty. I had lost none, save one or two infants, from malformation or accident ; had never called a physician to them, and had not given ten dollars' worth of medicine to my whole family ; and indeed, I had long thought, I could perceive the injurious effects of the customary medicinal treatment, and from administering less and less of poisonous drugs, I dispensed with them altogether, and feel assured we have done much better, since I did so. It may be here asked what my treatment is for disease. I reply, it is of the most simple and natural kind ; I make occasional use of pepper-tea and cold water, using them as the preternatural cold or heat of the system seems to require. Ever attentive likewise to the appetite of my patient, I give whatever article of diet or beverage may be desired. In fine, I am guided entirely by these external indices, and though doctors may rail, or science condemn, I must still regard them as the language of nature, and where these symptoms are not so distinctly marked, as almost to preclude the possibility of misapprehension, I regard it as altogether the safest course to abstain from all interference, and by kind attention to comfort and ease, to resign the sufferer to the restorative energies of his own physical and mental constitution. Such has been my practice now, for *sixteen years, with entire success, having out of*

nearly 100 negroes lost only four or five infants, while old Joe is still active, although between eighty and ninety years old. My horses, under the same mild treatment, and with the same freedom from physic, increased to such a degree, that from four or five which I bought the first year, I kept my place supplied, and indeed, sold a few which I had no use for. The colts I shut up at three or four days old, like calves, while the mothers performed as much service as I required of my other horses, and I have sometimes had as many as half a dozen colts in my pen at one time, while the mothers composed three-fourths of my team at the plow.

My horses never had bots, blind staggers, glanders, etc., which I have thought, are in a great measure the effect of bad treatment, and the horses I first bought were all good work-horses at the end of the above period, although the youngest was fifteen, and the oldest twenty years of age, and they generally lived to about twenty-two or three years; working as long as they lived.

I found little or no difficulty in raising hogs, by turning them on the grass. The pigs require to be kept out of the dust, and fed on slops. I raised the chief part of my pork, yet I found the hogs very mischievous and troublesome.

When I discovered a cow was getting old, I separated her calf from her in the early part of the summer, and in the fall sold her, with my other sur-

plus stock, to the butchers, putting my old oxen in the field to fatten, for I always took care to have peas in all my corn-fields. I did the same with my sheep, and thus seldom had an animal to die about the plantation, from age or poverty, until after I removed thence, at the close of the above period.

It may be thought I made very light crops, in consequence of my moderate system of working, but this is not true; on looking back, I find I made about six bales of cotton, on the average, to the hand, and usually had a little corn to sell; one year I sold above 500 bushels. I had added 480 acres of land to my tract, for which I paid \$3,200, and had a section and a half which I had bought at about two dollars per acre. I had also loaned about \$2,500 in cash, and had some money on hand. It is true, I had used great economy, having paid out very little indeed for articles of luxury, or the furnishing of my house.

CHAPTER XXVI.

“MR. B.,” said my wife to me one day, toward the close of the ninth year of my residence here, “it is plain, if we live at this place much longer, our children (particularly our two oldest), will grow up like neglected weeds, and like savages, will not know

B from a broomstick, for, you know, the schools here are not regular, and the best of them are not fit to send a child to."

"There is some truth in your remarks," my dear, said I, "but, are you not mistaken in supposing they will grow up entirely ignorant, like savages, etc. You know, Clara, though only twelve, is studying Latin and Greek, and the higher branches, while James spells and reads very well, and is making some progress in figures; beside, we are particular to instruct them in the precepts of the Bible, which savages know nothing about."

"I do not care," she replied, "the children learn nothing at all at these country schools, except badness, and they learn plenty of that, and as to what I can teach them, why, it goes in at one ear and out at the other, and they don't know a thing about it in one hour afterward. Beside," she continued, "this is no place to raise children, at any rate. We are thirteen miles from the nearest town, where we never see anything but backwoods' folks and country manners; we can't even get a newspaper till its news is no news at all."

"It is news to us, my dear," interrupted I.

"No, it is no news at all," said she, "after everybody on the face of the earth has read it before we get it."

"My dear," said I, "is not your language extravagant? You know everybody cannot read."

"I do not criticise your language, Mr. B.," said she, "and I do not like to be cut up myself."

"But, my dear," said I, "Do you not think we ought to try and observe a chaster style, and purer speech, now that we have children old enough to notice what we say? for, you know, they will be very apt to imitate us in all our manners."

"I speak as correctly as you do," retorted she; "but this is neither here nor there. I was about to say, I do not think you altogether consistent, in loaning out your money to save the property of anybody, when you are offered that fine residence, just three miles from the seat of justice, where we could always have a good school, could get our papers in time, and give our children a chance. I can see the upshot of the whole of this business of your liberality to others, 'charity begins, etc.,'" she continued, "you will be served as you have always been, your brother will not thank you, and old Hardy Roberts will run off with his negroes at last, and you will lose the whole."

"My dear," said I, "I have still the means of purchasing the place you speak of, I have only hesitated because I was doubtful about the policy of buying more land than I have use for."

"Policy, yes," said she, "you have really very singular ideas about policy; what policy, Mr. B.," she continued "ought to be equal to the policy of

keeping up our family, and making them respectable. Three years ago it was policy with you to buy a tract of land that you do not cultivate, in this out-of-the-way place, and now, that you are offered one with a fine house on it joining your mother, and twenty miles nearer to mine, where we should have every advantage of society and education, you talk about policy; yes, it is your policy whenever it suits you to do a thing, I find."

I was sorry to hear my wife speak with so much asperity, but I had for several years thought I discovered a gradual change in her temper. She was at first most amiable and submissive, and for years, when she became displeased, her anger soon evaporated without explosion. But she now began to defend herself when things did not go to suit her, and I was sometimes troubled to answer her arguments, and particularly on the present occasion, for they were but little more than a repetition of those I had myself used, when speaking previously on this subject. Perhaps this change of temper was as much in myself as my wife, and against such things young people cannot too carefully guard themselves, for it will take time to correct an error of this kind.

On the next day I set out, and was successful in negotiating a trade at a lower price than I had anticipated, and I was particularly gratified at the *happiness my return* brought to the heart of my old mother,

who now rejoiced that her prayer had been answered in seeing all her children around her to comfort and happify her declining days, and participate with her in the glorious promises, and brighter hopes, of that state, to which we are all tending.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"ALLOW me, Mr. B.," said an old acquaintance, with whom I happened to meet on my way home, "to congratulate you upon your return to the place of your nativity, and this too under the most favorable circumstances, for I have understood you have purchased very low, and your tract of land lying along the side of the old place, you will probably some day be able to own that, a circumstance certainly most agreeable to the mind: thus it will ever be," he continued, "you are now to be rewarded for your disinterested kindness to your brother, which appeared in your coming forward at different times to rescue his property from the iron grasp of his creditors."

"My dear sir," said I, "I am sorry to hear you use a term in commendation of the few acts of kindness I have performed, which cannot with justice be applied to any being on earth; I have long thought, sir," I continued, "that the idea of disinterested benevolence, has no foundation either in fact or in nature; that all mankind are equally selfish and equally

interested in their actions, and that if we do not always at once discover the motive, we may nevertheless, be certain of its existence."

"Do you really think," replied he, "that men are always prompted by considerations of their own good in those actions which we are accustomed to denominate benevolent, and in which no selfish design is to be seen?"

"I do most assuredly," said I, "and if you will have the goodness to adduce what may appear to your mind, the strongest instance of pure or unselfish liberality, I will endeavor to point out a motive that would have been sufficient to actuate your imaginary philanthropist, which had its rise in his own interest or his own happiness, and indeed, I think, I can safely say that the good of others does not even form an element in the entire oneness of those seemingly magnanimous deeds, which command the admiration of our fellow beings. The good of others, where it flows from our actions, being incidental merely or resulting from them in the natural order of antecedent and consequent."

"I do not think it necessary," said he, "to instance a stronger case than those just mentioned in regard to yourself."

"These, sir," said I, "belong to a numerous category of actions, the motives to which are so *diversified*, that it would be difficult without an *intimate knowledge* of the individual character, to deter-

mine what one was most operative. The rate of interest agreed on, the advantages often to be finally reaped, by placing the humble debtor in the power of his benefactor, as well as the desire of popular favor or public notoriety, may singly or jointly, conspire to prompt them. But in those actions in which men voluntarily risk their lives for the protection and preservation of one another, where no pecuniary compensation can be expected, the motive cannot be so easily detected. Here we think instantly of the pain we should feel, should we fail to extend that relief which lies in our power, or we think of the pleasure we shall afterward receive from the gratitude of the sufferer, and in those instances where the sufferer is our personal friend, we cannot bear to contemplate the unavoidable anguish we should feel in the loss of one whose existence was necessary to our own happiness, and the still greater misery we should experience, from the mortifying reflection, that our own cowardly or unfaithful conduct, had been in part the cause of the very unhappiness we felt. But in every such case that could possibly occur, we cannot be insensible to the public condemnation of mankind, who will not fail to censure us, whenever we fail to do our duty, and to that still more terrible punishment we expect from the disapprobation of our consciences, which to the virtuous mind is the most formidable that can be inflicted, and to which even *the most wicked and depraved*, though immersed in

crime, or wallowing in the sewers of vice and dissipation can never be said to be entirely callous."

"Do we not often act without thinking at all," said he, "or without making any of the selfish calculations to which you allude?"

"We certainly do, sir," said I, "but this is because we have previously learned our duty under similar circumstances, and because we have previously settled in our minds the consequences, both good and evil, that would result from the performance or non-performance of the action. When, therefore, the occasion occurs, we have not to hesitate until we can make our calculation over again, for the terrible consequences of the non-performance as well as the praise or pleasure that are to follow the performance, arise at once to our minds without any effort on our part, in all the force of their original conception. To illustrate this principle of the human mind, I need only refer to the instantaneous obedience the child yields to parental authority, or the promptitude with which the servant executes the commands of his master, without stopping to consider what is to be gained by obedience on the one hand, or what is to be suffered by obstinacy and disobedience on the other. In every case, it is the fear of punishment in some form or other, or the hopes of reward, that alone can move us to action, and in this respect we are all alike. As to the public spirit you spoke of, and *in which a few of the more worldly-minded are*

particularly desirous to distinguish themselves, this is only a modification of the selfish principle, and is just as exclusive and interested, as any of the other multifarious forms in which this universal desire may be seen to manifest itself."

"If all actions," said he, "are necessarily selfish, what quality constitutes them virtuous, and what vicious?"

"This sir," said I, "is nothing more or less than their known beneficial or injurious tendency, for mankind will be certain to praise where their own interest is promoted, or blame whatever seems to oppose them. But although our actions may be esteemed either virtuous or vicious, accordingly as they seem to have been prompted by a desire to observe or violate the divine law, or to have contributed to the happiness or misery of others, yet the selfish operator abstains from the one because he believes it injurious to his prosperity or to his happiness, and pursues the other because he finds his best interests, as well as his temporal and eternal happiness thereby most effectually promoted."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"WELL, my dear C.," said I, as soon as I entered the house, "our Heavenly Father has again been *most signally with me*; for I have often prayed that

I might be able one day to return to the tomb of my father, the place where I was born, and where I wish to rest when life's busy scenes have passed from before my eyes. Here first I beheld the countenance of her from whom I hope never to part only for the short unconscious hour, during which the pale messenger must assert his dominion; and here still resides in peaceful tranquillity, my aged mother, protected by my only brother, and surrounded by all her children, myself only excepted. My dear," said I, "when I reflect upon the wonderful change which only twelve years have wrought in our little estate, and the sudden and unexpected transition from the little cabin on the river, with our yoke of steers, and a few cords of wood, to the elegant and finished mansion, in which I shall soon see my dear C. installed as queen and mistress, I am almost overwhelmed with gratitude to Him through whose especial favor such extraordinary blessings have been conferred upon us, for I cannot help thinking of the wretchedness and poverty we have escaped. How few," said I, "who entered the world as we did, without land, without money, and almost without everything necessary to make it, are even able to make a comfortable living? Very few indeed would greatly improve their circumstances, and not one in a thousand could even hope for such complete success as we have enjoyed. Had we adopted a different course; had we placed all *our pleasure in the enjoyment of the present, without*

looking at all to the future, (as we must still not forget to do for our happiness) but had we annually expended the little we made, to gratify our pride, or soothe our vanity, you, my dear C., might be now tamely drawing the luscious beverage from the kindly cow, stirring the kitchen fire, to urge our frugal meal, or what is more disagreeable still, bending in painful attitude over the laborious wash-tub, and with your delicate fingers expurgating the noisome spots, which a fortnight had accumulated upon our wearing apparel. My heart sickens at the humiliating thought. As to myself, I should at this moment, when repose is most grateful to my stiffening limbs, have the whole burdensome business of the farm upon my own unsupported shoulders, and should be swinging my ponderous ax on some huge oak of the forest, or struggling along, half bent with my cumbersome picking-sack suspended on my weary neck and aching back, extracting our scanty support from the yielding and toilsome cotton-stalk. All this I could endure, could I but see my little ones well clothed and fed, and enjoying the advantages of education to enable them to maintain their respectability and make a living in the world; but to see the little innocents, we so much love,"—here I saw my wife was crying, and I desisted. "But my dear," said I, a moment afterward, "this picture is only imaginary, and we should give ourselves no pain about imaginary evils;

I only desired to impress more forcibly upon our minds, the very great obligations that rest upon us to walk uprightly, for by nothing else, can we make any return to our great benefactor for such inestimable blessings."

As soon as I gathered my crop, I began to remove my household stuff, and by the last of March following, had transferred all my movables, half-a-dozen servants, and a few cattle to our new home.

"Is it not wonderful, my dear," said I, to my wife, "that the great revolutions that have taken place, since we left this neighborhood, have been accomplished in twelve years? My brother, who was only a little boy, and my two little sisters, still younger, are all now grown and married; of eight or ten old neighbors, only two remain, the rest having died during this period. Even our nearest neighbor who built his residence on a part of what constituted my old hunting ground, now lies by the side of his wife and three children, all of whom have died since we left here. I cannot," said I, "avoid a deep feeling of melancholy, as much as I am pleased at the thoughts of my return."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"MR. B.," said my wife to me, a few days after our arrival, "we have made a change."

"Yes, my dear," replied I, "and I sincerely hope that this, as well as every other change it may be our lot to undergo, will be for the better. For, although, I will not find fault with the past, yet, I desire, that we shall be ever advancing toward that state of perfection, which we can never entirely enjoy in this state of existence, and this, if we profit by our experience, we shall always be able to do."

"You do not exactly understand me, sir," said she, "I mean, that having made a change of place, we have likewise made a change of society, and that it becomes us to act accordingly."

"This is most unquestionably true, my dear," said I, "and I am proud to hear my wife express sentiments so worthy of a Christian and a philosopher. It is always our duty, in whatever circumstances or condition we may be placed in this life, to accommodate our conduct and conversation, as well as our views and opinions, as far as we can consistently do so, to the wishes and sentiments of those, by whom we are surrounded, for, we should do all the good we can, and in this way contribute our share to the happiness of our fellow-beings."

But do you not think," said she, "that we ought

to move in a better style, and have things better about us?"

"I do indeed," said I, "think that our whole demeanor should be more pious and exemplary, more especially as our children are now old enough to imitate our example. And indeed, I can have no objection, to whatever pitch you may be disposed to elevate the standard of our morality, or our devotion, for as it is the nature of virtue as well as of vice, to diffuse its peculiar influence upon every object within its reach, we should certainly then (as you justly remark), perceive the beneficial effects in the amelioration of everything and person about us. Nor could we possibly adopt a higher style, for a distinguished writer has somewhere said, that the character of a Christian is the very highest style of human existence, and I have ever—to be plain with you Mr. B.," interrupted she, "I think we ought to have a carriage; everybody rides in one down here, and it will certainly be expected of us."

"I am sorry I misunderstood you, my dear," said I, "but are you not mistaken in supposing that everybody has one? I do not know of more than two or three in the neighborhood who have them, and as they are generally regarded as possessing a considerable degree of vanity, I cannot think that you and I, who have made a profession of religion, will be expected to imitate them."

"*Well, sir,*" said she, "you will of course do as

you please, but there is but one course left for me, I will stay at home, for to ride into town on horseback as I have done, and then have merchants and clerks running into the streets with chairs to get me down, while everybody around is gazing or laughing at me, why I feel just as if I had been stealing."

"I can sympathize with your virtuous modesty, my dear," said I, "but I cannot suppose you to be even the most remotely acquainted with the dreadful compunctions of conscience, and bitter remorse of spirit, that necessarily succeeds the perpetration of so base an action, as that to which in your hasty simile, you perhaps inadvertently alluded, nor can I, my dear, perceive the slightest similarity that could exist between the two mental states you undertake to compare. The first could not be anything more or less, than a certain degree of mortified vanity, while the latter"—

"I understand my own feelings Mr. B.," she replied, "perhaps better than you do. I only asked you politely for a carriage that I might go like other women, and if I am not to get it, I hope there is no harm done. I will only stay at home and work as I have ever done, like a negro."

"I was going on to say my dear," I rejoined, "that although it was an expensive article, and I have not yet paid for my place, nevertheless, if you insisted I would endeavor as soon as possible, to accommodate you."

"I do not see any difficulty about it," she replied, "you have nothing to do but to write for it, and it will be here in a week. If you wanted a negro, we should hear nothing about your endeavors. No, the first thing would be the negro himself, packed up and sent home to torment me out of my life; but when I want anything, it's, 'I'll endeavor, if possible.' I know something about these endeavors, you will be three or four years endeavoring to get a bargain, and then get some old-fashioned thing that nobody would ride in. Well I can stay at home, that's all."

I now saw there was but one course left for me and so sat down immediately and ordered one from New Orleans.

CHAPTER XXX.

• "PA," said Clara to me one evening, as we sat musingly around our cheerful hickory fire, "I would like to hear all about your young days. I wish you would tell me something about your deer hunts, I have heard you talk so much about, for I expect this house was built where you once hunted."

"Yes my dear," said I, "I once killed a fine deer but a few feet from the spot where this house stands, and perhaps every tree that stands around here, (could it speak), could give some tale of my hunting adventures, after squirrels, opossums, and turkeys."

"Where did you go to school, Pa?

"I went to several little country schools, my dear, but I did not study Latin and Greek and philosophy as you are doing. I did not then know they were necessary, and indeed my teachers did not know any more about these, than I did myself. I only studied spelling and reading and writing, and learned to cipher a little."

"Pa," said she, "how can you tell me my Latin lessons when you never studied Latin at school?"

"I studied the Latin grammar and read several books after I was grown, for I saw my education was defective, and I studied a little Greek after I was married, so that I could read in the New Testament, and you know I have taken you quite through the arithmetic lately, although I had (as you may have seen), a harder task than you had, for I had never understood much about figures at school, and had to study hard to be able to explain the difficulties to you. If I had enjoyed the advantages which you now have my dear, I think I should have made a good scholar of myself; yet the schools only lay the foundation of knowledge, and if we fail to improve the instruction we receive from them, we shall be but little better off in old age than those who have been deprived of education, while we shall be worthy of blame for our neglect; and indeed, I have ever thought that habits

of study which we acquire at a late period of life, are most permanent, and most certain to lead to success and usefulness."

"Pa, did you have to work in the farm?" said she.

"Yes my dear, I worked with the negroes as long as my father lived, who died when I was a little over twelve years of age. After his death my mother favored me a good deal; yet I continued to work occasionally until I was grown. I think I should be healthier if I had worked more when I was growing, and this is the reason that I make your brother James plow, and make you hoe in the garden in the morning and evening, and walk so far to school. But Clara," said I, "as you seem to be so anxious to hear the history of my boyhood, I will read you (whenever we have nothing else to do), a sketch of my early recollections, which I have been writing since we came to this place."

"Oh do Pa," said she, "I should be so glad to hear anything of that kind."

"I have, however, written it in poetry, my dear," said I, "and I fear it will not be so interesting to you on that account. It appeared to me that some sort of versification would correspond best with the melancholy tone of my feelings, and though I never wrote poetry before, I could not help trying to turn this into rhyme."

"I love poetry, Pa," said she, "when it is not in

blank verse, better than prose, for if I can understand it, I can recollect it better."

"You will easily understand this Clara, for I have endeavored to write it in childlike simplicity both of thought and expression, this being the most easy, as well as the most natural style, I could adopt."

"Pa, can you not read us some portion of it to night?"

"Yes, my dear, we will read a portion of it, and leave the balance for some other time."

POPLAND.

Dear mansion of my youthful days, here first I drew my breath,
First felt the vital impulse new, the gushing tide of health—
Here first the wondrous universe, from Nature's plastic hand,
Unfolded to my waking sense, her empire wide and grand.
Here first my childish efforts strove, instinctive with delight,
To grasp the splendors which the day, poured on my ravished sight.

Here first my tongue essayed to lisp, the names of those I loved,
Here first my untaught toddling feet, in eager rapture moved ;
Here all was peace, and joy, and love, whichever way I turned,
And Virtue's image in my breast, with heavenly incense burned.
In every face I met a friend, in every eye a smile,
And some new toy from every hand, my moments to beguile ;
Here first I learned in childish sports, the laws of matter fixed,
Stern voice of one creative mind, with his creation mixed.
Here first I saw the little stone, hurled from my tiny hand,
Propelled a-while into mid-air, then fall and kiss the sand ;
Here too, my little flutter-mill, in rapid eddies whirled,
Portrayed the ruling principle of this revolving world ;
Showed what vast force once lay concealed, within the gurgling rill,
Which human heart has well ordained, to serve the human will.

I little thought that things like these, had stayed a sage's eye,
Had fixed the earth's great central force, and swung it up on high;
That here a Newton's genius traced, the tenure of the spheres,
Held his great parley with the stars, and waked angelic fears.
That Franklin with his silken thread, his paper, and his string,
Had brought the lightning's flashes down, transfix'd upon the wing.
I loved my wheel, because I saw it playfully revolve,
Saw the dense spout dashed on its arms, then into drops dissolve,
And as the noise its motion made, re-echoed from the hill,
I felt my pride resistless rise, and triumphed in my mill.
Dear Popland, here amidst thy woods, in boyish glee I strayed,
Heard the wild music of the thrush, or moan the stock dove made,
Heard the blithe squirrel's mimic laugh, that cheered the forest
round.

Then saw him with quixotic leap, fly o'er the measured ground:
Too oft I've watched his stealthy course, ambitious of his life,
And with my ruthless little dog, and gun with murder rife,
Pursued him to the tree he took, then, with infernal art,
Planted myself with fatal aim, and drove him through the heart;
None, save the cruel tyrant man, would perpetrate this deed,
And oft my blood within recoiled, to see my victim bleed;
To see him hobbling up the tree, his anxious mate to meet,
With broken thigh and mangled frame, or gasping at my feet.
But these, Diana, are thy sports, that fill the vacant mind,
Amuse aristocratic pride, and leave no sting behind.
Maybe, kind Providence designs, in this unseemly way,
That all the teeming tribes of earth, should on each other prey;
But sure I am, would man abstain from rapine, blood, and wrong,
He would augment his happiness, and his short life prolong.
With innocence, and conscience clear, his mind would be at rest,
While healthful diet from his herds, would feed his body best;
The rich provisions of his flocks, his orchards and his fields,
Supply him copious with attire, and all that's needful yields,

"Pa," said Clara, whose eyes were almost ready
to shed tears, "I can hardly keep from crying, to

think how long it has been since you were young and childish like me; you did not think you would have to go into the swamp and work hard for so many years, did you?"

"I did not think much about anything then, my dear, I was like you are now, I did not know what was before me, and I was happy without knowing it."

"Pa," said she, "it is yet early, do read on, I love to hear it, for it seems like I was with you."

I read on as follows:—

THE CHASE.

Popland' I've scoured thy wildest nook, thro' briars, bog, and
brake,
Scared the quick rabbit from his lair, and stirred the peaceful
snake;
With hound and horn, and gun intent, like foeman on the foe,
To trail the windings of her track, and rouse the covert doe;
And when at last I've marked her spring, for life and death
amain,
Sweeping the copsewood round about, or stretching down the
plain,
My boyish pride has been complete, my heart with rapture
swelled,
To hear how Blucher took the lead, and how my puppies yelled;
One loud halloo expressed my joy, then, with impetuous strain,
I plied my steed with whip and spur some neighboring height to
gain,
Where the doomed quarry circling round, in frightful haste to
shun,
The terrors of the hot pursuit, that thickened as she run.

Must quickly pass with mortal speed, to gain her course aright,
And open ground to see her foes, and aid her rapid flight ;
Here, from my secret ambushade, just opening to my will,
I saw her burst wild from the brake, then labor up the hill,
My nerves all twitching with desire, lest with too eager eyes,
I should overshoot the flying mark, and miss my noble prize.
Full oft observant of her foe, she strove with efforts vain,
The towering summit of the hill, with desperate bounds to gain,
But well my scathing gun I played, in concert with each bound,
And ere the steep ascent was won, had stretched her on the
ground.

Here ended this exciting chase and when the deed was done,
My dogs all gathered round their prey, and a great victory won ;
Began to rise my feelings nice, which marred the victor's pride,
Gave scope to philosophic thought, and all my joy belied.—
I thought perchance, in some thick grass, where first we crossed
her track,

Winding round and round about, and then quite winding back,
Might lie concealed her helpless fawns, that by this deed of mine,
Must hunger thirst and misery feel, and with sad bleatings pine.
Thus some young stripling pious raised, of frolic full and fun,
Entering the lists of sportsman's clubs, to see his fine stock run,
Starts in the race with fearful strife, and with high prize at stake,
Turns ghastly pale, then ekes right out, to see his courser break,
And as he runs and circles round, and almost seems to fly,
He boldly bursts across the field, 'mid shouts that rend the sky,
Then bending inward to the spot where ends the vigorous strife,
Racked with the throes of panic wild, that shake his very life,
He sees his racer struggling on, with whip and spur and rein,
Laboring with mortal energy, the mooted stand to gain,
His eye pursues each rapid bound, his pulse in concert flies,
Till at the poles he beats a head, and wins the desperate prize ;
But when at last he sees displayed, his eagles by the score,
And all his clam'rous pack around, to see it counted o'er,
Some qualms of conscience then may rise to dampen martial fire,
And rapt'rous thoughts of vict'ry won, in his sad heart retire,—

✱

To think of the poor family, made beggars by this deed,
And how much bread or raiment warm, the children now may
need,
Whose feeble wail may reach the throne, of their great heavenly
friend,
And ghosts of justice, goblins dire, on his vexed soul attend.

As I concluded, I observed that Clara was affected.

"Pa," said she, "I am glad you did not feel right when you killed one of those pretty deers, for I do not think it was right, and I always feel bad when I kill anything."

"I am pleased to hear my dear speak so kindly," I replied, "for it is certainly wrong to take the life any animal that we do not need to eat, and which is not doing us any harm, and as we hunted these deers for our amusement alone, I have always thought it was wrong."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"My dear G." said my wife to me, after the children had retired; "Clara is indeed most beautiful; we ought to be proud of her; beside, did you observe how she was interested with your poetry, and what shrewd questions she asked you as you read? Why, sir, I believe her understanding is better than the most of grown young ladies; and as to *her disposition*, it is the very best, for you saw to

night, how her heart melts at the very thought of injustice or cruelty, and not only so, but you know we have no trouble to make her go to school, or mind her sewing (and though everyone does not know it), she can take a stitch with any of them, even the herring-bone, which is one of the hardest, she is perfectly familiar with."

"Clara, my dear," said I, "so far as looks are concerned, is well enough. Her features are all regular, without any very striking disproportion, or masculine grossness, which render a face disagreeable. Beside, she has a good deal of color, which is generally esteemed a mark of health. For all of which blessings we ought to be most grateful. How mortifying must it have been to our natural pride and affection, my dear, I continued, had any of our children been deformed, even had they been the unfortunate victims of those little irregularities of countenance, which (though they do not amount to deformity), are nevertheless but indifferently calculated to excite the gentler feelings of our nature, among which I might mention the awkward and unseemly elevation of one eye above the other, the contraction of one corner of the mouth, the prominent irregularity and swinish projection of the front teeth, or the decided inclination of the nasal organ to one side of the face. It is true, Clara's face is unusually wide through the temples, and James has a very long nose, both of which features are considered unfavorable to

the effect of beauty, yet as the first indicates the faculty of constructiveness, and the last, frequently accompanies a good understanding, we ought, by no means to complain, for these mental qualities should ever be esteemed preferable to merely external accomplishments."

"I can find no objection to Clara's face," replied my wife, "nor to her form; they are both as near perfection as can be expected. As to James, sir, I do not know how you can call his nose too long, for I heard a lady say the other day, 'that he was a fine looking boy,' and if I am any judge of looks myself, I have never seen a nobler looking boy in my life."

"True nobility," my dear, said I, "consists in mental qualities alone, and in this view of the case, I cannot attempt to dispute your opinion, yet there are some cases, in which we ought, perhaps, to question the accuracy of our own judgment. This we ought certainly to do, where we have to decide a question on which our natural feelings and prejudices can in any way be brought to bear. It is very common for us to look on everything we call our own, but more especially our children, with a great deal of partiality; so much so, as frequently to overlook very prominent defects of character, and thus, in our biassed minds, contrast them favorably with those who may be, to the eyes of others, greatly degraded by the comparison."

"Mr. B., you really speak very strangely," said

my wife; "do you think that I could be mistaken about the looks or disposition of my own children; if so, then, indeed, have I been stultified by my affections; but God forbid, sir, I would be perfectly willing to leave it to anybody that is a judge, to say whether I am mistaken or not."

"Do not misunderstand me, my dear," said I, "I do not contend that Clara or James, are either of them homely, for although Clara's hair is light, very thin, and somewhat inclined to be of sandy color, and her eyes are neither black nor blue, yet she cannot be called a bad looking girl, the sparkling brilliancy and vivacity of her eyes making up in a great measure for their unfortunate color, while the ruddiness of her cheeks may be allowed to compensate for a defective and rather unprepossessing head of hair. As to James, if he is a little ill-favored externally, it is a matter of very trifling importance for beauty is not regarded as indicative of a high grade of intellectual power."

"Mr. B.," replied my wife, somewhat tartly, "it is not worth while for us to talk about this thing, for you certainly have the strangest notions that I ever heard of in my life, and you would not find ten men in the world to agree with you."

"Well, My dear," said I, "I may be mistaken, for I do not pretend to be a judge in such matters."

"You are terribly mistaken," said she.

"Indeed," I continued, "I have always thought

that outward accomplishments were but poorly worth my attention, and it is not wonderful if I should be very deficient in them, as well as in my knowledge of them."

"I am glad to hear you say that you are no judge of such matters," said she, "for this anybody might see; my intention, sir, was to speak to you about the propriety of Clara's taking music lessons, but you railed out so violently against her looks, that I almost forgot what I intended to say."

"My dear," I replied, "I did not find fault with Clara's looks, I only endeavored to qualify what appeared to be a rather extravagant panegyric, and to correct what I conceived to be a somewhat fanciful idea of her perfections."

"I recollect perfectly well what was said," returned she, "and the severe tongue-lashing you gave poor Jimmy too, one of the noblest boys that ever lived; but, if you are now done with it, I must again ask you if you intend Clara shall take music-lessons."

"Hem,—hem,—well, my dear, indeed, what did I understand you to say was the price of—of lessons."

"You did not understand me to say a word about the price, sir," returned she; "I only asked if you intended her to take lessons."

"Well, indeed, my dear, I do not know that I am prepared to decide a question of this magnitude,

for it seems to me to involve important considerations."

"I cannot see anything very important about it," said she, but the paying fifty dollars a quarter. This is what generally makes a thing very important when you do not wish to do it, but it is just what everybody charges, and it is not a bit too much for the use of the piano and all."

"I think it is high, my dear, but I would be willing to pay it, if our daughter had been gifted with a fine ear for music, or I could think she would ever be materially benefitted by it."

"Gifted with a fine ear for music!" said she, "well, Mr. B., I should like to know if anybody in this world has a better ear than Clara, why sir, I believe you think Clara is not like other girls."

"By no means, my dear, but music is a natural gift."

"A natural fiddlestick; and has not Clara as many natural gifts as other girls? didn't she sing a part of 'Yankee Doodle' before she was six years old? hasn't she been striking at everything, she has heard since? and can't she sing a part of 'Tollando del' what you call um? (the thing they all sing)."

"I do not recollect the air you speak of my dear," said I, "but it is not important to our present inquiry; I would however observe that children of much musical talent will manifest this faculty at two

or three years of age, at which time they begin to repeat almost every combination of harmonious sounds that fall upon their ears, and they can execute many pieces perfectly before the age when (as you remark), Clara first began to notice musical sounds; we should also consider my dear, that should she, after a long course of instruction learn to play even tolerably well, it will cause the neglect of many things that would be useful to her through life. Beside, we should be subjected to the still farther expense of purchasing a piano, which she would be certain to neglect as soon as she was married, for I do not think you would advise her to prosecute so useless an employment when her household business demanded attention."

"This is always the way sir, you are never willing to gratify me in anything; we heard nothing of the expense when you wanted a fiddle, but you bought one with the first money we made after we went home, and now you object to Clara's taking music-lessons because you will have to pay for it a little, and our poor girl must be told that she has no musical ear, when she is singing from morning till night, and has just as good an ear as anybody in the world."

"Well," said I, "my dear, I suppose if you think it best, that is, I presume perhaps, if we can make any arrangements, or at any rate, I wish you to do what is right, and I must leave it all with you to act

as you think best, considering everything, that is, what it will cost us by the time she is done with it, and the actual benefit likely to result from it etc., as I know you will be sure to do, my dear."

I had left my plantation but a few days when I was called on by an old acquaintance, who desired a situation as overseer. He said, "he had heard that I was easy to get along with and that he wished to get a place of this sort, where he might hope to remain permanently;" he said, "he had been greatly troubled for several years past, by the caprice of his employers, who often turned him out of business in the middle of the summer, or when they had got through with the most difficult part of their crop, and he was left the balance of the year without house or home for his family, as was the case at that time."

I immediately recognized in this man an old horse-jockey and sportsman, that I had known in my youth and I also recollected that by a little trick he had once won ten dollars of me on the race-track. "Mr. Ruggles," said I, "I am astonished to see you dragging your family about from place to place, in the greatest discomfort, depending upon a precarious mode of subsistence, you are now no better off than when I saw you on the race-track twenty years ago, and you are certainly less able to perform the active duties of life than you were at that time, your condition must then be a great deal worse. Why do you not settle

your family on public land, and live at home? you would not only be more comfortable, but you could thus soon become independent."

"I have never had money enough," said he, "to start with, for although my salary is sometimes pretty good, yet my expenses in moving about, and when I am out of business, always keep me about even, and sometimes the balance is against me at the end of the year, with all the economy I can use."

"You need only your axe and augur to commence with, sir," said I, "and if you have not these your neighbors will loan them to you, or assist you in getting them; I will tell you a story," said I, "that may afford us a valuable lesson on this subject."

Wilford Gaines, was one of the most successful gamblers I have ever known, he rarely sat down to a card-table, or made a bet upon horses, without coming off winner, and sometimes to the amount of hundreds of dollars at a time; Mr. Gaines formed an exception to the general character of gamblers, for he neither drank, nor indulged in any of the licentiousness, so commonly connected with the vice of gaming; when he had won money, it was almost impossible to get it from him again, for he went immediately home and made a deposit of it there, refusing to play again, until another occasion, when he would be alike successful and judicious. He soon settled down, however, into a remarkable habit; he went every night to a gambling establishment in the little town

where he lived, and played until he had won five dollars when he would return immediately, refusing pertinaciously to bet again that night, sometimes, by his great skill in betting, he would win this sum in a few minutes, but if he did not he would continue to play throughout the night, and was hardly ever known to return without it. After a few months observation of his character, the gambling club of whom he had been so often winner, found it to their advantage to pay him his limited amount nightly, on the condition that he would not bet around the table, and he accordingly had only to show himself there when the sum of five dollars was immediately paid him and he returned home.

By this firm and judicious course of conduct, Gaines in a short time purchased seven likely negroes, and purchasing a small farm a few miles off, he commenced farming, leaving off gambling entirely. He was apparently successful for a few years, and by his sobriety and gentlemanly deportment had greatly won the esteem of his neighbors. In the midst, however, of his prosperity, he was visited suddenly by a series of ruinous misfortunes, which wisdom could not foresee, or prudence prevent. Having two of his best negroes employed in cleaning out his well, one was accidentally plunged headlong into it and lost his life. The other was immediately sent down to ascertain his fate; he was returning with the lifeless body of *his companion*, and had nearly reached the top of

the well, which was about seventy-five feet deep, when a defective link in the chain gave way, and they were both precipitated to the bottom and crushed to pieces.

A few days after this melancholy affair, as his remaining negroes were shelling corn in a small crib, it was struck by lightning and they were all instantly killed, while the corn was also consumed, there being no one to extinguish the fire.—But we are now at the point, Mr. Ruggles,” said I, “where the particular application of our story commences.—Gaines was an enterprising man, and though now reduced to poverty, (for his land and other effects, were soon after sold to pay his debts), he determined to try his fortune in a different way. He removed with his family a few miles, and building a small cabin in the woods on public land, he commenced with the assistance of his wife and little children, to clear off the land around him, and the first year was able to make corn enough for bread the next. I was along there a few years ago, and stayed all night with him. He told me he ‘had paid for his pre-emption right; that he had as much property as when he met with his misfortunes; that he had more stock than he wanted, and that his children were in reach of a good township school, where they were educated for nothing. You will see,’ he continued, ‘what a man can do, by industry and perseverance. But the *best of all is yet to be told,*’ said he, ‘I am now

member of the baptist church, and I have been so punctual since I settled here that my neighbors call me honest Will, and this honor I prize higher than everything I have ; for although I might not be able to make the world believe it, I shall always think that my misfortunes were owing to my own misconduct, and that those who wish to enjoy the full benefit of their property, had better be a little cautious that they do not violate some law of Heaven, by the manner in which they acquire it.'"

Ruggles seemed to be interested in this history, yet he seemed to think he was too old to undertake anything like hard work, having never been used to it. "Mr. Ruggles," said I, "were I this day by any imprudence of my own, to be suddenly deprived of everything I own, I should retire to some new settlement, and commence as did Wilford Gaines. I would build me a tent or cabin in the woods, clear all the land I could with the assistance of my children and wife, and raise my bread. I could, as he did, raise my meat from a single sow and pigs, and in a few years have a stock of cattle from a single cow, and living on half my income, I would every year be a little better off, and a very few years only, would be required to make me independent, if indeed, I would not be so, after the first year ; but I would at least," said I, "enjoy a happiness to which you have *ever been* a stranger, that of having a home ; of *seeing my wife* busy and contented, of having regular

and agreeable employment for myself and children, the comfortable assurance that I should not want bread, and a chair for a friend."

Ruggles passed on, and he is still hunting a place to oversee, while his family are in a state of the greatest destitution, and doubtful one year where they will be the next.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A FEW days after the above interview, I was informed that my carriage had arrived, and as my wife, I knew, was anxious to see it, I immediately commenced preparations for bringing it out from the river; for I must confess, that in this instance, as well as in a few others in my life, I acted with what appeared to me a little excusable duplicity. I did not feel able to purchase the finest style of a carriage, and had accordingly written rather an indefinite letter to my commission merchant on the subject. I had written that "I wanted a fashionable carriage, but that I did not wish to pay a high price for it. That in the first case I might displease my wife, and in the second, I might be displeased myself." It is quite likely, therefore, that in view of the paradoxical letter of instruction I had sent down, I had as much curiosity as my wife, to see what sort of a thing it was. *But now a serious difficulty arose, which we*

had never thought of before; this was about horses to be sent for it. None of them on the place, with the exception of old Dobbin had ever worked in harness; two or three had run off with the plow. One or two were given to kicking up when anything touched them behind, and another though very gentle, would not pull when it came to a pinch. After due consultation, however, with the negroes, and as much difficulty about selecting a driver, I determined to send old Dobbin, and the horse known to be gentle, though he was but little more than half the size of the old horse he must work with, thinking that the empty carriage would be but a light draught at any rate. On the following morning at daylight, I started old Joe and his very unequal span of horses, with a long hickory, taking care to give him the best directions I could about driving, whipping, etc., and anxiously awaited his return the same day, although he had twenty miles to go.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE purchase of the first carriage by one who, like myself, commenced at a low point, and has been used to make various shifts in getting about, is quite a memorable era in the history of his private affairs. In my own mind, I had deferred so important a transaction till I might be able to procure

simultaneously a pair of fine horses, without feeling at all incommoded or embarrassed in my business thereby, for it always seemed to me that a fine carriage with very inferior horses was a most ludicrous spectacle. But my wife (as you see), had precipitated this event, and I determined now to make a virtue of necessity, and have my full share of the general joy that pervaded every breast of my little family, at the anticipation of the change that was about to take place in our mode of traveling; and indeed, although I cannot sympathize with the proud, in their supercilious behavior, nor think a grain less of the poor on account of their poverty, yet I could not help feeling a degree of pride myself, as I thought of the new accession of dignity that must now impart a firmer step and more decided air, to the hitherto rather unaristocratic bearing of my wife. I was also well pleased to gratify my wife, when her demands did not seem very unreasonable or injudicious.

But there was a still better reason for my satisfaction. I had the most sanguine hopes, that I should by this act of liberality, silence the very disagreeable complaints by which I had been lately annoyed touching the difficulties of getting away from home, such as bad saddles and bridles, no girths, poor horses, scary colts, rough pacers, etc., all of which inconveniences, I supposed, would be remedied by the forthcoming omnibus. In this hope, however, I was *sadly disappointed, as the sequel will show.*

"Pa," said James to me, as he discovered more than my usual cheerfulness in my countenance, "you read some of your poetry to sister, last night. I would like to hear you tell one of your stories about bad farmers, that I heard you talking about the other day."

"Well," said I, "my son, I am glad to see you inquisitive about such things, for as you will probably make your living in this way, you should learn to avoid the many errors and follies incident to the profession. If you will take your seat I will relate to you a short story of the kind you speak of."

"THE STORY."

As I rode along the other day, I was overtaken by one of my old acquaintances, and the conversation happening to turn upon the differences which fortune seems to have made among her children in regard to the blessings of the present life, he addressed me as follows:—

"I wish you would tell me, if you can, why the gifts of Providence are so unequally distributed? Why one man is uniformly prosperous, and another as constantly borne down by adversity? why one succeeds and another fails in almost every undertaking of life, and this too, often in the same family;

one brother revels in affluence which he seems to have acquired almost without labor, while another groans in poverty and want, and toils incessantly for the bread of life. I am now," continued he, "sixty years of age, I have worked hard ever since I was grown, and though I was dissipated in my youth, yet for the last eighteen years, I have abstained from every kind of intemperance; during which period I have wrought with most unremitting industry to render myself and family comfortable in our old age. I have never purchased a single article of luxury or extravagance, being always straitened to supply my actual necessities, and keep something in the house to live on; yet with all this, I never seemed to be any better off. Everything I put my hand to, turned out to be an unprofitable business, or a bad speculation, and I have generally been in a worse condition, after my unsuccessful attempts to improve my circumstances, than I had been before I commenced. Thus I have been going down hill for forty odd years, and now I am old—hardly able to work, I have still to drag my feeble limbs along, to procure the means to satisfy the calls of nature, and stretching out to its close, a poor and almost useless existence. How, and why," asked he, "is all this? and what is the reason I never could get along like my brother William in the world?"

"I will tell you," said I, "what conclusions I

have come to on this subject, after years of experience and observation among mankind. Our success in the business of this life (as a general rule) is exactly commensurate with our respect for the laws of our Creator—for those laws which he has inseparably impressed upon mind and matter, throughout his Universe, and depends upon our conformity thereto. E. G. Agricola gave to his two sons, William and John, a horse and a servant each, by way of setting them up in the world, and enabling them to make a living for themselves. Each purchased for himself a small farm, and commenced the cultivation and management thereof in his own peculiar manner, and according to his own temper and disposition. William, calling up his boy, issued his orders as follows: ‘Tom, take this horse to the stable, place in the trough ten ears of corn and a bundle of hay, then see that the door is secure, for I wish you to rise two hours before day in the morning, in order that you may be at work by the time you can see how to follow your row. Should you reach there too early for this purpose, you can spend the intermediate time in trimming your fence corners or rubbing down your horse. I am in debt for my place,’ continued he, ‘and I will make the money this year, or I will wear out this buckskin on your back, and you shall waste as much raw hide on old Dobbin.’ At three in the *morning* Tom was alarmed by the thrilling blast of

his master's horn, which broke fearfully upon the deep silence of nature; he sprang out of his bed, and by an effort threw off the stupor that enveloped his senses, then snatching a hurried and ill prepared meal, he was soon stumbling along toward the stable for his horse: but old Dobbin had not been so easily aroused,—having been detained late on the previous evening at the house of one of his neighbors, after which he had to eat his ten ears of corn, he was sleeping so soundly that he heeded neither the sound of the bugle nor the approaching footsteps of his driver, till a rap at his door startled him and broke for the day, that rest in which his relaxed powers were recovering their natural vigor. He was now led forth and harnessed to the plow, where he was urged with the lash till the horn again announced the hour of noon, when he was taken back to his ten ears of corn, and was allowed one hour in which to eat and rest. Thus did William prosecute the business in which he had engaged with the certainty of growing wealthy. Now here, are three palpable violations of the natural law. First, in disturbing that repose of both man and beast, which was ordained for the restoration of exhausted energies. Secondly, in forcing both from their free and voluntary motion, into one which was too quick for comfort, and which could not long be continued without great fatigue and exhaustion. And thirdly, in limiting them to a less

quantity of food than the appetite demanded. The consequence was that Tom and his horse were gradually reduced and enervated. Old Dobbin soon became so poor that he was not able to carry his plow, and having less food than his appetite demanded, he lost his appetite for what he had, and being now judged the subject of an incurable distemper, he received but little sympathy or attention from his master, and declining day by day, he did not live to enjoy the fruits of his labors at the end of the year. Tom stood longer. He managed, either by artifice or fraud, to supply the deficiencies of his rations, while he partially made up for his want of nightly repose, by broken slumbers which he obtained at the handles of his plow, as he walked along through the day. His physical constitution, however, was gradually undermined, and his excessive labor brought on a protracted spell of fever, which cost his master a large doctor's bill, and had near cost him his life. With these misfortunes, as William called them, he made but an indifferent crop, and at the winding up found he was no better off than when he began.

“ Stimulated, however, by bright visions of wealth, which still flitted before his mind, pressed by his creditors, and exasperated by disappointment, he determined to renew his efforts for a crop with more energy the following year. He accordingly purchased another horse, enlarged his fields, and increased his

quirements of Tom. But now still more serious difficulties arose. Having gathered but a light crop of corn the year before, William was obliged to limit a horse to eight ears and half a bundle of hay, and this only increasing the necessity of Tom's raw ride on his back, the poor animal was cruelly tortured, and before the year was half spent, had shared the fate of his predecessor. Tom became lame in one of his hips, insomuch that he was hardly able to work. His master charged him with deception, and resorted to the most rigid corporal punishment. It was all in vain; nature was overdone. Tom began to practice imposition, and take every advantage; he lighted and slurred over his work, when he found a task too hard for him, until finding he could not thus escape the indignation of his master, he took to the woods, and became an incorrigible runaway. He could not now be relied on, and, after ruining two or three crops by his untimely elopement, William dismissed him to one of his creditors for one-fourth of his original value. I need scarcely tell you that enough twenty years have elapsed since, William is still struggling with poverty, and he imputed all his mishaps and ill-luck, to the mysterious dealings of providence.

"John's system of management, was almost the reverse of his brother William's. 'Jack,' said he to his servant, 'I have been obliged to go in debt for

this tract of land, in order that we may make something to live on, and we must now work to pay for it. It is a large debt for our little force, but I hope by industry and economy we shall be able to get through it, and meet all my notes as they annually fall due. You know,' continued he, 'that my chief reliance is upon your labor, and I therefore wish to give you some general directions, which, together with your own experience and knowledge of business, will be sufficient for your government as well as for that of the horse my father was kind enough to give me, for I desire that we may be systematic in all our arrangements, and that all our labor shall be conducted with prudence and moderation. The time of rising in the morning, you will easily understand, without the aid of my horn. When the cock crows, the geese gabble, and birds begin to sing, you will be awakened by their noise, as well as by the change that takes place in the atmosphere about this time. The sun will be clearing away the eastern horizon, the sheep-bell will be ringing upon the mountain, and all nature will be bursting into life and activity. This, then, is the proper time for our daily toil to begin; its termination in the evening, will be as clearly signified to your senses. The great luminary of the day will be fast receding behind the western hills and drawing his sable curtains around you, while all the busy tenants of life will be retiring to their resting-places.

“One thing I wish particularly to give you in charge, and this is, that you never attempt to limit the appetite of your horse; Buck is a large horse and requires a corresponding quantity of food, beside, God has given him an appetite suited to his wants, and it will always be a better guide than your reason in the apportionment of his food, nor could you more certainly displease me than by over-driving or abusing him. As to yourself, I do not wish to allowance you any farther than is necessary to prevent extravagance or waste. Riches cannot be gained without great care, and it shall be my maxim to hold fast all I get honestly, and get as much as I can. We shall no doubt acquire property, by a wise use of the means our Heavenly Father has given us, and my study shall be to preserve it by a mode of treatment adapted to its nature and constitution, for ‘a penny saved is two pence earned.’ I shall require no more labor of you than you are able to perform. When you are indisposed you will lie down and rest, or move with the most prudent moderation until your cheerfulness is restored; when you are well, you will of course be more active, so that I shall expect your feelings to regulate your motion, qualified as they should be, by remembering that your time is not your own, and that you owe to me all the service you can render without injury to yourself, and also by remembering that the faithful servant shall in the end

receive a reward according to his works, and the fidelity with which he has served those who have a just right to rule over him.'

John is now one of the wealthiest men of his county; his servants look cheerful and happy; his horses are always in full flesh. Old Jack's head is as white as the great staple he has been all his life producing, yet he still tends the mill, feeds the hogs and horses, and has twenty or thirty barrels of corn to sell to his master in the fall of the year. Old Buck is as gay, and looks nearly as well as he did twenty years ago, and in consideration of his long and faithful services he is fed regularly three times a day on hominy, having entirely worn out his teeth in eating corn.

My friend seemed readily to see the points of contrast in this history of William and John, and after a few moments, during which he appeared to be absorbed in melancholy reflection, he replied, "I should like to have a farther conversation with you on the subject."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TOWARD nightfall we began to be solicitous about our valuable freight. It was, however, somewhat in the night when the rumbling of wheels was heard up the road, accompanied by the persuasive balderdash of old Joe, as his shillalah crashed across the back of his exhausted team. We soon after discerned the huge mass approaching, to the infinite delight of the whole family, white and black, who were now gazing from one point or another at the imposing spectacle. For my own part, notwithstanding my curiosity and my desire that my wife should be pleased, I could not help being amused at seeing old Joe's head six or eight feet in advance of the seat intended for the driver. He was riding old Dobbin, in order (as he said), to be close to Talleyrand, whom he had to be constantly whipping to make him draw. He informed us briefly, that Talleyrand had refused to pull at the first creek he came to, and that by his contrariness, he soon so spoiled old Dobbin, that neither of them would pull, and that after worrying with them about an hour, and breaking one of his swingletrees, he was compelled to ask the assistance of a passing wagoner in getting out of the sand, and that he had subsequently stalled at every hill he had come to.

"Yes, just as I expected," exclaimed my wife, as soon as we had raised the canvas covering that had been thrown over the carriage by the careful merchant at the river, "I expected you to get some old thing or other, that had been out of fashion for ten years; just see what a low flat thing this is; why it is almost flat on the axletrees, like a wagon-body, instead of being swung up, like other carriages, on leather springs."

I began now to be alarmed myself, for it did not look to me like the carriage I had seen, although I could not for my life have told where the difference lay, and as soon as my wife complained of its being too low, I saw at once that she was right. "Well, well," said I, "this is really astonishing, I wrote for a fashionable family carriage, and I know our merchant is a judge of such things, and I cannot imagine why he has sent us one of this construction."

"Imagine," returned my wife, "I can imagine the reason very well; you wrote to him (I have no doubt), as you generally do, that you wanted a bargain—a bargain—that you wanted a fine carriage, but did not want to pay for it. I have no doubt sir, this is the way you wrote, and you have got your bargain; yes, and you may enjoy it, for I had as soon ride in a carryall at once."

"I must acknowledge, my dear," said I, "that this is more than I expected, but come, here is a letter

from the commission merchant himself, we will hear what he has to say in regard to it." I opened and read as follows:—

"Mr. B.,—DEAR SIR.—I have taken great pains in the selection of a carriage for you, which goes up to-day by the Packet, and I hope you and Mrs. B. will be pleased with it. You will observe that it is a new style. It is all the fashion here, and will soon come into general use. It rests on elliptical steel springs, instead of the old-fashioned leather springs, and is greatly preferable, not only on account of its convenience, but also on account of its greater safety and durability. I procured the assistance of one of our most fashionable citizens in the selection, and can assure you that it is the very latest and best manufacture.

"Very Respectfully yours,

R. R."

I now caused the cover to be entirely removed and the pine torches to be mended up, and standing off at a little distance that I might have a correct view of its outline, I began to imagine it was quite an improvement, sure enough, upon the old fashion. "My dear," said I, "I think, if you will stand off a little, you will admire it."

"Stand off," said she, "I think we ought to stand up to a thing if we want to see it; but I have seen enough of this," she continued, slamming the doors and turning toward the house, "it is the ugliest thing I ever saw."

"I think it is very handsome, Ma," said Clara and James, both at once.

"Shut your mouths, you impudent brats, you; what do you know about a carriage? Do you think

I don't know what I am talking about? I know it looks more like a terrapin than a carriage, and I should be ashamed to ride in it, for I know everybody in the country would laugh at it. I wish R. had it himself."

For my own part, the more I examined it, the better I liked it; I saw that by hanging the body low, the danger of upsetting was in a great measure obviated; that having less freedom to swing about, it would not be so likely to cause vertigo in those who rode in it; that it would probably run lighter from being more steady, and that the springs were necessarily more durable than the common kind, inasmuch as steel was more durable than leather, and had I not been afraid to mention the subject again, I should have pointed out these advantages to my wife.

We now retired to rest for the night, but with what different feelings; my wife with sensations of indignant pride and mortification at the disappointment she had experienced, and I with the liveliest emotions of gratitude, which (with my face toward Heaven), I fervently acknowledged, not only for the extraordinary convenience I had been enabled to purchase for my family, but also for the signal manner in which my merchant (without my instructions), had been guided in making so judicious and advantageous a selection for me.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IT HAS ever appeared to me, that when our hopes and aspirations are the highest, our greatest reverses and disappointments are at hand, as if to correct our ambition or punish our pride; and consequently that he who would enjoy an even and uninterrupted life, must never raise his calculations to an imaginary point, or expect that the future will transcend, in any very great degree, the stern realities of the present, or the sober recollections of the past. He should rather think of the many difficulties and misfortunes from which he has been preserved, and thus regard himself as justly indebted to Providence, who may at any moment draw upon him for his arrearages. By thus fortifying our minds, we shall be at least, better able to ward off unavoidable calamities, or mitigate their severity, and what is still more, we shall in this way certainly, be more likely to propitiate the sovereign power, and escape, as far as may be consistent with our own happiness, the evils and afflictions which we daily see visited upon the heedless and unconfiding.

A few weeks after the important event related in the previous chapter, and just as my wife was starting on a visit in her new carriage, which she had now ascertained was entirely fashionable, the following was handed to me by a gentleman who immediately took

his leave. It was from an attorney-at-law, resident at the capital of the state, and read as follows:—

“MR. B.,—SIR.—On looking over some old files of papers in the Clerk’s office of our Chancery Court, as agent for my worthy client, Hardy Worrywell, Esq., I find your name as surety on an injunction bond, for one J. Winston, in the sum of \$5,000, dated October, 1830. This bond, although it now amounts to about double this sum, will not be sufficient to cover the debt and costs it was originally designed to secure. I am requested by said Worrywell to inform you that a speedy settlement and liquidation of your bond will alone save you from the heavy expenses of a worse than useless lawsuit.

Very Respectfully, etc.,

“S. DUMAX.”

I did not now communicate this sad intelligence to my wife, for I did not wish to mar the pleasure of her first drive, and, indeed, I did not know but that it would be the last, for so reduced was the price of our great staple, and so great was the difficulty of getting money, that I was afraid our carriage, as well as a large proportion of our personal property, would have to be sacrificed.

I was sorely perplexed during the day, as may well be supposed, and I felt anxious for the return of my family, that I might have their sympathy, and hear what they had to say; about sunset, I therefore began to listen for the rumbling of carriage-wheels along the rough road they had gone in the morning; but in this I was disappointed; I was amused, however, to see my wife returning on foot, with the *youngest child* in her arms, and the rest, each with a

bundle, following at unequal distances in her rear, while one was crying at being left behind.

“It is of no use,” said she, as soon as she was near enough for me to hear her, “for me to think of getting away from home, and if I keep my senses, I do not think I shall try it again, shortly.”

“My dear,” said I, “what has happened?”

“Nothing, sir,” said she, “but what you might have expected; you knew Talleyrand would not pull a pound, for I heard old Joe tell you, and here we have been at work for two hours at the creek and the horses will not pull the empty carriage up the hill; but I have no doubt, sir,” she continued, “you are very willing that I should stay at home, and never see anything nor anybody, at all;—yes, and you shall be gratified to your heart’s content.”

“My dear,” I replied, “I thought, Talleyrand was the safest for you and the children, particularly when I could not be along myself.”

“Well, sir, he is safe enough. He saves himself, and you will find him and old Joe safe in the creek, nor will they get here to-night, without another horse.”

“Will Dobbin pull himself?” my dear, said I.

“To be sure he will, if he had a horse to pull with him; he never refused to pull in his life; there is no better horse on earth than Dobbin.”

“Well, my dear,” said I, “I will try and match him, as soon as I go to Natchez.”

"No," said she, "the best thing will be for me to stay at home, and never go anywhere, and not put you to the expense of buying a horse just for me;" and with this she walked on toward the house, while I commenced the most active preparations for the relief of old Joe, forgetting entirely, for the time, the weightier matter, that had disturbed my mind during the day.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"MY DEAR," said I, "after supper was over, and all quiet, "I have received the most unpleasant intelligence."

"What! is any body dead?" said she.

"Not that I know of," said I, "although I have no doubt, and indeed, it is a melancholy thought, that hundreds of our fellow-beings daily experience this unalterable decree of our Maker; some, perhaps, at this very moment, are gasping in the last agonies of mortal dissolution, while we are distinguished with the inestimable blessings of health and comfort, and I have often thought,"—

"My dear Charles," interrupted she, "do tell me what bad news you have received?"

"I will most certainly tell you, my dear," said I, "for this was my intention in addressing you, yet I am not so certain that we ought to count it bad news,

inasmuch as many things happen to the faithful, to test their confidence, or increase their dependence, and often to punish them for some venial transgression, which, but for fear of such punishment, they might be too ready to indulge in, and I think, I have myself, experienced"—

"Just tell me, sir, what it is, and I shall endeavor to be satisfied."

"Do you recollect, my dear, that a few months after we were married (about seventeen years ago), that a young man came to my mother's with a blank bond, which his father desired me to sign as security?"

"Most certainly I do," said she, "for I never forgot it, and I have dreamed about it since, and you have at last, got it to pay (no doubt). Lord have mercy upon us; what did you ever sign that bond for? we shall be ruined; how much is it for?"

"About \$5000, and the interest will make it a little over double."

"Mr. B.," said she, "you are certainly the most extraordinary man I ever heard of in my life; to think that you would sign a bond for a man that you knew was broke, and not know any more than the man in the moon about it, nor how much it was for; I never heard, in all my life, of such a spot of work."

"My dear," said I, "do you not recollect, that I mentioned it to you, and you made no objection; it was my impression at the time, that my liability *only extended to the costs of the chancery-suit, which*

you know, I paid long since ; I was so informed by the young man who brought me the bond, who (no doubt), so thought, and by his father, who spoke to me previously about it, who was also of this impression."

"I am astonished that you would act on impressions, in such a matter as this," said she, "I was nothing but a girl ; what was the use of asking me?"

"Your remarks are but too just, my dear," said I, "but you know that I was but a boy myself, barely twenty-one and had but little knowledge of legal obligations ; I would not now act so imprudently." I now saw from my wife's subdued tone and pale countenance that despair had taken possession of her breast, and I proceeded, "after all my dear, we have reason to rejoice that it is no worse, for after disposing of our carriage, and as many of our servants as will be necessary to pay this debt, we shall still have more left than we had to commence the world with ; and I feel assured that the same system of natural and uniform management, which I have so steadily pursued, would still be entirely sufficient to restore our losses in a few years. How many imprudent persons," said I, "do we almost daily hear of, who have been at once reduced from affluence to poverty, by acts of folly similar to mine ; but we shall, in the very worst event of our trivial misfortunes, be above want." I now discovered that both Clara and my wife were crying, Clara at the idea of parting

with the servants (the most of whom we had raised), and my wife from other considerations, and feeling it my duty, if possible, to console them, I proceeded: "Indeed," said I, "I cannot for my life determine whether it would not redound to my advantage to have our estate somewhat diminished, for I have discovered, of late, that by enlarging our possessions, I only multiply my troubles without at all increasing my happiness. If this be the tendency of our accumulations, they are not only superfluous, but we should be, perhaps, better off without them. Again, when I reflect," said I, "that I am verging on twoscore, and consequently becoming daily less and less capable of managing a large business, while all my children are too young to afford me any assistance, I almost begin to conclude this is one of those providential events which, in the course of my life, have so often appeared like special messengers, to relieve my mind from embarrassment, or guard me from future difficulties." I was about to proceed, when I discovered that my last remarks had aroused my wife, who was now about to reply. She began to be apprehensive that I would submit without resistance, to the enforcement of this unrighteous claim.

"Mr. B.," said she, "there are a great many other better ways of disposing of any surplus property we may be blessed with, than by paying it to those who have no just right to it, and have never worked a day for it. We can easily convert our servants

into money, which we can deposit with the brokers or the banks, for the benefit of our children."

"I by no means intended, my dear," said I, "to yield without an effort; for I do not feel that it would be just for me to pay this debt, not having intended to become responsible for anything more than the costs; beside," said I, "the obligee has not acted in the spirit of the contract, by delaying so long to notify me of the failure of my principal; I shall, in the first place, offer a compromise, which, under all the circumstances, I trust I shall be able to effect with the holder of my bond; should I however, fail in this amicable mode of adjustment, I shall make the best defense I can, pleading my youth and inexperience, before a jury of my countrymen. But my chief reliance throughout, my dear, must be upon my Heavenly Father, who has, down to the present moment, guarded our interest with more than parental vigilance. He will (as I verily believe), so direct the issue of this case that justice will be done to all, and we shall be satisfied with the final settlement."

What was my surprise, early the following morning, on looking over S. Dumax's letter, to find that instead of \$5,000, the figures being so blended and blurred over, that I had mistaken the mark for dollars as a cipher, thus making three ciphers instead of two. I was most anxious to communicate this discovery to my wife, who had been so unhappy on this account, but as she had now fallen into a sound sleep, I did not

rb her. I however, showed the letter to Clara James, both of whom saw at once the mistake d made in the letter; Clara was so delighted, she ran and waked her mother, and after telling ran to the kitchen, to inform the servants, in : that we might all rejoice together.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

is strange how readily the mind accommodates to the circumstances by which we are sur- led, or fortifies itself against the effects of those and misfortunes from which no human being claim exemption. We soon become reconciled e most disastrous events, and at last even look them with approbation, supposing they have ened to us for our advantage. Before I lay on that night, I had made arrangements in own mind, for paying \$10,000, at the following ary. I had the tract of land from which I had utly moved, and which I could easily sell for 00; I could spare \$1,000, after paying my cur- expenses, from my crop on hand, and the ba- , I knew, I could borrow on my next crop. In- so complete and satisfactory was this adjust- in my own mind, that I was somewhat confused disappointed at finding, the next morning, that alculations were all frustrated.

"Is it possible," said my wife, who now came running to the door, with her dress hanging on one shoulder, "that you are so much mistaken? Let me see the letter. Well, Mr. B., you need never say again there is nothing in dreams, for I have just dreamed that an angel gave you a purse of gold, and it is all out."

"I have, indeed, my dear," said I, "made mentally, during the night, about \$9,000, but I cannot see that an angel has had any hand in it, it being merely an oversight of my own, and partly attributable to my defective vision."

"Well, indeed, my husband," said she, "indeed, we have occasion for rejoicing, for never since we were married, has my mind been so much perplexed."

"We should indeed, be very thankful, my dear," said I, "and we shall have additional reason for gratitude should I be so fortunate as to make a compromise for even less than \$1,000, which we ought now to be willing to pay."

"I have but little hope of any favor," said she, "from the character of old Worrywell, yet, I am happy to find we shall get off so well, and that we shall still be able to maintain our place among the families called upper-tens, who are now beginning to give tone to public manners, and public sentiment."

"We shall indeed, my dear," said I, "be able, *with the continued blessings of Providence, to take*

our stand among them, and even to surpass them ; we have at this time five children , my brother's son, who will hereafter be considered a member of our family, will make six, and if (as seems to me perfectly reasonable), we shall be allowed to count ourselves, we have already eight, with a good prospect. If we shall wisely improve our time, and properly direct the youthful minds and morals of our children, we shall in the end be able (if not to control public sentiment), at least to modify and improve it ; we shall thus exercise our proper influence over the minds and manners, if not of the present, at least of future generations."

"Mr. B.," said she, "have you indeed been so indifferent to the obvious signs of the times, as not to have observed that certain families among us, are beginning to associate together, to the exclusion of the other less fashionable and less pretending classes of people?"

"I have, indeed, discovered, my dear," said I, "that certain persons are more intellectual as well as more virtuous than others, and also that they exercise a controlling influence over the vain, the uneducated and the profligate ; I cannot however imagine, that this state of society is at all wrong or unnatural, for mind must ever govern matter, and virtue obtain the ascendancy over vice."

"I perceive, sir," said she, "you do not still understand *me*."

"I will wait with pleasure then, my dear," said I, "for your explanation."

"I intended to say," said she, "that society about here is beginning to settle down into distinct classes or castes (if you please), the highest of all being called the upper-tens, among whom I might mention some even of our own relations."

"I am glad, my dear," I replied, "that I now understand you, for I have no doubt, although I have not observed the operations you speak of, that the fatal leaven of aristocracy is already beginning to work; it seems to me to be the inevitable tendency of the human mind, to pay homage to wealth and to deify those attributes or advantages in others, which we do not possess ourselves, while the favorite of fortune, is equally prone to admit the flattery, or arrogate the respect, he sees voluntarily tendered to him. I hope however, my dear, we shall never so far forget ourselves as to be deluded into the pursuit of such factitious distinctions; this high position is particularly dangerous; it not only excites against the proud occupant, envy, jealousy, strife and other of the base passions, but resting, as it does, on merely adventitious circumstances, its duration is uncertain and disaster ruinous. Solomon tells us, that 'pride goes before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall,' and as history shows us, that aristocracy has ever proved the bane of republican governments, so

likewise will it destroy the good order of society, and the happiness of individuals."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

On the following morning I wrote to my obligee as follows:—

TO MR. HARDY WORRYWELL.—DEAR SIR.—I have just received a letter from your attorney, Skillful Dumax, Esq., in which he informs me, you hold my bond as surety for one Winston, for the sum of \$5,000, forfeited about fifteen years ago; probably amounting at this time to double this sum, which he informs me I am promptly required to pay. In appealing to your magnanimity, sir, for a favorable consideration of the peculiar circumstances of this case, I am at a loss how to address you; I will take the liberty, however, of stating the facts, and leave everything else to your own sense of propriety. I was very young, sir, when I executed this bond, then a mere *carte-blanche*, to be afterward filled up *ad libitum*, without my knowledge. I was informed by said Winston, that my liability extended only to the costs of the suit in Chancery, and subscribed the bond under this impression. I paid the costs about twelve years since, and you, sir, will be able to judge of my astonishment, when I received Mr. Dumax's letter, to find I was liable for the whole amount in controversy, as well as the interest for seventeen years. Under the hardships of this case, sir, I would respectfully beg leave to suggest, that about \$500 would be an equitable adjustment of this matter between us. I cannot but suffer myself to hope, sir, that when you reflect upon the justice of Winston's defense, who would (no doubt), have succeeded, had he lived to prosecute it, as well as upon the almost unprecedented delay in reviving this bond, by which it is now entirely out of my power to recover the money from Winston's estate, you will feel that the above proffered compromise is made

with the most sincere desire for an honorable settlement: should I be so fortunate, sir, as to meet your approbation in the above suggestion, the money shall be forthwith remitted in any way it may please you, sir, to direct, while I shall acknowledge myself indebted to your liberality, for so amicable and gentlemanly a disposition, of what might otherwise be troublesome and disagreeable to us both.

"I have the honor to be, sir, yours very respectfully,

"CHARLES BLOOMINGDALE."

"Pa," said Clara the next evening, as she saw we were all cheerful, "I would like to hear some more of your poetry about the old place."

"Yes," said James, "and to-morrow night, I want you to tell me another story."

"Well, my children," said I, "you shall always be gratified in whatever desire is reasonable, and especially in your desires for knowledge; for this is what will make you wise and good. Children should be always attentive to the experience of age, for if our maxims shall sometimes appear too stringent for the playful levity of their unsuspecting minds, or our admonition too grave for the vigorous flow of their youthful spirits, yet, as they grow up and mix with the world, they will be compelled to acknowledge, (and perhaps with pain to themselves), the stern reality of the one, and to appreciate when it may be too late, the honest sincerity of the other. But we will now proceed with the versified story of my youthful anglings."

THE FISHING.

Popland I've wound adown the brook, that runs through yonder vale,

With fishing angle in my hand, or trap to catch the quail,
Followed full close upon its banks, meandering with the tide,
Then jumped bluff down through roots and cane, quite to the water's side.

In my descent heard angry hiss, or seen the well-known coil,
Disturbed by sudden onset moved, and with foul venom boil ;
Then softly glide into the stream, and quickly disappear,
To raise his snaky head again, in some thick brushwood near.
Here we have stood in aspect fierce, as silent as the dead,
He could not stretch out to my heel, nor could I reach his head,
Yet strange, so charmed with his bright crest, and still more brilliant eye,

I felt enchanted to that spot, and did not wish to fly,
Till I had slain my enemy, or with my fishing-pole,
Had broke the spell that held me there, and chased him to his hole ;

And now I took me to my sport, to catch the finny tribe,
With more deceit and false pretense, than candor can describe.
Such double dealings with our race, would God's sure vengeance move,
Make fools of men, and knaves of fools, and men like devils prove.

Just where the eddy circling round, commingles with the stream,
I threw with skill my treach'rous hook, that might a reptile seem,
Then plying well my taper rod, with tell-tale buoy erect,
I could the faintest nibble feel, the slightest move detect ;
I trolled it round in mazes wide, until I saw it shake,
Saw my true feather twittered down, and ripples round it break,
Then made pretense to draw it off, and cheat my victim quite,
When down went cork and feather, all, away, full out of sight ;
And now I had, with studied art, secured my helpless prey,
Which quick with joyful haste I forced, to see the light of day.

Then saw him flounder on the beach, with mortal efforts vain,
 Gasping for breath and struggling still, the liquid tide to gain;
 Yet I did not, as many do, confine him to the land,
 To breathe his last in the bright sun upon the scorching sand,
 His gills I pierced with a long string, and tied him in the deep,
 That, thus, I might preserve his life, and make his body keep.
 Now in some far receding cove, which roots and logs confine,
 I threw with steady hand and true, my well-poised silken line,
 For now for higher prize I played, the monarch of the brook,
 Who oft deceived, had deep retired to this entangled nook,
 Where he might lie secure from storms, and from the mortal
 strife,

He daily witnessed from false man, who planned against his life.
 Long time I stood with patience firm, to watch my faithful buoy,
 And wondered that my tempting worm, could not his age decoy;
 Yet longer still, he well surveyed the oft delusive hook,
 While not a ripple stirred above, that could my cork have shook,
 But when my snare, concealed with care in food that he loved
 best,

Had been quiescent for an hour, and still lay still at rest,
 Subdued by hunger, nature's law, or yielding to his fate,
 He struck aloft, and at one dart, engulfed the fatal bait;
 And now the deep he artful plowed, himself in roots to twine,
 And instant, with resistless speed, had run out half the line;
 Myself, more artful, gave him line, forward or round to wheel,
 Resisting just with force enough, his flying weight to feel;
 Till quite exhausted by his race, and yielding to my hand,
 My noble prize I soon perceived, lie bleeding on the land.
 Perhaps, in some round tranquil pool, with smooth transparent
 face,

I took the tyrant of the creek, and terror of the place,
 Drawn by my struggling minnow, quick at one fierce desp'rate
 bout,

My hook was swallowed, and out came the red-mouthed sanguine
 trout:

*He (cruel monster), feeds his maw with others of his race,
 Like savages among mankind, born with a human face.*

Where he locates no fish can live, save his voracious line,
And mortal strife and carnage fierce, his rabid life define.
But now the day had worn away, and my string grown complete,
I turned me home with weary step, to hunt more solid meat,
For all my skill, successful crowned, could not my hunger stay,
Nor all the trophies of my art, sustain me for a day,
So some lone miser, who for years, has heaped his paltry pelf,
Borne hunger, thirst, and pinching want, to gratify himself,
Finds out at last that something more his nat'ral instincts crave,
To soothe the anguish of his breast, or fit him for the grave,
Sees piles on burnished piles arise of his refulgent gold,
Unable to repress those pangs, that tell he's growing old.

I could scarcely help laughing at the intense interest with which both Clara and James listened to the recital of my early piscatorial adventures, and indeed, I cannot, myself, recall them to mind, without the most thrilling sensations.

"Pa," said Clara, "did you fish in the little creek where brother and I fish now?"

"The very same, my dear," said I, "yet the fish are not now half so abundant as they were then. I think it likely the trout have so multiplied as to destroy them, for I find more of the latter in the creek than I used to do."

"I see," said Clara, "another division of your poem and as it is short, I should like to hear it to-night."

"Very well," said I, "you shall have my reflections," and I proceeded to read as follows:—

REFLECTIONS.

Popland, with heedless rapture moved, I've scoured thy fields and plains,

Have seen them scorched, with Sol's bright beams, or drenched by copious rains,

Have seen their richest garniture, in vernal tide displayed
Then seen them in the summer months, with deeper green arrayed ;

Have seen them in their golden dress, with hazy mantle round,
Then seen them in their copper hue, so like their under ground,
Have seen them all one silver sheet, of livery white and gay,
That kissed the sun's obtrusive glance, then ran in tears away ;
I've seen the faithful African, lean o'er his shining shear,
With goad or lash, and gee, wo, haw, to urge the cumbrous steer,
Have wrought myself with plow or hoe, or dropped the embryo grain,

Then seen it in its changes all, produce itself again ;
Have worked the cotton, tedious thing, and played my humble part,

To feed our fatted merchantmen, and crowd our crowded mart,
For while the farmer stirs his ground, with patient, honest zeal,
He sees the produce of his hands, support the public weal,
Sees every other interest, with his own rise or fall,
And one unvarying sympathy, pervade and link them all ;
He sees the merchant's gainful trade, spring up at his command,
And commerce with her thousand sails, to serve his wants expand,
Sees every craft, inventive art has wrought with dext'rous skill,
Like puppets in a mimic dance, obedient to his will,
Sees villas into hamlets grow, and towns to cities rise,
Till glittering domes and steeples grand, almost attempt the skies,

And while blind folly struts around, or mad ambition raves,
He sees their proudest votaries, among his veriest slaves,
Sees clergymen and statesmen too, fed from his bounteous store,
Doctors and lawyers lordlings grown, dependents at his door;

Thus some fat fiddler in his nook, ensconced from public view,
Driving his bow across his strings, with ear refined and true,
Sees numerous tricks performed all round with wonder-working
skill,

Now slow, now fast, just as he plays, and stop just at his will,
Sees happiness and mirthful joy, pervade each buoyant heart,
And kings and queens in stately pride, dance to his humble art,

“Pa,” said James, “it is yet quite early, will you not favor us with the story of a gambler, you promised me some time ago?”

“Yes, my son,” said I, “and I hope you will profit by the instructive lesson it contains, for next to drunkenness, with which it is nearly allied, gambling is a vice most destructive to human happiness. It associates in its train almost every species of debauchery and licentiousness, while it consumes the substance of our daily earnings, and beggars those it may be our duty to support and protect; nor does its influence stop here. It is a violation of the moral law of God, as well as of the municipal law of society, and as certain as the wretched gambler will at last receive the reward due to his offenses in the present life, so will he have to answer for his crimes in the great day of final accounts. We will now have the story.”

MARLOW AGAINST HIMSELF.

Marlow had planted successfully, for two or three years, and having paid all his debts, he found he should have about \$300, at the end of the year, *which he could call his own, and which for once,*

would be subject to his own control. This was too much to lie idle, and it was too little to buy a negro with ; so that he was at a loss how to dispose of it so that it make him a good profit. While he was thus in doubt what he should do, he rode into town, and as he felt quite independent, he summoned his acquaintances around the bar of the inn to partake of his liberality, and celebrate his good fortune. As soon as their congratulations had a little subsided, and the potent beverage began to stimulate the brain, the whole mass moved in the direction of a secret chamber in the rear of the building, and Marlow, through curiosity, followed so close as to be admitted into the room.

When he returned home in the evening, there was more than his usual cheerfulness visible on his countenance, which his wife readily detected, as well as the uncommon animation of his voice and gestures ; and as soon as he was seated, she inquired of him the cause of his good humor.

“My dear,” said he, “quite a happy thought has struck my mind, and I have hurried home to communicate it to you, knowing that you share my happiness in all things, and rejoice with me in all my schemes for our mutual welfare. I have a little money, you know, but I have worked very hard for it—too hard indeed. I have hardly done with one *crop* before the season arrives for commencing *another* ; and I have to push all the time, or I should

not clear expenses. I have often heard it said, that one half of the world is supported by the other, and I really believe it; that is, without hard work, and I cannot see any good reason why we may not join this privileged class, and get clear of the toil and trouble I have so patiently to endure from one year's end to the other. I have this day seen how it is, that so many men always have money in their pockets, and are never seen at any regular employment. There's Ned Flummergeass, the old bailiff, and Pence Dobson, the deputy, both men of note; then there's Bill Little John, as they call him, and John Scroggins, and Dick Pennyworth, all of whom dress better than any men in town, live at the tavern, where they get the best, are foremost at all the races, balls, and amusements of the day. They also appear to be as much respected as other men; they talk about politics with the squire, and go to church on Sunday, where they generally pay good attention, and always have something to say about the preacher. Now this, my dear, is a discovery which I have just accidentally made, and I think you will acknowledge my sagacity when I assure you that I know the secret of their prosperity, and that they are emphatically subsisting by their wits."

"I should be pleased, Mr. Marlow," replied his wife, "to see you freed from the cares and anxieties we experience in making a living in the way we do, *as well as I should like to be freed from the*

constant drudgery of my household business, and the stern necessity I am under, of practicing the closest economy in eating and dressing; but my father always told me that industry and frugality were inseparably connected with our prosperity, as well as our happiness. I am, however, well pleased that your penetration has enabled you to discover a better method of accomplishing the grand ends of our existence, and as I have ever taught myself to submit to your better judgment, you may expect that I will afford you the same cordial co-operation that has marked my conduct heretofore. I only desire you will tell me what lucky star has appeared above our horizon so suddenly, and how you expect to make as much money without labor, as we now make by our little crop?"

"I will tell you in a few words," said Marlow, "I can win it; yes, I can win as much in two weeks as we make now in one year, and more too. Nothing is easier, and this is the way these fellows get along with so little trouble, that I mentioned a while ago. They have a back-room at the tavern, one at Swallows' grocery, and another at Trickun's stables, where they play cards for money; and one may win \$100, in less time than we have been talking about it. All that is necessary, is just to understand your game well, and be lucky at drawing, for as to money, they do not seem to care much about it. I saw more to-day, than I have seen for five years, and eagle

re there passed from hand to hand, as carelessly as Fuzzle throws down his dimes to the barkeeper for his glass of grog. Now, you know, Clarinda, I play a good game, for I must do you the justice to say, that but few can hold a hand with you. You beat Bushrod on a fair trial of skill, and won the silver himble of Grizzle, yet, you know, I could always make seven on you and give you the deal, while you railed out all the time against my extraordinary luck. But facts, my dear, speak for themselves; and here are two eagles which I won in a few minutes, and which you can keep as an earnest of what you may calculate on when I get fairly at the business."

Early on the following morning, Saturday, Marlow started off to town, taking \$100 in his pocket, which he had no doubt he could double before night; his wife throwing her old shoe at him as he left the house, in order, as the old saying is, to give him good luck. When he arrived, he set about collecting his merry companions, and after whetting his courage in the anteroom, was soon shuffling and cutting the victorial gentry, as it he had been bred to the profession. But Marlow had to play at a new kind of game, one in which his former skill was of no use to him; for instead of playing out his cards as he had always done, he had to exercise his ingenuity in making his bets, after which the hands were opened, he best one taking the money. He was first opposed by *Flummergass*, whose swaggering air deceived

him, and caused him to throw up his hand, after betting twenty-five dollars on it. He determined he would not again throw up a good hand; and on the next deal, having even a better hand than before, he encountered his old friend Scroggins, who beat him by having the ace, winning nearly all of his money. He was now much discouraged, but determined to risk the balance of his \$100, on the next turn, and if he should be unfortunate, to withdraw from the game. His desperation, however, caused a reversal of his bad luck, for betting higher, and with more boldness on the next deal, both Dobson and Pennyworth took the alarm and threw up, and he won the largest stake before taken, being \$140, which he complacently pocketed. He was thus in for a game that lasted till late at night; now winner and now loser, just as his good or evil genius happened to preponderate. At dinner time he was so much winner, that he did not wish to rise, and at dark, he was so much behind, that he could not think of quitting, so that it was about two in the morning, when Marlow crept silently into his wife's bed-chamber, his feverish brain still keeping up the dreadful struggle between royal aces, valiant knights, and kings and queens in state, while he still could hear the ringing of silver on the table, and the delighted chuckle of the lucky gamester, as he transferred the glittering metal to his pocket.

"Well, Mr. Marlow," said his wife, as soon as she

could arouse him in the morning, "I suppose you were in good business last evening, as I know nothing else could have kept you from home so late."

"My dear," said Marlow, "I was not much—yes—hem—hem—I was a good deal interested, because I learned a great deal of human-nature, which you know, my dear, is always of service to us, and what is of more importance, I am certain, if I could estimate my experience last night in dollars and cents, it will be worth \$500 to me in future."

"How much did you win?" inquired Clarinda.

"I did not win anything, my dear, but I have now got into the run of these fellows, and I shall be able to turn my knowledge to account hereafter. I had at one time \$325, on them, which I intended to give you, but growing bold by success, I staked it on a single deal, and lost."

"Then you quit as you began," said Clarinda.

"Not exactly, I believe; but I am well satisfied, as I now know all their tricks, and shall beat them with ease at our next sitting. Little John, my dear, is—is—I may be mistaken—but he'll bear watching, at any rate. I shall certainly be keen enough for Flummergass and his empty boastings, without a pair in his hand, and as to Pence Dobson and Pennyworth, I can run them both with a fifty dollar bill, whenever the stake is worth taking. Scroggins is the only one that can play with me, and I can beat

him on a long set, for he is certain to get drunk after playing an hour or so.

Marlow was restless during the whole of the following week, paying but little attention to business of any kind. He would sit for half a day at a time, playing with the most intense interest, by himself, with a soiled pack of cards, which he had brought with him from town, occasionally breaking out in spite of himself, into a self-satisfied sniggle, as one of his hands obtained some signal advantage over the other, or he saw, in his imagination, where an ingenious turn might have been taken on them both. If he saw his wife at leisure, he pressed her into the play, insisting on her taking a hand, although she did not understand the new game; and Mrs. Marlow was compelled to acknowledge that her husband seemed to know what he was about, and had improved very much in shuffling and dealing.

Marlow rose early on Saturday morning, and taking the remaining \$200 in his pocket, was soon on his way to town; his wife still making use of her old shoe, which she still supposed was full of virtue. The most exciting and strenuous game soon commenced.—Scroggins played better than usual, beating Marlow at the first deal, for ten dollars. Little John took a turn on him unbecoming a gentleman, and actually won twenty-three and a half dollars by the trick. Dobson was more than himself, and won nine

and a half dollars from him. Flummergass bet several times on nothing, but happening to draw a good hand, he too, won seventy-five dollars of Marlow; and in trying to run Pennyworth, the next deal, without a pair in his hand, he lost the balance of the \$200, together with fifty dollars which he borrowed from a bystander. He was now exasperated by disappointment, and maddened by a sense of his own folly and imprudence: but this only caused him to indulge more freely in stimulating drinks, until he became intoxicated, and still in the vain hope of recovering what he had lost, he again borrowed \$300, the most of which he had lost, when about twelve o'clock at night, the game was raised, and he took his sad journey homeward. Mortified and irritated as Marlow was, he hated nothing so much as the severe scrutiny of his wife, and the confession he ought to make to her of his losses, so he did not intrude upon her at the late hour when he reached home, but stole into a distant part of the house, where he snored off the delirious stupor of his maudlin senses.

"My dear Charles," said his wife, early the next morning, "I have been amused for some minutes, at the ideal game you have been carrying on in your sleep, and I could wait no longer for the history of your good fortune, for, judging from what I have heard, I have no doubt you have come out more than conqueror this time."

"My dear," said Marlow, "you are a sensible woman, and I need not fear to talk freely to you, which I could not do with every one of your sex. It is not to be expected that we shall be always successful in the outset of any enterprise; were it otherwise, we should deserve but little credit for our perseverance, and I believe I have heard you remark, that the most inauspicious commencement, may be safely regarded as indicative of a fortunate result. I have, as yet, won nothing worth talking about, when I do, I shall be sure to let my dear Clarinda participate in my prosperity, and share my happiness. And now, my dear Clarinda," said Marlow, "there is one thing I shall say to you, that it would not be prudent to say to any other; these fellows I spoke to you about, who have the appearance of gentlemen, and talk like honest men, are I fear, a set of d—d — but forgive me, I will not swear—they are, to say the least of them, a clannish set of scurvy scoundrels, that would rob their great-grandfather of his last half-penny; and, if I am not mistaken, I shall be compelled to beat two or three of them till their own mothers would hardly—but no—God preserve me from such disgrace. I must try and govern my passions, for I have yet a scheme by which I shall win all the money the rascals have, and this will be the most effectual punishment for such—such—such soulless pickpockets as they are."

But Mrs. Marlow looked serious; she began to

fear that her husband had engaged in a bad business, and that the end might be still more disastrous than it had yet been, and she was about to speak, as Marlow continued.

"Yes, my incomparable queen, I have invented a scheme which is infallible, and with which I can win all the cash the miserable crew can start, which, I am sorry to tell you, is barely worth winning. I should be ashamed to play unfairly with gentlemen, but the advantage I shall take cannot be considered anything more than a just defense against the iniquitous game they are trying to play on me. My plan consists in doubling the bet every time I lose, and as I shall be obliged to beat occasionally, it is clearly demonstrable, that I shall win the amount of my first stake, whenever I do so."

"Is it not possible that you may be deceived, my dear Charles," said his wife, "and be again unfortunate, as you have been?"

"Impossible, utterly impossible, my dear," replied Marlow, "this principle would beat the world; yes, it would force the last reluctant stake from the diabolical father of gamblers himself, if he had not too much sense to play against it. But I will soon convince you, my dear," said Marlow, "for your intelligence will detect the *modus operandi* at once." So calling for his cards, he began hurriedly to deal out to himself and wife, upon the foot of his bed, before he had dressed for breakfast, using grains of coffee

for dollars, to illustrate his principle. Five or six deals satisfied Mrs. Marlow that her husband was correct, and as she had never suffered herself to question his superior judgment, she withdrew to attend to her more domestic affairs, thinking her husband was, truly, an extraordinary man, but not without some misgivings as to the final result of his wonderful invention.

Owing to various reasons, Marlow did not return to town for six or eight weeks, during which time he almost entirely neglected his farm, being busily occupied in disposing of every surplus article about the place, for cash, in order to raise money enough to prosecute his new plan with vigor. He sold one of his best work-horses to a neighbor for sixty dollars; sold twenty head of sheep, and his best milch cow to the butcher, at a low price, and also his new buggy, he sold to a peddler, and his gold watch to a jeweler, each at a less price than it cost him, alleging that they were of no use to him. In this way, he made up about one hundred and eighty dollars, which, together with the remains of his last frolic, amounted to about \$325. Being now prepared, he started off on the following Saturday morning to town, having first slipped the key of his wife's scrutoire and taken thence the two eagle pieces he had presented to her as the first fruits of his success. He was joyfully hailed by his former companions, who had combined *for the purpose of defeating him, and getting his*

money. Their gratification at finding him so well prepared to renew the game, was only equaled by his anticipations of the brilliant triumph that awaited his newly-discovered mathematical principle. After a few boisterous congratulations and a social glass at the expense of the last fortunate winner, Marlow, and his "blacklegged" companions again sought the little back room, and again the dreadfully exciting and perplexing game commenced.

For a considerable time, Marlow was victorious, his new principle working admirably, and at dinner he was winner of \$137,75, despite the wicked combination against him. Dinner was no sooner over, than the game was resumed with more than usual spirit. Marlow, emboldened by his run of good luck, bet higher than ever, causing Dobson and Pennyworth "to take water" as he expressed it, at almost every deal; silencing the empty boastings of Ned Flummergass, and even forcing the redoubtable Scroggins to throw up, when he himself had nothing in his hand on which to predicate a bet. But Marlow's companions were not thus to be cheated of their victim. Having been foiled in their first plan, they had at dinner devised another, which it was now time to put into execution. The cards were accordingly dealt out by that prince of jugglers, John Scroggins, who gave Marlow the highest hand the pack of cards afforded, throwing indifferent ones to himself and his brother conspirators. The betting now commenced.

Marlow, conscious of his advantage, displayed all his ingenuity in drawing out his antagonists, till the stake was the largest that had ever before been contested for, and he could scarcely suppress a smile as he contemplated the glittering pile he should soon call his own, and the power he still had of increasing its size.

"Now, boys," said he, "here is \$410,50 which is every cent myself or wife can start, the whole of it I bet on this hand," putting the same into a heap with the enormous pile in the center of the table, "and I should like to see it covered—ha ! ha ! ha !"

This was the signal agreed on. A pretended dispute was now raised round the board. Dobson swore he would take the life of Dick Pennyworth ; Little John cried "a false deal," while Scroggins jumped furiously at Flummergass, upsetting the table on Marlow, who sat dumb with horror, and paralyzed with amazement at the sudden and dreadful tragedy before him. As soon as Marlow was overthrown, and the table with him, a scramble commenced for the money, but so great was Marlow's confusion and so unsuspecting was he of what was going on, that he did not recover one cent of the immense sum on the table, three-fourths of which he had contributed himself. He supposed of course, the money would be replaced and the play resumed ; but he was now for the first time fully undeceived as to the character of his comrades. They declared the game at an end, *still cursing and abusing each other, while the most*

deadly weapons were drawn and presented, as if about to commence a mortal combat.

Marlow now saw he had been the dupe of this wicked conspiracy. He sprang at Flummergass, who made directly for the door, and leaving a part of his coat in Marlow's hand succeeded in making his escape. Disappointed, he immediately turned to take vengeance on those who remained; but to his astonishment, both Dobson and Pennyworth were just gliding from a window into the open air, at the imminent risk of life and limb. There remained none except Scroggins worthy his resentment, and laying hold of him, he was in the act of inflicting a merited chastisement, when he felt his feet suddenly withdrawn by Little John (who having obtained the principal part of the spoils, was afraid of being forced to disgorge), and having now to contend with two antagonists at the same time, poor Marlow was dreadfully mangled and bruised, and in this condition was conveyed to his kind and affectionate wife.

"My dear Clarinda," said he, as soon as he was able to speak, "my new principle operated well, but neither skill nor luck will be of any avail against knavish and unprincipled men, and such I have now found all gamblers to be. I shall now endeavor to reform my life, for though my losses are great, I am not yet ruined. If you will forgive me, I shall yet be a sober and industrious man."

"As to your losses," said she, "if they have served

to show you your folly, they will turn out to your advantage. My father always told us that 'whatever comes under the Devil's belly, will always go over his back,' and my experience satisfies me, most of his maxims are true. If so, we never should have been profited had you been successful. I shall now be happy, if you be satisfied to stay at home and labor with me, for I find we have but an indifferent crop. We shall raise neither turnips nor potatoes this season, and shall have nearly all our corn to buy next year; beside, our hogs have all strayed off, and we shall have no pork for the winter, all of which, you know, my dear Charles, is attributable to your desire for running to town on Saturday."

CHAPTER XXXV.

"MR. B.," said my wife, a few months after the events of the previous chapter, "you know Clara's music lessons will be of no use to her without an instrument to practice on. She has been taking lessons for some time at school, but is making but very little progress for want of a piano at home. What do you intend to do about it?"

"Hem, hem, well, indeed," said I, "I am not prepared to determine yet, or rather, how does she progress, my dear?"

"*Progress*," said she, "did I not just tell you, she

did not get on so well, for want of an instrument to practice on?"

"I believe you did," said I, "yet I wished to ask you, if she is practicing at school?"

"Practicing at school," said she, "how could she take lessons without practicing?"

"I intended to ask you, my dear; if she did not practice enough at school for the purpose?"

"For what purpose, sir," said she, "have I not told you she could not learn without a piano at home?"

"Well, indeed, my dear," said I, "I was going to remark, however, it is not important."

"It is very important, sir," said she, "that you do something, and that immediately in this business, for if you do not get her an instrument she will be five or six years in learning at school, and this will cost you a great deal more than a piano."

I now saw there was no chance to escape a debt, which I had desired to postpone, if not entirely, at least for a year or so, and assuming as much cheerfulness as I could command, "Well, my dear," said I, "I will endeavor as soon as practicable to make arrangements for procuring one."

"To make arrangements," said she, "what arrangements do you want to make? You can get a very good one at Natchez, either for cash or credit."

"I prefer to send to New Orleans, my dear," said

I, for I was afraid she would want to select one herself, "and I will write to R. R. immediately."
I accordingly sat down and wrote as follows:—

"R. R. Esq.—DEAR SIR.—I am again under the necessity of requesting that you will purchase for me an article, which, were I in your city, I should be but indifferently qualified to procure for myself. I must trouble you, sir, to select a piano-forte for my daughter, and as it is rather a delicate transaction although I am no judge of such things, I must beg leave to be a little specific as to the description, but particularly in regard to the price, for I am aware that these instruments range from \$250 to \$700. I would respectfully suggest, that about \$200, would be as much as my present circumstances would justify me in paying out for an article of merely pleasurable entertainment. I do not, sir, however, by any means wish you to understand, that I should be satisfied with an inferior instrument; I would prefer that the tone should be loud, yet it should also be rich and melodious. I should be satisfied with rosewood, boxwood, or mahogany, yet the style should be recent and fashionable. In order to get a bargain, Sir, I would be willing to take one at second-hand, provided it was in perfect order and entirely uninjured. My wife, who has just been reading one of your city papers, informs me, that very fine pianos are frequently sold for very low prices, by dealers extremely anxious to sell out. I would strenuously object to falling backs and brass plates, silver being preferable. By compliance with the above, you will greatly oblige me,

"Very respectfully,

"C. BLOOMINBACK."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

I HAVE ever believed there was something immoral in transactions purely speculative, that is, where horses, negroes or other articles of commerce are bought and sold in the same market with a view to pecuniary advantage alone; with such sentiments it was certainly wrong for me to attempt anything of the kind, and I will relate the remarkable failure of the two trifling instances in which I have been induced to invest a small sum in such hopeful adventures.

Soon after I had settled on the river, and had begun to have a little ready money about the house, I was called on early one morning by a traveling footman, with one of the finest double-barreled guns I have ever seen; the guard, breechplate, and mounting were of pure silver, the barrels were of Stokes's best patent twist manufacture, and all of superior workmanship.

"Sir," said he, "I wish to dispose of my gun, I have a long journey to perform, and cannot think of carrying it all the way upon my shoulder, I will take for it," said he, "fifty dollars, and I have just paid seventy-five."

I had just bought a gun, and had no use for another, yet I knew that guns much inferior to this

one, were sold readily at sixty-five and could not help thinking there was here presented an opportunity for a small speculation, I did not, however, at once close with his offer, telling him that, "I did not need a gun, etc." As he was at breakfast he remarked, he would carry his gun no farther, saying, "I might have it for thirty dollars, and that he would also give in his elegant shot-bag, which was suspended by a broad baldric of mosaic, or Indian bead-work, which had cost him five dollars, together with a finely-wrought powder-horn, filled with powder, and many other curious articles into the bargain."

This was evidently a sacrifice of property, and I was overcome by the temptation to make a profit. I immediately purchased the gun, having the concurrence of my wife in my own opinion that I had made a most advantageous bargain. Having ascertained that my gun was in every respect equal to its appearance, and having also tried for some time to sell it, I took it to my merchant in town, and requested he should sell it for me. He assured me he could sell it for seventy-five dollars, pronouncing it at the same time "the finest gun he had ever seen." I called frequently at the store expecting to receive the money for it, but I was as often disappointed.

"A great many," said the merchant, "had admired it, but none desired to purchase, and he finally told *me*, I would probably be able to dispose of it more readily myself, more especially as he had other guns

at a lower price, which his customers generally preferred."

I now carried it home again, and for a long time exerted all my ingenuity to work it off to one or another of my neighbors and guests, but all in vain; one had just purchased, another did not hunt, a third never used a shot-gun, a fourth was not able to buy, and a fifth did not want a gun of that description; I now began to calculate on my gun as a dead loss, and neglecting it, it soon so rusted, that it hardly looked like the same gun; I was thus obliged to reduce my price, and from asking seventy-five dollars I only demanded fifty, at which I was still unable to sell. After I removed to the hills, it was challenged by a deer-hunter, who seemed to be struck with its appearance, and the account I gave him of its capacity; he offered me thirty dollars for it, and as this was the first offer I had had, I determined to accept it; and so, after about three years, received my money back again. This case, together with my previous notions on this subject, taught me a lesson which I verily believed would last me through life; yet little do we know ourselves, and after the severest lessons of experience, often find we are still the trembling slaves to our uncorrected passions. It was about five years after I had sold my gun, that a traveler, with two fine young horses and a mule, stopped at my house, late in the evening, and requested entertainment for the night. On the follow-

ing morning, he proposed to sell me this small remainder of his stock, at what he called "a very low price, alleging that he found money very scarce in the country, while his situation compelled him to realize something immediately for his horses."

"I observed, I had raised all my horses, and did not wish to buy."

He replied, "he would sell so low as to make it an object for me to buy."

"This, sir, would be most difficult," said I, "for I have no use for them, and could not make a speculation, though you should offer the whole to me at \$150."

"I will then take \$100 for the three," said he.

At this I was astonished, having heard him ask \$125 for one of the horses, and knowing they were each worth this sum, while the mule could easily be sold for sixty dollars; this temptation was again too strong for my philosophy, and having a hundred-dollar bank-note, that was a little below par, I gave it for them, and our traveler taking his saddle upon his back, was soon out of sight. It was now my business to sell as soon as possible, for I could not think of feeding surplus stock. A young man who happened to be boarding with me at this time, and who was pleased with one of the horses, was willing to pay \$100, for him, yet I could not think of taking this sum for a horse which had cost me about forty dollars, *I therefore, sold him for sixty, believing that the*

mule would readily command fifty dollars and the remaining horse \$100. I now rode about in the neighborhood for several days, on my new horse, while the mule followed me, in order to make a sale; I, however, invariably found my neighbors supplied; they were pronounced low, by almost every man I spoke to, yet none happened to need either a horse or mule. Finding I could not sell in my own neighborhood, I sent my mule to my brother, who thought he could easily dispose of him at the low price at which I offered him. My brother held him six months, during which several persons called to look at him, all of whom thought he was low enough, yet only one agreed to take him away; a promise which he failed to fulfill. At the end of six months, or thereabout, my brother became greatly in need of a work-horse, and directing his negroes to take the mule he was soon so reduced as not to be marketable. I began to despair of selling him, but happening to mention my unfortunate trade to one of my acquaintance, he offered me his promissory note for forty dollars for my mule, taking him at a venture, which I readily accepted. I still had a horse left, though I had labored in vain for more than a year to sell him, while he was a continual expense to me. Having failed to sell him as a saddle-horse, I thought I would make him work in harness, and thus sell him for a work-horse. With this view I directed my *wagoner one morning to put him at the tongue, and*

make him pull, but he was barely out of sight when I received intelligence that he was dead, having killed himself in the wagon. From this part of my life I have learned, that anything is dear which we do not want, and that those who strive to gratify unreal or imaginary wants, will generally, in the end, have real and substantial desires, which the imagination can find no means of gratifying. I think we will also generally find, that those who heartlessly seek to make capital by the necessities of others, will at last have the scale turned against themselves, and as they cannot enjoy the approbation of their own consciences, so neither can they expect the good opinion of the world, or hope for the approving smiles of Heaven.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"I UNDERSTAND, Mr. B.," said a clergyman, with whom I accidentally fell in company as I was riding about to sell my horses, "that you have come to be a sort of Universalist, that is, that you believe the wicked are always punished in this world, and the righteous always rewarded."

"I do indeed, so believe, sir," replied I, "yet I do not see how you can make me out a Universalist, inasmuch, as I do not limit these rewards and punishments to this state of existence."

"Do you not think," said he, "that the wicked often have more enjoyment in this world than the righteous?"

"I do not, sir," I replied, "happiness is the great aim of us all in this world, as well as in the next, and I have never yet seen a wicked man that I thought was happy; for it is not in the nature of riches or earthly honors, to confer this blessing upon them."

"But if they look no farther than the present state of existence for their happiness, are they not so, when all their earthly desires are gratified?"

"By no means," replied I, "punishment and misery are inherent qualities of sin, just as much as rewards and happiness are innate attributes of virtue."

"We often hear this asserted," said he, "yet our arguments fall short of conviction, when we attempt to prove it."

"You will not deny," said I, "that every violation of the natural law is attended, sooner or later, with its appropriate penalty. If we burn our hand, or tie up a member so as to prevent the natural circulation, we feel pain. If we exercise our muscles too violently, we are fatigued. If we eat too little we feel hunger; if we eat too much, we are oppressed; while exposure to unusual temperatures, of both heat and cold, produces disease. If we overtax the brain, our mental faculties are impaired; if we overtask the body, *its constitution fails*; and if we neglect to give

to both, the exercise they require, we are soon deprived of their vigor and usefulness. In fine, sir, there cannot be an instance cited in which a transgression of the natural law, is not, sooner or later, followed by its proper punishment. If then the divine legislator has been thus inflexible in the preservation of this department of his all-wise economy, I can see no reason why he should relax the vigor of his moral government, his intelligent creatures being alike the subjects of both."

"This seems to be a fair inference," said he, "yet I do not see how you can apply to offenses purely moral, any penalty, except that which we may suppose arises from a guilty conscience, which, to the wicked, would hardly deserve the name of punishment."

"I will endeavor, sir," said I, "to specify, in a single instance, how this punishment is inflicted, and if I can show that there exists in the very nature of sin, a law which connects the offense and its penalty, I shall have sustained my argument. We will suppose A. B. to slander his neighbor, C. D., going from house to house, to propagate the foul charge. Now, whatever may be the representations of A. B., or whatever may be our impressions touching the accuracy of his statements, it is impossible for us to contemplate this case, without thinking at the same time of the malevolence which exists in the mind of *A. B. toward his neighbor*; and thus while we yield

our assent to the truth of his story, we are secretly and often unconsciously passing judgment upon him, for that very asperity of temper, in which, as he fondly fancies, and as we may ourselves believe, he has our cordial sympathy. It is then evident, that A. B. is already injured in the estimation of those whom he considered his best friends, as well as of those others, whom it was his aim to conciliate, and who could not but believe in the justice of his cause; but when at last the character of C. D. is vindicated, and his innocence and purity rendered manifest, with what feelings of scorn and contempt do we look down upon the wretch who could be base enough to desire the downfall, or wantonly to assail the character and integrity of a just and righteous man? He has now not only lost that influence which he may once have exercised over the minds of his neighbors, but he has also lost their sympathy and esteem, and this reacting with all the force of public condemnation upon his own mind, he will think less and less of himself, until he finally becomes what he would fain have rendered others, a degraded and miserable being. Nor does his punishment stop here. By a very natural law of the human mind, this general sentiment is gradually communicated to the minds of his immediate dependents, or domestics, and being now an object of the universal hatred of mankind, he will often meet, from their indifference or ill-will, even

those pecuniary losses and disappointments, which are often attributed to a very different cause."

"Suppose," said he, "an assassin to have taken the life of a good citizen, and to have been immediately killed in his efforts to flee from justice; here there seems to be no punishment, while the offense is of the highest kind?"

"I do not contend," said I, "that offenses are at all expiated by our sufferings here, believing, as I before remarked, that they are still to be perpetuated in some form or other; yet I would not deny, that he whose life is taken, however suddenly or unexpectedly, is not punished, for we regard death, in any form, as the highest punishment that can be inflicted; nor would I deny that the wretched murderer, who is executed for his crime, suffers more than the innocent whom he has wickedly assassinated, inasmuch, as death has but few terrors to the virtuous, while to the wicked it is of all things the most dreadful, and should he escape this condign punishment for his crime, it would not be difficult to show, that he would inevitably suffer more than death, in that terrible remorse of conscience and condemnation of the world, from which he can never hope to escape."

"From your remarks then, Mr. B.," said he, "I infer, that you do not think the righteous as much subject to severe calamities as the wicked?"

"I do not, sir," said I, "and my observation in

the world is greatly calculated to strengthen this opinion."

"Are we not told," said he, "that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth?"

"We are most assuredly punished for every violation of his laws, and this with the view (no doubt), of correcting us, and of rectifying our errors; but can we suppose we are punished when we do not transgress? this would not be to chasten, but to tyrannize over us. It would be as unnatural as for a wise and virtuous parent to chastise his obedient children, and it would certainly very soon destroy that affection and confidence which are almost the only grounds of our obedience." He did not reply, and I proceeded: "I will go farther, and contend, that it is the privilege, as well as the duty of the righteous to ask the protection of Heaven against calamities and misfortunes of whatever kind; and such has been the constant practice of my life, nor would I be willing to acknowledge, that any have ever been disappointed, who have asked in sincerity and truth, or have in anywise had reason to complain that their confidence had been misdirected. If then this argument is admitted, there is not a word which even in our most unguarded moments we may utter, or a sentiment which our hearts may unconsciously breathe, but what will return upon us through some of the varied forms of our social intercourse; and this reversionary effect will be good or evil, just as these words or sentiments

were themselves virtuous or vicious; for you cannot deny that every word and sentiment tends to fix in the minds of others some opinion or notion concerning our character, and as I have shown, upon this opinion of others, our happiness is more or less dependent."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE reader may by this time be anxious to know the result of my proposed settlement with Hardy Worrywell, which I will now proceed to relate. In answer to my written proposition to him, I received the following laconic letter in a few days :

"MR. B.,—DEAR SIR,—Your favor, containing a proposition for a compromise on your bond, signed by J. Winston, Charles Bloominback, *et al.*, is before me, and contents noted. My attorney, Skillful Dumax, Esq., informs me, that the money can easily be made out of you. Your bond is for the sum of \$500; it was forfeited seventeen years ago, and you can make the calculation of interest for yourself, at eight per cent. per annum, to date. I should be pleased to arrange it without controversy, but cannot consent to the least abatement of my claim,

"Yours, etc.

"HARDY WORRYWELL."

"This is just as I expected," said my wife, as soon as she had read this letter; "I knew well enough, you would not make anything out of that old hard-shell, who has sued everybody in the country, and

showed none of them the least quarter. The best way will be just to pay it, without any more letters or cost about it."

"My faith is very strong," my dear, said I, "when I am in the right, and I will write to Dumax himself. It may happen that he has more generosity than his client, and if he has no principle at all, I shall have still more to hope from my appeal to him. And here, my dear, I cannot refrain from remarking, how inscrutable are the dispensations of Providence, and his ways past finding out. In his justice and mercy, he often makes use of the proud and wicked to accomplish his most beneficent ends, and converts those very means which involve a violation of his moral law, into the most efficient instrumentalities for carrying out the purposes of his sovereign will."

"I should like to know," said my wife, "how Dumax's selfishness could be any advantage to you?"

"His fee, my dear," said I, "is the same, whether he compromises or prosecutes the suit, for this is a general rule with lawyers. If he is very selfish, he will advise Worrywell to a compromise, for by this means he will get his whole fee without trouble or litigation."

"It is easy, said she, "to fix a thing with words, but you will get nothing but your pains for your trouble."

I now sat down, and wrote to Dumax as follows:—

S. DUMAX, Esq.—I have addressed your client, Hardy Worrywell, Esq., in relation to my injunction bond, and proposed a compromise of the same; but having received from his inflexible temper no encouragement whatever, I now appeal, with pleasure, to your generosity and sense of justice; for your great experience and knowledge of business, Sir, will enable you at once to perceive, that in view of the protracted delay in bringing up this bond, which precludes me from the possibility of recovering from J. Winston, I am not (morally at least), bound for the whole amount. I was, Sir, extremely young, when I subscribed it, and was greatly mistaken in the transaction; I was informed by said J. W. that I was only bound for the costs of suit, which I paid, under an execution, years ago. Notwithstanding, however, any plea of this kind which I may have for avoiding this obligation altogether, I feel disposed to do what is morally right under the circumstances; I will pay you, Sir, the sum of \$300, the original amount of the judgment in the Circuit Court, when I signed the bond. I flatter myself, Sir, that you will consider this a fair and honorable proposition, in which case, the money shall be promptly remitted to you, while I will also pay all costs,

“Very respectfully, Sir, yours,

“C. BLOOMINGBACK.”

By these letters and offers of compromise to Colonel Worrywell (as he was called) and Dumax, I suppose I had unconsciously excited the apprehension of the latter. It was well known to Dumax that Worrywell was entirely insolvent; he knew therefore, if a compromise should be made with him, that he could never recover of him his fee in the case, and seeing that I was very anxious to arrange it in this way, he thought it best to make the compromise *himself*, as he would thus have his fee in his own hands. The \$300 I offered was fifty dollars more

than the stipulated fee, between him and Colonel Worrywell, and it was therefore, as much as he was interested in collecting from me. He therefore immediately wrote to Worrywell, as follows :—

“COLONEL WORRYWELL,—DEAR SIR,—I have just received from Charles Bloominback, a proposition for a compromise on his bond. I have no doubt, from an intimation in his letter, that he was a minor at the time he executed this bond, and that his act was consequently void ; he is willing, notwithstanding, to make what he deems an honorable settlement, rather than plead the statute in such cases ; I would unhesitatingly advise, therefore, that you authorize me to make such compromise as he may propose, and I will close with him immediately. You should also count yourself fortunate, more especially, as he proposes to pay all costs beside.

“Yours, etc.

“S. DUMAX.”

By reference to my letter to Dumax, the reader will see that it would bear the construction he gave it, and justified the inference that I was under age at the time I signed the bond ; yet this was not the case, nor had I the least intention to convey this idea by the ambiguous language I used, but wrote entirely under the impulse of my feelings at the moment.

In a few days after I mailed the above letter to Dumax, I received the following reply :—

“MR. CHARLES BLOOMINBACK,—DEAR SIR,—I received your polite letter, tendering my worthy client, Colonel H. Worrywell, \$300, in settlement of your bond, in the case of himself and wife, *v. J. Winston et al* for \$500. I take pleasure in saying, Sir, that in con-

sideration of the circumstances of this case, and the prompt and gentlemanly manner in which you have attended to it, I accept your offer, and will receive the same in full satisfaction of said bond and interest, now amounting to over \$1,000.

"Very respectfully, yours,

"S. DUMAX."

I now immediately dispatched my overseer with the money, and also directed him to pay the costs, which amounted in all to about \$500; this being less than one-half of the amount for which I was legally bound, and which I had no legal method of avoiding.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I HAD just received Dumax's agreeable letter, and was proceeding to show it to my wife, as I heard her exclaim in a burst of passion to some little negroes who were playing before the door, "Get out of my sight, you abominable rascallions; if I get hold of you, I'll skin every one of you alive, for you make my head roar like thunder."

I had desired frequently to correct her in the use of such injudicious expressions; yet, for fear my strictures would too far provoke her temper, I had for a long time forborne to find fault with anything she said. At this time, however, feeling that I could at any moment conciliate her with the letter, I determined to point out to her, as well as I could, the enormities of her language. "My dear," said I,

"do you recollect, that in the little book we were reading the other night, the author wisely remarked 'that we ought not to use extravagant figures, or very absurd conventionalisms before our children.'"

"To be sure I do," said she, "what of it?"

"I only wish, my dear," I replied, "to remind you, that in the hasty and inadvertent expression you just indulged yourself in, there was one rude conventionalism, one paradox, and one hyperbole."

"I would like you to show me sir," said she, "any such things in what I said."

"Well, my dear," said I, "I have just received the most agreeable letter from Dumax in regard to my proposed compromise, which I desire you to read. Yet, with your permission, I will endeavor to answer your last question, and then we shall enjoy the letter together." She was silent, and I proceeded.

"In the first place, my dear, the word rascalion, is a mere conventionalism, for it is not found in any of our dictionaries, and it will be almost impossible to fix definitely its signification. In the second place (if I recollect right), you remarked, 'that you would excoriate them alive.' This is properly a paradox; for although I will not attempt to deny the practicability of flaying animals (indeed, I have understood, that hogs are sometimes dressed in this manner), yet, I have but little hesitation in saying, that so severe and painful would be the process, if attempted upon *a living creature*, that death would necessarily super-

vene, before the terrible operation was completed. It is the absurdity of the expression, that makes it paradoxical, or contradictory in itself."

"Well," said she, "where is the hyperbole?"

"Well, my dear," I replied, "you may recollect, that you remarked, 'the children made your head roar like thunder;' now I will not deny that the surrounding atmosphere was considerably agitated, and a confusion of discordant sounds thus forced upon the auditory apparatus, but you will not deny, my dear, that an explosion similar to what we call thunder, would most likely involve the destruction of the whole cerebrum, and with it, that of the dependent physical organization. This, then, I think, you will admit, my dear, is (to say the least of it), rather an exaggerated simile."

"I wish," she replied, "you would find something else to criticise, beside my language."

"It is very natural, my dear," said I, "to criticise, where we feel the greatest desire of amendment. I would be glad that we could both use a pure speech, and we should then probably have the satisfaction of seeing our children, who are so ready to imitate us, adopt a style of expression, which it is difficult in after life to acquire. Indeed, our society should be like a constant school to them, where they would be daily learning what will be useful to them when they have to act for themselves, and will not have the advantage of our instruction. Should we fail to use

our influence and the force of good example for their advantage in the world, we shall certainly have failed in our duties toward them, and perhaps, there are no other obligations, the violation of which, would appear to render us so inexcusably culpable."

CHAPTER XL.

ABOUT this time there came a stranger into the neighborhood where I lived, who occasionally experimented in what was called mesmerism; I was induced by one of my neighbors, at whose house this performance was to take place, to attend, and I here witnessed the most strange and inexplicable phenomena. I observed there was an instantaneous corporeal, as well as mental sympathy, between the operator and his subject. This I proved by handing to the former, various articles both bitter and sweet, as well as the most pungent substances, such as pepper, or alcohol; the instant he tasted, his subject, though in a different room, exhibited the natural sensations corresponding with the substance in his mouth, making a wry or pleasant face, according as it was sour or sweet, and manifesting symptoms of nausea upon the presentation of tobacco or quinine. I also observed he had entire control over his subject, which he exercised by mere volition, *producing music as well as the most violent manifes-*

tations of the passions by the power of his will alone. I had, up to this period of my life, been rather skeptical about whatever appeared to be a violation of well-known or long-established principles, but I could find no solution for the wonderful developments I here witnessed, and I became anxious to operate myself, as I was informed this power was not confined to any, but that we all possessed it in a greater or less degree. I made several trials with several persons, but for a long time I did not succeed in magnetizing any, and I had almost again become skeptical about the reality of what I had seen. About six months after the experiments I had witnessed, and about one month after I had discontinued my efforts to procure a subject, I proposed to my little daughter, then about twelve years of age, that she would sit a few moments with me in the parlor, to which she objected, alleging as a reason for her refusal, my previous unsuccessful attempts with others, and her own incredulity about it; I insisted however, although I had but faint hopes of success, and she reluctantly consented; I had clasped her hands but two or three minutes in my own, fixing my eyes steadily upon hers, and willing her to sleep, when I discovered in her evident symptoms of stupor; her eye-lids began to fall, her breathing became labored and heavy, and her head inclined gently to one side; in a few moments more, her head was resting upon her shoulder, *her eyes were closed, and a calm state of somnolency*.

had supervened. I was at first doubtful whether this appearance was not all feigned by my daughter for her own amusement, but withdrawing my hands gently, I performed a few slight manipulations, commencing at the coronal region of the head, and carrying my hands thence along the shoulder and arms to the extremity of the fingers, when I soon discovered her breathing became heavier, and her sleep more profound. In order now to satisfy myself that she was in the magnetic state, I desired she should raise one of her hands, this she instantly did; I then willed without parting my lips, that she might rise from her chair; this she also did; I now found that she was entirely subject to my will, and I could cause her to sing any one of the various pieces of music with which she was familiar, by simply fixing my mind upon it, and desiring her to commence. I afterward elicited many very wonderful things too tedious to mention. It is remarkable, however, with what accuracy persons in the magnetic state will describe persons, places, or things of which in their normal condition, they are entirely ignorant; an instance of which I will relate in regard to my daughter. One evening when she had consented to be mesmerized for the gratification of a large company, there happened to be present two ladies whose husbands were members of the State Legislature, then in session, one was a senator, the other a *representative*.

"Do you see my husband?" inquired the wife of the latter."

"Yes," was the reply, "yonder he walks with a book under his arm; he is going," she continued, "into a large house," here she became animated, and raising her head and turning about as if she was overlooking a multitude, she exclaimed, "O, what a great many men, and all sitting upon benches;" she then proceeded without interruption, in the most fervid style and manner to describe the various articles of furniture in this department of the Capitol, and this too with the strictest fidelity, as I was told (for I knew nothing about it myself). The greatest interest was now manifested by the company and every countenance became pallid with awe and astonishment.

The senator's wife then addressed her thus, "do you see my husband there?"

"No," was the reply; "he is in another room, there are not so many here, yet they are all on benches." Just at this point she exclaimed, "hush—hush;" raising her head, and shaking her hand at the same time in token of silence; "there is a man going to speak," and moving her lips as if in the act of speaking, she continued, "he says something about gentlemen."

"What is his name?" inquired a gentleman present.

"Spafe—Spafe," said she, or some such name;

he then pronounced the name 'Speight,' and she said, "this is it," Jesse Speight being then President of the Senate; a circumstance which neither she nor myself knew. She was now apparently so attentive, while her lips continued to move as though she were following the speaker, that I believe she would have proceeded to detail his speech, had she been solicited. At this point however, she was interrupted at the entreaty of the ladies, one or two of whom were crying, for we were all satisfied her mind was supernaturally illuminated. I aroused her by simply desiring in my mind that she should open her eyes: she was not conscious of anything that had been said or done, and was astonished to find herself the center of the circle; she did not know that a legislature was composed of two houses, or that either of the above gentlemen were members thereof. I have invariably found subjects to have the most vivid picture before the mind of whatever they are called on to describe, speaking as readily about the most distant planets, as about objects immediately around them. I have recently understood that persons are thrown into this mesmeric, or clairvoyant condition, without the intervention of a magnetizer, and that they profess to receive their revelations from spirits of the dead. About this I know nothing, never having interrogated my subjects on this point. I can see no benefit that is to result from this newly-discovered faculty, for it is *not likely it will ever attain the dignity of a science.*

and while the strange and wonderful revelations here made are not worthy of our entire confidence they will only perplex and discompose the mind.

From my experiments in mesmerism, I have found that we should never condemn anything because it is new, or pronounce it false until we have fairly proved it to be so, for it is the part of ignorance to find fault with what it cannot unravel, as it is that of bigotry to sit in judgment on whatever threatens to invade her dominions. From being a sort of universal skeptic, about whatever purported to be a reformation or improvement, I have come to have more or less faith in everything that is reported to be true; and from denouncing everything as false that I did not understand, I have come to believe there exists more or less of truth in almost everything that is denounced. If we would advance in knowledge, we must be ever open to conviction, and 'proving all things, hold fast only to that which is good.'

CHAPTER XLI.

A FEW evenings after the above experiments, our piano-forte arrived. Having been taken to pieces and carefully boxed up, I immediately set about putting it together, although it was night, and I knew nothing *at all* about it. I should have postponed the job till *the next morning*, had it not been for my wife, who

was anxious to see it 'in proper form,' as she said. Perhaps the real motive was a desire to hear Clara, who had now been some time taking lessons, play some of her pieces before we lay down. I worked an hour or two, before I had it on its feet, notwithstanding the advantages I enjoyed, in having my wife and children all around me, to sharpen my wits, and assist me by the fertility of their imaginations, each of whom knew about as much as I did myself. The huge machine was, however, at last installed in the most conspicuous place in the parlor, and the children commanded to be seated, when Clara, at the request of her mother, threw back the fall and commenced in slow and measured cadence to beat the solemn air, called 'Days of Absence.' As soon as a tune was recognized, the excitement became general; the children shouted; my wife, though she ordered them to be silent, thrummed violently upon the table where she was sitting, while both her head and feet played backward and forward in unison with the music. And, indeed, although I was amused at what I saw, yet, so great was my own delight, as the thrilling tones of the instrument fell upon my ear, accompanied by the proud thought that it was my own daughter that produced them, that I found the greatest difficulty in preserving my own gravity. In a moment more, my wife, being unable to restrain her feelings, was sliding across the floor, and singing *most melodiously*, in harmony with the sound of the

instrument, while tears of real joy trickling down her face, heightened the radiance of her illuminated countenance. In the intoxication of the moment, she made a motion to me with her hands, as if she would challenge me to a dance, at which I laughed outright, assuring her, "that the music was rather in a melancholy strain, and by no means adapted to the rapidity of saltatory exercises." Clara had by this time finished the tune, and all was over.

"I hope now, Mr. B.," said my wife, almost exhausted with the unusual effort she had made, "you will not say that Clara has no ear for music, for really, sir, I was astonished to hear her play so well; I never heard my favorite air played so well before."

"I must confess I was much gratified, my dear," said I, "myself; for although I observed she omitted the flats and sharps, sometimes denominated semitones, as well as the minor appoggiatura of the tune, and worked almost as hard with her body and legs as she did with her fingers, yet she struck the natural keys correctly, and did she not sit carelessly before the instrument, and try to beat the time with her head, would certainly do tolerably well for a beginner; all these faults, however, my dear," said I, "may be corrected in time."

Clara now commenced another piece, but the spell was broken, and my wife saw that her performance *was defective*.

CHAPTER XLII.

"MY DEAR," said I, to my wife, when she had read Dumax's letter to me, accepting my compromise, "do you not think Providence has directed this matter? How else should I have been released from an obligation for \$1,000 or \$1,200 by the payment of \$500, which will now pay the whole, and this too, in a case where my adversary is relentless and uncompromising in spirit?"

"If Providence has directed the business," replied she, "why are you not released from the whole debt?"

"This, my dear," said I, "would not be consistent with the moral law; it is right, I should pay the just penalty of my own injudicious conduct; were it not for this punishment, the guilty would have nothing to fear, the virtuous no protection from their insults; it is this punishment also, that will alone preserve us from similar transgressions in future. This much of this debt, I am perfectly willing to pay, and this is about the sum I had in my mind, when I alluded in my letters to my moral obligation; this was the amount at the time I executed the bond. But while I am ready to acknowledge the goodness and wisdom of Providence, in causing me to pay this reasonable portion of the debt, I could never have *seen the justice of it, had I been compelled to pay*

the whole. The ignorance of the law, by which my intention was violated, although it did not diminish the claims of my adversary, certainly, made a compassionate plea for myself. My adversary's claim for more than the original amount of the bond, was founded upon his own unfaithfulness toward me, for it accumulated by his inexcusable delay in presenting his claim; this whole business, therefore, appears to me to have been adjusted in strict accordance with the principles of divine justice. I regard Providence then, when his aid is fiducially invoked, as a sort of superior court of Chancery, where causes are decided, more in accordance with the benevolent principles of equity, than with the rigid letter of the statute law."

"I cannot see," replied she, "how Providence could exercise any control in such matters. The laws of the land and those who execute them, are the only operative powers that I can see in settling such disputes."

"I will acknowledge, my dear," said I, "that we cannot with our imperfect faculties discover the operations by which he governs such transactions. But did you ever reflect, my dear, that we cannot detect the operations by which the simplest processes of nature are effected; the luxuriant forest expands before us, and every day bursts forth to the genial rays of the sun, in variegated verdure and beauty, yet we cannot see why an acorn should produce an oak, or

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a certain thorny bush, invariably produce a rose ; nor can we discover the wonderful agency by which a grain of corn, or other seed, germinates in the earth, then, breathing the atmosphere, and drinking the dews of Heaven, grows and vegetates, till it stands displayed in all the perfection of its peculiar organization. We know, indeed, that God has said, 'each tree and herb, shall reproduce its kind.' We also know that he has said, 'the righteous shall be blessed, and the wicked punished even in this world,' but the precise manner in which these sublime results of his omnipotent will are accomplished, is just as mysterious in the one case as in the other ; all that we can see is the result, and while we impute the one to the operation of the natural or physical law, we should impute the other to the operation of the divine or moral law. In both, it is God that works, and consequently, the one must be as certain and uniform in its operation as the other. I will not deny, that the phenomena of the natural, are more obvious than those of the moral law, but, it is because they come more immediately within the sphere of our senses and grosser perceptions, the latter being of a higher grade, and only discoverable by comparison and other faculties of our intellectual nature. Yes ! should we object to the interposition of Providence in the affairs of men, because we cannot see or comprehend the precise mode of his interference, we may with equal propriety, object to the existence of the law of gravi-

FAMILY AFFAIRS.

tation, because we cannot see why a body is drawn toward the center of the earth, or deny the existence of God himself, because we cannot comprehend him, or see him in his works; and we might thus doubt our own existence, inasmuch as life is, at the present day, a mystery. If we see, or admit the facts, we must admit the existence of the law by which they were produced."

"I cannot see," said she, "how Providence can work by any laws than those he has established for his universal government, without violating them in every instance, and thus performing a miracle, which you will not admit."

"I am glad, my dear," said I, "to find that you have thought on this subject, for you seem determined to sift it to the bottom; and, indeed, this last question is the most difficult. I will not deny, that all the phenomena in human affairs, which I have supposed attributable to providential interposition, might happen in the regular operation of the natural law, and indeed it would appear inconsistent, for the supreme mind to operate by any other laws, than those he has himself ordained for the regulation of his universal dominion. Yet, are there not natural laws which operate upon us, and upon our actions continually, which we know nothing of? The moon is supposed by many to influence the earth, and even individuals, whose paroxysms of insanity correspond to her changes. *Experiments in mesmerism and clairvoyance demon-*

SECRET OF SUCCESS; OR,

strate, that a natural law of sympathy exists between different individuals which (until the discovery of Mesmer) was entirely unknown. And are there not almost daily new discoveries of natural principles, as well as new combinations and arrangements of those already known, by inventive minds, that constitute the wonderful improvements in science, which pre-eminently distinguish the present age? I should not be surprised," I continued, "if a few years should disclose the principles upon which our Saviour performed his wonderful miracles, although we might never be able to reproduce them, for the Egyptians imitated many that were performed by Moses, and I have no doubt, they were all performed by natural laws of which we are ignorant. May we not then, infer, that by laws of which we are now ignorant, but which we may hereafter understand, Providence may so modify the operation of those with which we are familiar, as to produce those vicissitudes and events in human affairs, which I am disposed to impute to the special directions of his will? To deny this, is to suppose ourselves already advanced to a state of perfection in knowledge, and the infinite mind reduced to our finite comprehension."

"Your sentiments, sir," said she, "whether true or false, are certainly most consolatory and agreeable, for if Providence exercises a controlling influence in human affairs, we ought always to be satisfied with

whatever events take place, as they happen only according to his will."

"It is, indeed," said I, "a most comfortable sentiment in this respect; it also deters us from transgression, by apprehension of the punishment we expect will speedily follow, and stimulates us to acts of piety and morality, on account of the rewards we believe will certainly attend them; and I must tell you, my dear (although my experience is no argument to others), that I have never willfully sinned against my conscience, without soon after being made sensible that I was punished for it, and I believe this doctrine would have more advocates, were mankind more attentive than they are, to the little transactions and events that make up the history of our lives."

CHAPTER XLIII.

"PA," said James to me, one day, as I sat musing in my arm chair, "what has become of the man that came and plowed for you, before we moved from the old place?"

"Well, my son," said I, "I will tell you something about him, as I see you have not forgotten him, that may be useful to you, should you live to be a man, and have business to transact for yourself. When I first became acquainted with him, he was

living on a small tract of land belonging to another man ; he had with him his old unmarried sister, who cooked, and washed, and kept house for him. They were extremely poor ; their house was not as good as a stable for horses, and they had but very little to wear, and still less to eat ; they had but very little sugar or coffee, and no corn for bread. I had but little property myself at that time, but seeing this old man in want of many of the comforts I enjoyed, and even at times without food, I told him to come over and get a bag of corn whenever he had none at home ; he did so, frequently, and managed in this way to live a year or two. His sister, at last, married a man as poor as she was herself, and the old man not being able to keep house, came to me and offered to work until he could get money enough to buy a small lot of ground, which would cost him fifty dollars ; he said, he had been trying for twenty years to get this small sum, but had not been able to raise it. He was a member of the methodist church, and I did not question his honesty. ‘ Well, my dear, sir,’ said I, to him, ‘ how much do you think your services are worth ? ’ ”

“ I am a first-rate hand at the plow,” said he, “ and I think I can earn twelve dollars a month.”

“ This is not too much,” I replied, “ and if you will work for me four months, I will give you fifty dollars, this will be twelve dollars and a half a month, *and I will also go myself to the office and enter your*

land for you." With this bargain, the old man was very much delighted, and began his labor with cheerfulness; he had worked but a few days, however, when he was called on by one of his creditors for a debt of \$100. The old man told him he was not able to pay, but his creditor, who was a cunning man, and more witty than myself, desired that he would give him security; he then asked me to go his security, telling me that he would work for me until I was satisfied. Here, my son, I did wrong, and I desire you may learn a lesson from my experience; we should never suffer those who have shown themselves bad managers to get much in our debt; for we shall at last find we have injured ourselves without benefiting them. I did as he requested, and we gave our joint note for \$100, payable at the following January; the old man now became less cheerful, he worked only a few days longer, when he desired I should raise his wages to fifteen dollars a month. I was obliged to do so, for I was now in his power; I was afraid he would go and work for somebody else, and I should have his debt to pay. When I had made him a promise of fifteen dollars a month, he appeared to be satisfied, and worked very well to the end of the week, but on the next Saturday night, he ran away, and never returned to work for me again.

"He was a very bad man, Pa," said James, "I wonder if there are any more such men in the world?"

"It is full of them, my son," said I, "and while

I am speaking of such men, I will tell you of another that I think of. An old man, and a near neighbor, having seven or eight small negroes, once came to me in deep distress about his business, and desired I would help him. He said, 'he owed various little debts, amounting in all to about \$500, and that his creditors were all pressing hard upon him; some had just commenced suit against him, while others had already obtained judgments and executions, and were about to sell his little negroes.' He said, 'if I would settle his debts, he would work hard and pay me my money back in a year, and that he could never forget me for so great a favor.'

"I happened to have some money in the house at the time, and the old man's grief appeared so great, that I had not the hardihood to refuse him; so I immediately began to pay his debts for him, but I soon found he was mistaken about what he owed, for instead of \$500, I found he owed nearly \$1,300; I went on, however, and paid all of them for him. This old man was living on a rented farm, yet the land was very good, and if he had made his negroes work, he could have paid me very easily in two years, so I took his notes as he desired, to be paid in two years. He managed now, as he had always done, and instead of being industrious and saving, he was indolent and careless, and instead of paying my notes as they fell due, he was annually increasing his indebtedness, by *borrowing more money, or buying corn and other*

provisions to live on. I waited nearly six years after my notes fell due, before I spoke to him about paying them; yet, when I did so, he became very angry, and said, 'he would not pay me at all.' I had now to sue him immediately, to keep my notes from running out of date, and I was surprised to find that he had hired a man to swear that he did not owe me, in hopes that he would get clear of the debt altogether."

"I did not think any man was so wicked," said James.

"There are a great many such, my son," said I, "and what may astonish you still more, this fellow was then owing me for his wedding suit of clothes, which I had bought for him several years before, and which he has never yet paid me for, and he is now too poor and contemptible to do so."

"Did you lose your debt, Pa?" said James.

"No, my son; after a lawsuit of five years, I recovered it all, and it amounted to \$2,500, and took all of his negroes except two to pay it, although they had increased to fourteen in number. This old man was struck blind very soon after he denied my debt, and died before the lawsuit was decided, directing in his will, that his executors should never pay what he knew he justly owed me. You may now see, my son, something of the injustice and dishonesty of mankind; and there is one lesson you may learn *from what I have told you; we should never expect*

to make a friend by extraordinary acts of kindness, for we will generally be mortified and disappointed; and, indeed, I have sometimes thought, that the feeling of gratitude, could we always excite it, is destructive of that pure and disinterested friendship which we wish others to entertain for us. I could tell you many more such stories, my son, but this must suffice, at least for the present."

CHAPTER XLIV.

"PA," said Clara, as she discovered I was in a communicative mood, "I would be pleased to hear some more of your poem; you told me the next would be something about grandpa, grandma, and my uncles and aunts; how they did, and what they talked about, and this I wish to hear very much."

"Very well, my dear," said I, "we will now have 'The Family Group.'"

FAMILY GROUP.

But now I turn my simple muse, to more domestic scenes,
To sing of things both gay and sad, just as my humor leans,
For after all our song must run where'er our feelings lead,
That those who read may chant it too, or feel it while they read.
Dear Popland, in thy sacred walls, ruled by parental eye,
I've heard the merry-pealing laugh, the melancholy sigh,
Have Hymen seen in gay attire, with garlands on his head,
Then seen the cold unsightly shroud, inclose the pallid dead.

Seen joy and sorrow near allied, twin-sisters by their birth,
 One made to point the soul above, the other, down to earth ;
 The first to balance every ill, and make all stations even,
 The last to show that real bliss lies nowhere, short of Heaven.
 Here in thy quaint old-fashioned walls, with faded plates arrayed,
 I've seen the rich and poor received, and no distinction made;
 Seen hollow pride with pompous stride, and humble virtue's
 mien,

Sit close together at thy board, both best in contrast seen ;
 The high, the low, the rich, the poor, made here but one degree,
 The fare was simple in itself, but it was always free ;
 No liv'ried servants, apes of fools, to serve thy table, stood,
 Two only waited round about, and did the best they could ;
 One stood to see what plates were out, who bread and who meat
 takes,

The other took my mother's nod, and ran to bring the cakes.
 No triple course confused the guests, as in this sickly day
 Of meats, then sweetmeats, then rich custard, in a formal way,
 This, took his pie and biscuit too, upon his greasy plate,
 While that one, who had eat enough, would for a clean one wait,
 Thus biscuit, coffee, rice and ham, fowl boiled, or in crust clad,
 Made altogether but one meal, and this was all we had ;
 Beans, peas, and cabbage, and such things as in the garden grow,
 Lettuce and leaks and cucumbers, we always had you know ;
 The Irishman's great staple too, we sometimes had to eat,
 Which serves this wretched countryman, both for his bread and
 meat.

Such articles as every wife could easily produce,
 Were every day upon our board, for everybody's use,
 And onion tops, and bitter kale, which no one cared about,
 Just got to fill a vacant place, and swell the table out.
 How diff'rent in the present day, when cookery is the art,
 That forms the test of woman's skill, and ranks her dull or smart,
 While the crude stuff she nice concocts with labor, sweat, and pains,
 Is cramped with studied etiquette, that round her table reigns ;
 Each one to flatter, eats too much, and eating to the mode,
 Though punished sorely for his sins, meat still cry, O! how good.

There round thy cheerful fireside, in free and friendly chat,
 The family at night convened, boys, girls, and little brat ;
 To hear the merry free-born laugh, as some pert tale went round,
 Then in an instant hear it changed, for the contrary sound ;
 To hear old maxims by the score, dealt by the aged sire,
 How heaven loves a holy child, and how hell burns the liar ;
 How great, nor small, nor good, nor bad, had ever yet slipt by,
 Just retribution for their deeds, from the All-seeing eye ;
 And how the Sabbath-breaker would, as sure his vengeance feel,
 As he who should blaspheme his name, or cheat, or lie or steal ;
 How Satan prowls about this world, appears and disappears,
 And pours the poison of his mind, into our yielding ears ;
 And how the Christian, wary soul, could foil his subtle skill,
 Expose him in his mean disguise, and drive him off at will.
 But oft at night my father told, where the great fight had been,
 The bloodiest, though an old man then, he ever yet had seen.
 Where Pitchford's Sam fought Ajax Grubs, a bully never whipp'd,
 And how high up the betting ran, when these two champions
 stripp'd.

Old Ajax Grubs, gnashed, cursed and swore, he'd run Sam
 through and through,
 But little Pitchford stood his ground, and eyed this warrior true,
 Till Grubs' blood to boiling rose, to see himself defied,
 By one who stood a stripling stout, but never had been tried ;
 Then roaring, foaming, tearing round, he could no longer hold,
 But jumped full five feet o'er the crowd, and nailed this Hector
 bold.

Hurra for Pitchford, hurra Grubs, now thundered through the crowd ;
 " Hands off, fair fight," re-echoed back as loud ;
 Old Grubs, I tell you, stir your stumps, you hold no man of straw,
 You beard the lion at his den, " hurra, hurra, hurra."
 Hats, coats, oaths, imprecations loud, the dreadful scene confound,
 Blow after blow, with two-horse power, from the fell fray resound.
 " Young Pitchford's down, down, down again, and now 'tis Grubs, I
 swear ;
 Boys, draw your bets, the old man's whipped, and badly too
 by Gar :"

And how old Grubs to save his face, was flying off from Sam,
Hanging his head to shun his blows, and butting him like his
ram,

And then, how in an instant more, in terror and dismay,
He turned his back upon his foe, and left without delay ;
Just so, the cock, that crowing round, runs headlong to engage,
Some little game that stands his ground and dares his loudest rage,
Finds out at last, 'tis worse than vain, to fight his stubborn foe,
For though three times cut down for dead, he still will rise and
crow ;

So dodging down with bleeding head, to save his welt'ring eyes,
A moment more maintains the fight, then turns his tail and flies.
The mother now would often tell, what she had heard folks say,
How spirits brief from living men, might walk at bright noon-day;
How she had seen my father once, pursue a lazy hog,
When two old negro men declared, he slept upon a log.

That when a murd'rous deed was done, or a poor orphan wronged,
You there might look to see the ghost, that to that soul belonged ;
'Twould come in frightful ugly shapes, with horrid grins and
groans,

Till the doomed wretch would fall away, to meager skin and
bones ;

And sometimes too that transient ghosts, had been seen anywhere,
Walking the earth like shadows thin, or flying through the air.

And now the children crowding in to hear this ancient lore,
Would haggard look, as if they saw some demon at the door ;

But most we talked of other folks, not meaning to offend,

Discussed the merits of a coat, or of some absent friend ;

Dame fashion did not at that time, as in our modern day,

Compel the girls to wad and pad, in order to seem gay ;

The hoops and whalebones were not hatched, nor Betsy Bustle
stout,

These were since fashioned in high life, to help slim haunches
pout,

We criticised the manners then, just as we all do now

How things were neither this nor that, and looked somehow
nohow,

How Zilla Sandford wore her dress, or cut her cape too small,
Were too much ribbon on her back, and none before at all ;
And how far up the furbelow, stood out, in vulgar taste,
Just like her belt and stomacher, an inch below her waist,
How Fanny Flauntwell, who for years, had had so many beaux,
Had flirted in such graceful style, and danced upon her toes,
Was flirting yet, and single still, though verging twenty-four,
And now much less attended, than she ever was before ;
Whose time, 'twas thought, was so near out upon the girlish stage,
She'd soon let down, or be ruled off, like horses, for their age.
How Sally Simpkins was so shy, and yet so much a belle,
That every beau her eye had met, seemed bound as by a spell ;
That other girls more proud and bold, more flashy, rich or gay,
Had all at last to doff their caps, and own her modest sway ;
That Ellen Loveless, in her schemes to catch rich William Green
Had lost young Dickey, honest man, who all her plans had seen .
And how to win him back again, she played a game so bold,
As to betray her heartlessness, and render Dickey cold,
And then how Granny Growkins strove, with superhuman arts,
To marry her two daughters off, regardless of their hearts ;
Praised both outright, who as she said, did not need a defense,
For Mary was a lovely chit, and Ann a girl of sense ;
Said though her girls round fortunes had, and more upon the shelf,
Each one was worth more than her gold, a fortune in herself ;
And how old Granny found at last, that she had been deceived,
In getting husbands for her girls, as she had fain believed ;
Found out at last what girls themselves, ought early to discern,
That mothers cannot for them love, nor men such love return ;
That Carson was a man of wit, the girls had not a doubt,
But could not bear his shallow shoes, and short-cut roundabout.
Wilson dressed in better taste, in black or blue surtouts,
But had a vulgar air, 'twas thought, with breeches in his boots,
Young Williams, true, was college bred, and tasteful to the life,
But then he had not three red cents, and could not feed a wife ;
There's lawer Leak, that talks so well, I tell you, we have none
such,
But then they say, he loves his dram, and plays at cards too much

He has such pretty teeth and hair, such noble brow and eyes,
 I could forgive him, but Ma says,—says what?—"a lawyer lies."
 The Doctor's clever, handsome, smart, he's up and down the thing,
 But pshaw, we cannot catch him here, he loves that rich Miss King,
 And if we could, I don't believe, I could love him at all,
 I can't forget what sights he's seen, of folks cut up and all.
 I could love farmer Freeman here, a friendly, faultless swain,
 But all his talk 's about his 'crop,' dressed in his homespun plain.
 Thus after due discussion had, and no one found just right,
 The girls tucked up their greasy hair, and fixed it for the night;
 They curled each lock, in paper hard, and bound them with a pin,
 In view to turn their three-plat out, and twist some ringlets in;
 And then they powdered, frilled and capped, till nine at night,
 that so,
 They might disguise their nat'ral phiz, and fool some silly bean;
 Quite like the jockey, who designs to play some knavish trick,
 Takes grease, and works till late at night, to make his fillies sleek;
 Curries, rubs, and brushes in his stall, and still rubs down again,
 And after all, to touch them off, tri-plats the flowing mane.
 Here girls, I've seen your beaux approach, in all their finery
 dressed,
 And spied beneath a flushing face, the joy that lit your breast;
 Seen the old lady pin her shawl, and bow them to a chair,
 While you flew back to draw your dress, and smooth your sandy
 hair.
 Rich garments now, you soon displayed, upon the bed hard by,
 And doubtful which would suit you best, now this, now that, you
 try,
 Till settling down upon the orange, violet, pink, or red,
 The rest were left stiff starched things, like scarecrows, on the bed;
 And then, to make the dress set well, seemed all your great
 concern,
 For round and round before the glass, now face, now back, you turn;
 Now right, now left, this way and that, now up, now down, you
 look,
 Now fix your breastpin, now your rings, and now your comb you
 tuck;

Then front, then rear, then heel and toe, once more in review
passed,

The gentle twitch upon your curls, reserving to the last ;
And now, delighted with your looks, you toss your head and start,
Transported at this fine effect, of your transforming art ;

For at the parlor in due time, you always would appear,
Trembling, perhaps, yet pleased withal, to see your fav'rite here.
But now to hear your idle talk, 'twould make a buffoon laugh,
The fun he makes of foolishness, is better full by half ;
'Twas novels late, or black-haired pate, with damask cheek and
dimple,

Jonquilles or Narcissus fair, or rose-bud, sweet and simple.
Diamond breastpins, flashing pendants, Cupid and the Graces,
Or forms of more than human mould, stuck on to heavenly faces ;
And if at last, close drawing in, you sunk down to a whisper,
I knew the chances ten to one, that Jack would lose his sister.
But o'er this scene, I'll draw a veil, nor sacred secrets tell,
You all have married in your prime, and think you've married well.
I'll only say a word or two, about my own true love,
The picture of angelic grace, borne by the laureate dove.
The moon, resplendent in her orb, the diamond in the mine,
Could not with her soft face compare, or her black eyes outshine :
Nor could all Nature's rarest gems, her flowers and forms com-
bined,

Produce one single emblem, half so spotless as her mind.
Methinks I see her girlish pranks, and gambols, on the green,
And then her maiden modesty, shrink back at seventeen.
There's music in that syren voice, that lifts my soul on high,
But music's in her matchless brow, and music in her eye.
There's music in her cadence step, there's music in her mien,
And oh ! that peerlessness of form, above a fairy queen.
There's music in the sparkling curls, that dangle round her ear,
Like music of Æolus wild, Heaven's choicest chanticleer ;
There's music in her curling lip, the sense of wrong to speak,
There's music in the glowing tide, that blushes on her cheek ;
There's music in the placid smile, that mantles o'er the whole,
And music in her loudest laugh, that atra my inmost soul ;

Thus if she laughs, or walks, or frowns, I love my Ada still,
Still to my heart she seems designed, my pleasure to fulfill ;
Still first and foremost of her sex, her charms unrivaled shine,
Her virtues all are magnified, and all her faults divine.
In love's own magic mirror thus, her image did I see,
Nor day, nor night, nor month, nor year, removed that form from
me ;
At dawn of day, the matin lay, that caroled from the grove,
Mocked my sad heart with thoughts of bliss, that moved the
warbling love ;
At eve, the vesper-bell, that broke upon the mellow air,
Waked deep within my gloomy breast, sad feelings of despair ;
But when at night I laid me down, upon my bed to rest,
Her speaking form my eyes beheld, her name throbbed in my
breast.
I sighed and rolled, and rolled and sighed, with thoughts of love
refined,
While thrilling scenes of joys then past, flit swiftly through my
mind,
Until my raptured spirit, calmed by Morpheus' fickle reign,
Clasped her bright impress in my arms, and fired my soul again.
Thus through the night I'd fondly fight, in fancy's raree-show,
Until Aurora broke the charm, my real state to know ;
And then I fain would sleep again, to dream my dreaming o'er,
But O, my soul, the night had fled, and I could dream no more.

"Pa," said Clara, when I had finished, "people then were not like they are now ; why do not you and Ma tell us stories about ghosts and devils, as grandma and grandpa told you?"

"My dear," said I, "it is very improper to tell children such stories, for ghosts and devils are only imaginary beings, and it makes children very unhappy to be in fear of them when they are in the dark."

"Are you certain, Pa," said she, "that there are no such beings as these?"

"I am certain, my daughter," said I, "that we shall never see or know anything about such abstract existences in this world. They are therefore, so far as our senses are concerned, only imaginary, and should not be suffered to disturb our minds."

CHAPTER XLV.

"Mr. B.," said my wife, after the children had retired, "it is time we should begin to cast about, for Clara is nearly fifteen, and certainly we should always have our wits about us in matters of this kind."

"Indeed, my dear," replied I, "your suggestion is a most prudent one, and I am truly proud to see that you entertain a just sense of the importance of her time; she should indeed pursue with almost unremitting industry the studies in which she is engaged, while we should daily repeat in her ears our wisest maxims, and profoundest philosophy, for I perfectly agree with you that a moment lost, at her time of life, will be with great difficulty atoned for in after years."

"I intended to say," Mr. B., said she, "that her happiness (at least in this world), is in a great measure committed to our hands, and that in view of our

high responsibility we should promptly attend to those more important events on which her temporal welfare mainly depends."

"I understand you perfectly well, my dear," said I, "and I further admit that, even her eternal well-being may very greatly depend upon the education she now receives, and the course of conduct we pursue toward her. I am well aware that you deem the character of the school at which she receives her instruction, quite as important as the manner in which she applies herself, and although I cannot myself entirely approve the course of instruction adopted in female seminaries, believing as I do, that it is too effeminate, and that girls and boys ought to graduate at college together, yet I hope to make up (in part at least), by our own assiduity and attention to our children, the deficiencies which we know to exist in the crude institutions of learning around us; and in this, as you justly esteem it, a very high duty, I am more than gratified to find you foremost in calling attention to its importance."

"I intended to say sir," replied she, "that we should begin to think of a suitable match for her."

"A match!—a match!—ah, indeed!—well really, my dear, I am sorry I misapprehended you, you will oblige me by giving me your ideas, as I have no particular views on the subject."

"By no means, sir," said she, "it is proper that *on a subject of this magnitude, you should first speak,*

my opinion being only of secondary moment, and my acquiescence almost a matter of course."

"Well, indeed, my dear," said I, "I have always thought it was our duty to fortify our children by moral and intellectual culture for the difficult journey of life, and leave such things to providential direction, or the voluntary decisions of their own minds, taking good care occasionally to express our admiration for virtue and our partiality for men of honesty and integrity, while we should be equally careful to discourage conjugal alliances where there is not to be found in the circumstances, or habits and condition of the parties, a guarantee against poverty and want. If we but discharge our duties faithfully, all else will be right with us, and our children will not only have the discretion which will enable them to make judicious selections for themselves, but they will possess characters which must command suitable opportunities for consummating all the desirable relations in life."

"Your remarks are substantially correct, sir," said my wife, "yet there are many little arts, entirely innocent in themselves, which may be successfully practiced to conciliate those in whose favor we are desirous to ingratiate ourselves or our children. And it is often by attention to these small things (as they are generally considered), that the greatest results are accomplished in regard to ourselves, or the most

advantageous arrangements secured for the settlement of our children in the world."

"My dear C——," said I, "I must ever oppose the use of duplicity or double-dealing, in the pursuit of any object whatever, however simple the form, or apparently innocent the artifice may be by which we attempt to give things a false color; for whatever unreal advantage may at first seem to flow from an artificial course of conduct, I can assure you that the consequences will almost invariably be disagreeable, and the final result the very opposite of that which it was the original design to accomplish. The schemes and contrivances of the most subtle and mischievous of mankind do not more certainly re-act upon the heads of their authors, and render them the unpitied victims of their own malevolent machinations, than do the more delicate and refined subtleties of social intercourse, return in disappointment and shame upon the hearts and consciences of those who often unsuspectingly practice them. But were it proper or necessary, in extreme cases, my dear," I continued, "for parents to exercise their ingenuity in working off their homely or defective offspring, still we should certainly have but little use for skillful management in the present instance; for Clara has a good mind, and a better heart, and I doubt not as soon as she shall become tired of the parental roof, *and prefer the society of another to that of our own,*

she will naturally attract the attention of little Richard Thompson, William Jackson, or some other honest young man in the neighborhood, for, having been her schoolmates, it is almost impossible that her many amiable qualities should have escaped their observation."

"Really, Mr. B.," said my wife, "I cannot believe you in earnest; would you, indeed, mention Clara, in connection with Dick Thompson, and Bill Jackson? I had rather follow her to her grave. In the name of Heaven, Mr. B.," said she, "who are these fellows you mentioned, and what pretensions have they to such a girl as Clara? What could be expected from such a match (if match it could be called), but degradation, obscurity, poverty, unhappiness; but, excuse me, sir," said she, "the picture is too gloomy for contemplation."

"My dear," said I, "it was far from my wishes to differ from you so widely on a matter of such momentous importance, and if you will allow me, I will endeavor to answer your objections, after which, perhaps, we shall be better prepared to decide upon the difference in our views;" she was silent, and I continued: "if we admit the truth of the Sacred History, we cannot deny, that we have all proceeded from a common set of ancestors, whether we trace our origin to the great primary pair, that were first endowed with supreme sway over creation, and *super-added the music of the human voice, to the universal*

chorus of nature, or, look back only to that less remote pair, who survived the deluge, being miraculously preserved for replenishing the depopulated earth. This much premised, it follows, that any distinctions based upon hereditary superiority, are unreal, as well as arrogant and presumptuous; the only distinctions that can exist, being accidental merely, or the result of personal merit; and, indeed, I have found, upon a very close comparison of mankind with one another, that, however wide the individual differences may appear to be, yet, in reality, they are much less than from a superficial view, we are inclined to imagine. We are all a mixture of what are called good and bad qualities, and though the one are often more prominent than the other, and thus determine the popular reputation, yet the opposite qualities, upon a close inspection, will be found to exist, so as to nearly balance. The orator is generally deficient in judgment; the profound philosopher in the common sciences and domestic arts, and the man of genius, in habits of economy and useful knowledge, while the simple and uneducated mechanic, or the plain and practical farmer, not unfrequently manifest their superiority, by first accomplishing that which is the grand object of them all. In a moral point of view, there are certainly wide differences, owing more to accidental circumstances, than to any *original* peculiarities of virtuous susceptibility, or *moral* principle, and I think it will generally be

conceded, that if we look narrowly into the various professions which make up the active and diversified scene of human existence, we shall find a large preponderance of virtue and integrity in those who are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and among these a still greater proportion in the middling classes, where there is neither the pressure of penury, nor the licentious freedom of opulence, both of which states have been found to be unfavorable to the development of the moral faculties, and are but seldom distinguished by the exercise of extraordinary virtues."

"Mr. B.," replied my wife, "is there any reason under the canopy of Heaven, why young Sanderson, who has just commenced the study of the law, and who is a most elegant and accomplished gentleman, should not make as worthy a companion as the rough-hewn clowns of our country clod-hoppers? What is to be hoped, or expected from them, but toilsome drudgery, and debasing servitude for life, with too little education to appreciate the fine arts, or enjoy the refined civilities of polite society, and too unambitious to look forward for a change of condition, they drag along in obscurity, the most undistinguished and unenviable existence, and die unnoticed and unlamented by the world. Mr. Sanderson, may yet get to Congress, or receive some executive appointment to a foreign country, and I know you would be proud of such a son-in-law, while you could not help sympathizing with your daughter in that

complacent pride and dignified happiness, which necessarily flow from elevated rank."

"My dear," said I, "I can imagine no satisfaction greater than that of seeing our son-in-law, whoever he may be, an honest man, for I can assure you, that I esteem honesty above every other qualification, and I fear, that many of those who count themselves fortunate enough to attain the eminence you allude to, are wanting in this great virtue, for I have, indeed, found it one of the rarest among mankind, and I can assure you, my dear, that no other quality will so certainly insure success in the business of life, or so effectually guarantee the peace and happiness of the married relation."

"But do you not think, sir," said she, "that a lawyer might be an honest man?"

"Most assuredly," said I, "yet my observation has convinced me, that the proportion is very small in this profession, owing (as I have the charity to suppose), to the unjustifiable habit of advocating fraudulent claims, and protracting iniquitous controversies. But what seems to me particularly to demand our attention, is the well known fact, that out of this profession (as you very justly intimate), issue in a great measure that large class of ambitious aspirants for official honors and dignities, not one out of twenty of whom are successful, even honesty itself, *being here* but an indifferent qualification; and if the *above estimate* be a correct one, then, Mr. Sand-

son's chances of success would be as one to twenty ; but should he by an unusually fortunate combination of accidental circumstances, reach the acme of fame, and gratify the loftiest desires of wordly ambition, it would not be at all difficult to show, from the most illustrious examples, that he would then, in all probability, fall a victim to his own passions, while his companion could not fail to share his misery, and lament, when it was too late, the disappearance of the attractive bubble by which she had been deceived. But, my dear," I continued, "I have only surveyed the bright side of his picture, and have endeavored to show you what would be the probable issue of the most successful career that could be enjoyed by Mr. Sanderson, should he be the greatest favorite of fortune ; but, as I have observed, the chances opposed to so prosperous a result, are as nineteen to one, it will be necessary for us to take into our consideration the humiliating mortification, and pecuniary losses of a failure, as well as the disagreeable, and often fatal consequences, that almost necessarily flow from them ; and here, my dear, I must be permitted to remark, that it is ever most unpleasant to retrace our steps, from whatever point, or at whatever stage of our progress in life, the retrograde movement may commence. The traveler who has walked but a day, in the wrong direction, in pursuit of some desired object, turns back with painful reluctance, to correct the *aberrations of his journey*. We shall find in after

years, and I have already experienced, that whatever the errors and opinions inculcated upon our youthful minds may have been, there is the greatest difficulty in reviewing and rectifying them; and, indeed, I am not certain, that the strictest revision will ever be sufficient to eradicate them. The vicious, licentiate, and hoary-headed infidel, who have spent half a lifetime in heedless transgressions of the divine law, can scarcely be prevailed upon, even to look back upon the moral obliquity of their conduct, and it would be worse than idle, should we attempt to induce them to retrace their steps, and repair the amount of injury they have individually committed, or, the still greater amount of crime they have perpetrated against society. In view, then, of these universal principles of human action, I would most respectfully ask, my dear, what could we expect from the disappointed and frustrated aspirant for power, could we expect him to traverse this law of his nature, and returning to the point from which he had at first started, sedulously apply himself to the original business of his life, and become a practical and useful man? It would be almost chimerical, to expect such a result; with too much ambition, to think of renouncing the visionary idol he had so long cherished, and too much pride to descend to a subordinate profession, for which, indeed, he must have almost disqualified himself by idleness and political babbling, he would sink down the miserable dupe of *his own folly, and end in mortification, wretchedness,*

and dissipation, a life, which a few years before, had been illuminated by the brightest hopes, or stimulated by the most sanguine expectations. And what must now be the fate of the unfortunate female, whose destinies are connected with such a downcast and desperate being? Forced constantly to submit to the most disagreeable retrenchments of personal comfort. Dragged, from house to house, and at last, from city to city, with barely a sufficiency to satisfy the calls of nature; heartbroken and sad, still blindly following the fortunes of her miserable partner, who strives in vain, to alleviate his sorrows in the maddening bowl, or courts oblivion in the silence of death, and the forgetfulness of the welcome grave." But here, I saw my wife was overcome by her feelings, and I desisted; yet, as I had not finished my argument, I continued, after a short intermission, as follows:—"The young men (our neighbors), whom you rather disparagingly mentioned, are truly plain and simple in their manners, and domestic in their habits, and perhaps, like the prophets of old, may have even with many well-meaning persons, but little honor at home; yet they have been trained to industry, honesty, and frugality, and these are sterling virtues, that will endure the searching ordeal of time, and (like the undeviating polar star to the watchful mariner), ever infallibly direct them to whatever the desired haven may be. They will probably commence in the world, as every prudent man should do,

with caution and humility, hesitating for the certainty of experiment, or the advice of age to instruct them, but still advancing by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, they will commit but few errors, and these of a nature easily corrected, and thus by the middle of life, they will have become practical philosophers, encouraging by their example, admonishing by their precepts, or enlightening by their experience, the rising generation who are to succeed them; while their last days, will be their best days, and blessed with honors, contentment and riches, they and theirs will enjoy the earth, and with the approbation of a good conscience, hope for the approving smiles of Heaven, and the inappreciable rewards of eternal felicity. And, indeed, I can imagine no position among men more honorable, than that occupied by a high-minded, intelligent and independent agriculturist; he is a legislator from experience, a financier from necessity, a physician from practice, and a philosopher from observation, while every other interest depends upon his patronage, and shares his misfortunes."

My wife did not now gainsay the justice of my remarks, yet, I discovered they had made but little impression upon her mind, and I was fearful she was not entirely satisfied with my views.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE reader will probably recollect, that I promised to get my wife another horse for her carriage, to work with old Dobbin, who (as she said), never failed to pull; this promise I had been able to defer fulfilling for nearly two years, owing to the infrequency of her visits, which did not exceed five or six a-year. I at length found and purchased one, and a fine-looking fellow too, with which my wife expressed herself very well pleased; a thing she very seldom did, particularly in regard to things I had done without consulting her; indeed she immediately determined to take a trip of about twenty miles, (as I thought), with the view of showing-off a little. On the day previous to that set for their departure, the carriage was drawn out, and the negroes put to greasing and rubbing under the immediate supervision of my wife, who astonished me by the numerous expedients to which she had recourse for brightening the brasses and polishing the leathers. The horses were got up, burred and curried (although the former process deprived old Dobbin of about two-thirds of his mane and tail), and stabled for the night, in order for an early start. Early on the following morning the procession commenced, and though I thought I saw some symptoms of unwillingness to pull on the part of old Dobbin, I said nothing about

it, not wishing to alarm my wife, and hoping also that I might be mistaken myself. In a short time, however, after they started, I thought it prudent to follow them to the first hill, which was a tolerable steep one, and which I thought would be a fair test for the horses; I had not reached the summit on the opposite hill, when I heard the crash of switches, accompanied by an occasional groan, which I too well interpreted; an instant more brought me in sight of my wife and children on the side of the hill about twenty steps from the carriage, the youngster, whom my wife had insisted should drive instead of old Joe, having tied old Dobbin to a sapling, was flaying him for life, while his heels were flying in the air in the most imposing manner, keeping exact time to the thrilling music upon his back. Before I was near enough to issue my orders, Dobbin had broken loose from the tree, and a race commenced which I well knew would terminate at the stable. I could not for my life help being amused, as I thought of the numerous difficulties my wife had had of this kind, of which the present was by no means the least. As I approached, instead of the tirade I anticipated, she hung her head in seeming despondence, the children were screaming with affright, and I was obliged to laugh outright as old Dobbin flew by me with his terrible pursuer close in his rear. My wife did not immediately speak, for I supposed she had been disappointed at seeing her favorite horse refuse to pull,

and scarcely knew how to begin. It was but a few moments, however, until I discovered her feelings had begun to rally, and apprehending a storm upon my head, I thought it best to begin in the mildest manner I could, by throwing the blame of this affair upon herself; I accordingly addressed her as follows: "You see my dear, that you were somewhat mistaken in Dobbin's fidelity; it was your confident assurance that he was perfectly reliable, that prevented me from purchasing another horse, I shall, I fear, now be compelled to purchase an entire new pair, for Talleyrand's obstinacy first spoiled old Dobbin, and now Dobbin has (no doubt), spoiled Cash."

"Hang the horses and carriage," exclaimed she, "I want nothing to do with either of them; I will go home and stay there the balance of my days."

To this I objected, assuring her "that with mild treatment old Dobbin could be induced to work; that it was altogether the inexperience of his driver that had caused him to be so refractory, as I should be able to prove to her as soon as he was brought back." This I was fortunately able to do, and the procession again set forward with the most specific directions about driving, which I have found but few men well to understand. A horse should not be hurried when on a strain or hard pull, more than is just sufficient to make him hold his draught and keep *it in motion*; he should be stopped frequently on

long hills, or in hard draughts, and be taught to hold and start at a word or whistle; he should be whipped but little while drawing: in this way a horse may be taught to put out his whole strength, and never to give over, until he finds himself overloaded. To the present day, I have never been able to have everything in order about my carriage. At first the horses would not work; when this difficulty was overcome, they were found to be totally unlike, both in form and color, and when I at length obtained a pair of matches, the carriage itself wanted repairing, and thus will we ever be sorely taxed by our pride and our love of fashion.

CHAPTER XLVII.

WHILE on this subject, I will relate a conversation with a neighbor of mine, a few years since.

"Mr. B.," said he, "why have you taken the blinds from your carriage bridles? Are you not afraid the horses will some day run off with the carriage?"

"I have done so, sir," said I, for the purpose of preventing the evil you speak of."

"I cannot see," said he, "how this will prevent it. It appears to me, it will only increase the danger, by exposing to the view of the horses, those things *which* are calculated to frighten them."

* * *

"It was this impression, sir," said I, "(no doubt), that first caused the introduction of blinds for horses, and to this unnatural custom is justly to be attributed at least three-fourths of the accidents we hear of, of this kind. I will tell you a circumstance," said I, "which I may probably assign as the immediate cause of my removal of them, although I had for years spoken of them as absurd and useless."

"There lived in the neighborhood of my old place, an old chairmaker who had for years supplied the surrounding country with this useful article of his own manufacture, carrying them in a little wagon from house to house wherever he could find sale for them, and returning with his wagon loaded with hides which he received in part payment for his chairs. This old man had always worked the same horse, and he was so gentle that the old man never thought it necessary to fasten his bridle when he had stopped, but left him standing in town or elsewhere, without hitching, and after left him to carry home his load of hides without a driver. One day as this old man was driving him along the road near home, he took affright at some noise behind him, and running off struck the wagon against a stump, and so injured the old man that he died in a few days. Upon hearing of this strange conduct in this horse, I inquired if he had blinds on, and was informed that he had; this (I have no doubt), was the cause of his running off; *these blinds prevented his seeing what it was that*

made the noise he was so much alarmed at, had he seen the hides he could not have been afraid of them having been all his life familiar with them; and as a proof of this, as soon as he had broken loose from the wagon, he turned about, and after satisfying himself that there was no danger, he walked close up to the wagon, and stood by his wounded master until he received assistance from his neighbors."

"Sir," said he, "are not horses sometimes afraid of the carriage itself? and would not such horses do better with blinds on?"

"Such horses, sir," said I "are never safe, and should not be worked in harness at all, for the first unusual noise will alarm them, and then they will be almost certain to run away; they should always be permitted to see everything about them, and if they are not afraid of what they are to draw at the outset they will see nothing in it afterward to alarm them. If however, they are not satisfied at first, their imaginations will easily convert a slight noise into a frightful bugbear, and they will run as we would do ourselves, to escape the threatening danger; I have tried this practice of working without blinds for several years, and I have no hesitation in saying, that there is no more danger of a horse running off in harness, than under the saddle, provided he is allowed the same liberty of seeing in both situations, excepting only the breaking of his harness, and thus of precipitating his load upon his heels, in which case he will

generally run through necessity, but not through fear, and will usually stop at the foot of the hill, or as soon as the necessity of running ceases, of which I have had several instances."

"Well, sir," said he, "if this is true, ought it not to be known? There are a great many accidents in this way that might be avoided."

"I have frequently spoken of it, sir," said I, "but as yet, I have known but one man to adopt the practice; when you have seen as much of the world as I have, you will find, that there is not more than one-tenth of mankind who think for themselves, and that they will prefer to suffer a lifetime, under evils that are endurable, rather than incur the risk of a change, or do violence to the settled opinions of others."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

My wife had just returned from the visit mentioned in a previous chapter, having met with numerous disasters, among which was the loss of my fine horse Cash, caused by a nocturnal excursion of the youngster she had insisted should drive her, instead of old Joe. We were, however, all rejoiced at being again united around the cheerful hearth, and I had returned thanks in my heart for their preservation, when Clara took advantage of our joyous feelings to solicit another *extract from my poem*, which I read for her as follows:

"THE SCHOOL."

At six years old, as I am told, when I could just count three,
 They sent me to a country school, to learn my A, B, C;
 'Twas thought, just so I was at school, I must be learning there,
 And that I should start early, having little time to spare;
 My teacher was a kind old man, and no doubt, taught me well,
 He always put his finger down, right where I was to spell.
 He said, one day, I'd make a man, if I had half a chance,
 Good teachers like himself for years, and then a tour through
 France,

But thought not one in twenty now, would bring young children on,
 Of just such men, as would come in, directly he was gone.

The second was an infidel, and had no fear of God,

For if an urchin broke his rules, a dozen got his rod;

He whipped the large boys with a switch, but as I was too small,

He pushed my finger through a hole, and stuck me with his awl.

At eight years old he swung me up, suspended at the hip,

And twirled me round, to see me fly, and get good chance to
 whip;

Just like the pig for roasting, hung upon the circling Jack,

Turns round and round, and every time, gets basted on his back;

He whirled himself, just as I whirled, and kept his balance too,

And always met me, just in time, to make his licks hit true,

Which struck so sudden, sharp, and loud, from his great, long flat
 rule,

'Twas hard to tell which laughed the loudest, master or his school;

Yet round we went, and pop he took me, both together still,

I turned, because I could not stop, and he to show his skill;

'Till roaring rule and laughing school, had made my blood so hot,

That for my life I could not tell, if I was whipt or not.

The third one was a tyrant fierce, as ever handled power,

By nature predisposed for war, and in his temper sour,

He had three ruling principles, well known to every one,

"White Oak Dumplings, Hickory Tarts, and Pungent Cinnamon:"

These he thought infallible, the genius of his art,

Which pedagogues could not withhold, and do the master's part.

He used the first on boys sixteen, thence up to twenty one
Who saw themselves corrected well, unless they fought or ran,
To fight a teacher then, was thought a monstrous moral wrong,
And then this was so large and fat, so ugly and so strong;
To run was worse, the young men thought, the coward's part they
said,

So stood their ground and Dumplings too, on their brave backs
well laid.

Without a wink, without a blink, without a sigh or tear,
Save the large drop that honor paid, to pure parental fear;
Like some proud bull forced to the yoke, where drivers cut and
lash,

Grows obstinate and drags behind, to feel the scorching lash;
No muscle moves now to the whip, no murmur nor no sigh,
Save the great drop his pride distils, that fills his sweltering eye.
The second switch his fav'rite seemed, from twelve up to sixteen,
Ah! boys it almost makes me cringe, to think what I have seen;
You readers, you geographers, you cipherers, great and small,
You who passed for grammarians, and you young scribblers all;
You all have felt his Hick'ry Tarts, thrill fiercely down your
spine,

Worse than a thousand stinging wasps, or a long cat-o'-nine;
E'en now methinks, I hear its tones, keen whistling thro' the air,
While Darby stands, with lowering brow, and showers correction
there.

The little children all could tell, when Cinnamon was near,
For with his whims, this hornbeam ran, a bench there or one here;
Nervous, itchy, petulant, from close confinement grown,
Three times a day he left his seat, for exercise alone.
His motions all the school well knew, e'en those outside could tell,
For quick was heard the chattering tribe, aloud, then louder spell;
But oft' in vain their efforts proved, for just to show his power,
Or ease the muscles of his arms, he whipped them by the hour;
Like some cramped cur to fighting prone, close kenneled with your
hounds,

Walks round and round with sullen growl, chased by his narrow
bounds;

Then jumps on all, with gnashing rage, though far below his size,
To give himself some sad relief, and raise their howling cries.

His reputation too was great, and hung upon this thing,

That more than half of all his time, he made his hick'ries ring;
No parent thought worth while to ask, how children had progressed,
When nightly tales came in replete, with boys and girls well dressed.
If any by due diligence, had 'scaped the rod at school,

They seemed to claim a tighter hand, from the domestic rule.

The rod was thought omnipotent, and could hard things expound,
Just as the lever in a wheel, turns the vast structure round;

Yet strange to tell, we loved these men, who whipt us like a dog,
And just because we all supposed, they had been paid to flog;

Sometimes we 'scaped our daily brush, and this if Darby told,

We felt more pride than boys do now, to see their names in gold.

And if perchance, he took a thought to walk with us at night,

His humor was all pleasantry, and all our actions right;

He praised us for our good behavior, spoke of all our parts,

Said some learned easy, others well, and all had kindest hearts;

Which could but please our parents both, who each took half the
praise,

And soon began with modest pride, to boast of younger days.

The father's fort had figures been, and these he thought he knew,

His mathematic mind preferring, things exactly true;

"One-half of two-thirds, of three-fourths, makes one-fourth and no
more,

So seven to four makes fifteen, and, nine just makes up the score."

The mother said, "her sciences, were neither here nor there,"

But that few girls had learned so fast, what time she had to spare;

That young folks thought old folks all fools, who did but little know,

But old folks knew that they were right, in thinking young ones so;

Thus all around important felt, and our distinguished guest,

Was more than welcome at our house and fed upon our best.

The servants ran, the chickens squalled, the crackling fire blazed,

And pies, and sweet-meats oft appeared, at which the children
gazed;

*Each strove to please, this pleasing man, whom every one could
please,*

While he to please us strove as hard, and all were full at ease ;
'Twas strange how wise we thought he was, and still our reverence
grew,

For none did doubt he had forgotten, more than we all knew.
He looked like wisdom's cynosure, his head like wisdom's hall,
And none could broach a book or paper, but he knowed it all ;
But chief his conversation seemed, with deepest learning fraught,
His sentences of grammar smacked, and turned just as they ought ;
He thought old Walker was a man, of parts and learning too,
But said he had spelled honor wrong, in putting in the U.
That single letters in a word, that did not change the sound,
Should be rejected, where this would not diff'rent words confound,
That Murray was a scholar, could not safely be denied,
But that his prolix rules and notes, might be much simplified.
He said, in training children up, for each and every use,
We should inform their judgment well, and leave the fancy loose,
That diff'rences which did exist, to one great end combined ;
To prove they were made more by chance, than talents in the
mind,

He said, so vital was this point, that a right or wrong school,
A Socrates or Cæsar made, a christian or a fool.
Thus while he talked with lore profound, to our unfeigned surprise,
We inly praised the wondrous man, and felt our morals rise ;
Beside all this, the girls all round, held him in great demand,
For those who wanted better beaux, his service could command ,
Always ready, friendly, plain, a gallant grave or gay,
And if a better came along, as ready to give way.
He seemed to feel in duty bound, to help the girls show out,
Just as the mercer who would sell, to turn his silks about ;
He sympathized with old and young, and knew the grievance too,
Could bleed, and blister, and prescribe, what all the sick should do ;
In fine, we had no character, so wise, polite, or good,
And Popland, you had always one, just in your neighborhood.

" Pa," said Clara, when I had ended, " did teachers
in that day use the severity you describe ?"

" *They did, my dear,*" said I, " and indeed I

cannot give you any just idea of the unnatural systems of punishment then in use to compel children to learn. I do not approve of corporeal punishment, except with very rude or stubborn children, I am certain I did not learn so fast as I should have done under milder treatment."

"Well, I hope," said she, "that our school days are the most troublesome days of our lives, for it seems to me there is nothing but difficulties from beginning to end, and the last greater than the first."

"There will be difficulties, my dear," said I, "for every stage of life, (at least) to those who are to make any progress, and such alone deserve the name of intellectual beings; and indeed, I hope progression will hereafter be your motto, and the source of your highest enjoyment; if so, then every difficulty you now overcome, will but facilitate your future advancement and elevate the quality of your amusements."

CHAPTER XLIX.

THERE is perhaps, no subject of graver importance to parents than that of choosing the business or profession which their sons shall follow, and I had reflected a good deal about such things when my attention was called particularly to the subject by my wife one evening, as we sat with our children around the fire.

"Mr. B.," said she, what do you think of doing with James? Julius and the rest of the children are yet small, and will do very well at the country schools, but if you intend to give James a profession, or even a good education, it is time he was thinking about college, for he will soon be fifteen years of age, and has been through all the best schools about here.

"Well, really, my dear," said I, "my intention is at any rate, to educate him, but as to the business he shall follow, I have not yet made up my mind, believing as I do, that this should be left a good deal to his own inclination, for I have ever thought, that in private families, as well as in public communities, the best government, is that which governs least, and leaves most to the natural disposition of its subjects. But perhaps, he can assist us in settling this question. Come, my son," said I, "give us your views about it."

"I am not a judge of such things, father," said James, "yet somehow or other, I have thought I should like to be a public man of some sort, a sheriff, or other officer of the government. I think," he continued, "that public men have a better opportunity to get acquainted with mankind and they seem to me to enjoy the world more than private citizens."

"I am in hopes, my son," said I, "that a little farther acquaintance with the world, will correct this disposition and show you that most public offices, but

particularly those of a subordinate character, have a strong tendency to corrupt the heart, and unsettle the habits, and in the end almost certainly lead to a discontented mind, and an unhappy old age. I will tell you a story," said I, "of two orphan boys that I once heard of, from which I think we may draw an instructive lesson on this subject, as it pretty fairly exhibits the consequences of a popular ambition."

"I will thank you for the story," said he "at any rate."

"Then if you will take your seat," said I, "I will relate it."

THE STORY OF HENRY AND ALFORD.

Henry and Alford, though not at all related to each other, were of the same age, and most intimate friends. Both having been deprived of their parents when they were too young to recollect them, they had been raised and educated together and loved each other with more than brotherly affection. But they were different in disposition, and as soon as they attained to manhood and began to act for themselves this dissimilarity began to appear.

Henry was mercurial and impulsive, and fond of all kinds of amusement; handsome and polite, in his manners; well educated and intelligent, he found it no difficult matter to please, and conceiving a strong *desire* for popular admiration, he exerted all his talents *to conciliate the good opinion of others, and thought*

nothing wrong, that in any way advanced this, the only object of his ambition. Alford was reserved in his manners, thoughtful and sincere, he was full of life and loved amusement, but it was not of a convivial or boisterous kind; he enjoyed himself most in the society of his intimate friends, and when there were but two or three together; he was ambitious of the good opinions of his fellow-beings, but he thought only of doing something to deserve it. He did not desire to win applause by excellence in outward accomplishments, nor to ingratiate himself by servile flattery, or cowardly concession, but he considered how he might force all the world in the honesty of their hearts, to give him their respect and approbation; he was mortified when any undeserved compliment was passed upon him, for he courted only that involuntary and spontaneous gratulation, which it is impossible to withhold from those who have signalized themselves by their valor, their talents or their industry. Henry, by his talents to please, his beauty and accomplishments, and withal, his love of company, was a general favorite in the world of fashion; scarcely a ball, or other occasion of festivity passed off in the surrounding country, without his active participation. All the opposite sex seemed fascinated with his manners, or delighted by his attentions, and all his own seemed proud to possess his friendship and enjoy his confidence. Alford, on account of his modesty and diffidence, escaped public observation, and for the same

reason, was generally absent from those gay and fashionable assemblages, at which his friend acted so conspicuous a part; he was known only to a few, and so seldom spoken of, that even Henry was reluctant about introducing him to his gayer companions; this incongruity of disposition had so fully developed itself at twenty, as to indicate a different life for the two friends, and day by day as they were driven on in the channels which nature had marked out for them, and began to fix that character which was to last through life and perhaps influence their final destiny, they felt they were diverging from each other. Henry would fain have carried his friend along in the whirlpool of folly and fashion, and Alford would as joyfully have drawn Henry into the retirement so agreeable to himself, but each saw they must be separated by different vocations, and painful as it was, they submitted to the unalterable fiat of Him, whose will is manifest in all his works. Henry, by his bland and courteous demeanor, his high and chivalrous sense of honor, and his gay and social temper, soon rendered himself so popular, that he was without difficulty elected sheriff of the county, which office he held through a term of six years. He was now so much esteemed by his numerous friends and acquaintances, that he was sent to the Legislature. Here he was still a favorite, and by his respectful and gentlemanly behavior made friends for himself among all political parties. He had served out two

terms when he resigned, and was soon after elected mayor of the city, where he lived and exercised several minor offices, by which his income was greatly enhanced.

He very soon after married an elegant and fashionable lady, and having purchased a lot and fine three-story building at the county seat, he began at an early period of life, to act his part in the world with considerable distinction. He purchased the richest furniture, sideboards, sofas, lounges, cushions, rocking-chairs, fancy, and dressing-tables, piano-forte, mantle ornaments, etc. He spread the floor with Turkey-carpets, decorated the walls with brilliant mirrors, and costly paintings, and shaded the windows with damask drapery, surmounted by fantastic folds of ornamental embroidery. His table groaned under the weight of every luxury the surrounding country afforded, and Henry never appeared better pleased, or more flattered, than when he saw his numerous friends pouring in to share his hospitality, and witness the dignity with which his wife presided over his household, and entertained her guests. A dinner to his friend the Doctor, who had been absent from home, and another to the Colonel who was about to leave. A party to Miss A, who had just married, and another to Miss M., who was anxious to enter the matrimonial state. A supper just to get the young people together, and another, because it was fashionable, were a few of the agreeable amuse-

ments with which he relieved the irksomeness of his leisure intervals, and extended the popularity by which he had been so successful. His children were the idols of fancy; on them he lavished the most useless and extravagant ornaments; beads, necklaces, bracelets, ear-rings, finger-rings, breastpins, etc.; while ingenuity exhausted her resources to furnish for them the most gorgeous attire. They were regularly exhibited at the circuses, dinners, balls, plays, and raree-shows, and received their first lessons at the toilette and in the dancing-school. The sterner virtues of economy and self-denial were left entirely out of sight, or not inculcated upon their youthful minds, and they believed that all beauty was external, and all grace consisted in the modishness of their manners.

Alford as naturally fell into a business suited to his temper and disposition. He invested his small capital in slaves, and purchasing a small farm labored from day to day for a frugal support. He married a plain woman of good understanding, and an entire stranger to luxury or extravagance. She had been trained in the school of misfortune, and had been early made to feel, that industry and frugality were among the cardinal virtues of Christianity. All beauty, with her, lay in the simplicity of nature, and all formality in a just conformity to her laws. For years Alford and his little family were the sport of fortune, and the children of adversity. His first

enterprise proved most unfortunate. Having no patrimonial residence he removed to an adjoining county; here he hoped to hide his poverty, amid a host of destitute adventurers like himself, until he could improve his circumstances, and enable himself to return an independent man to the place which was still most dear to him. Here he labored patiently for several years, and was just getting his small farm into condition to realize the fruits of his labors, when his title was found to be totally worthless, and the real owner appeared to take possession of his property. Disappointed in his calculations, and almost irretrievably ruined in his pecuniary affairs, he was compelled to relinquish this, his second home, without compensation for his labor, and without the means of procuring another. Had he now been without faith in the protection of Providence, or without confidence in the final success and triumph of integrity and honesty, he must have tumbled headlong into the broad ocean of disappointed ambition, and have floated upon its descending tide to the gulf of poverty and misery; but firm in his pursuit of that most honorable and useful of all human employments, and remembering the divine injunction, that man should live by the sweat of his face, he again purchased a small farm by the assistance of kind friends, and again applied himself diligently to the business of his life.

Fortune now favored all his exertions; by prudence, moderation, and economy, he began rapidly to improve his capital. His sheep, his cattle, and his horses, nourished by his fostering care, rioted in the luxuriance of nature, and annually repaid him with the most abundant increase, and his wife, with the assistance of a single servant, was able to manage his household, and often, during the press of business in the farm, to assist in its cultivation. His house was of hewed logs, and simple construction; the tables and chairs were of domestic manufacture, and the walls had no ornament, save that of a counting-house almanac, annually extracted from the newspapers, and an original drawing of flowers, executed by his wife in the exercise of her juvenile fancy; the floor reflected its own luster, from a surface polished by frequent ablutions, and the windows were supplied by barely a sufficiency of glass to shut out the howling blast; a rifle gun suspended in a wooden rack over the fireplace, and a shot gun behind the door in the corner, completed the furniture of his unpretending residence. Alford's aim was to make money while he was young; he knew the time would come, when his children would draw heavily upon him for their education and comfort, and this too, when old age would disqualify him for the labors of the field, and dispose his mind for quietude and ease. He had also seen enough of *the world* to know, that the kindlier feelings of human

nature flow most readily in behalf of the more fortunate and independent, and that those who have but a little, have still less to expect from others.

Alford continued twelve years in this obscure retreat, unnoticed and almost unknown, even his friend Henry had not considered him worthy of attention, having never visited him during this long period. But he had now accomplished his object, he was independent, and as his children began to need education, he sold out and removed nearer to the county seat, where he should not only have better schools, and the convenience of a post-office, but where he should enjoy the society of his early friends and associates, among whom was Henry.

When Henry heard of the contemplated return of his ancient friend, a train of pleasing recollections passed through his mind, and he felt delighted at the thought of renewing an intimacy which had once been so necessary to his happiness, but his pleasing anticipations were soon interrupted by his pride. "My friend's family," thought he, "are rude and unpolished in their manners, and therefore, not suitable associates for mine, nor are they able to deport themselves in the elevated circle where my own moves. They are fond of books, 'tis true, and know how to regulate their lives by maxims of wisdom and economy. They have been instructed in the paramount importance of religious obligation, and pay homage to virtue, as to a tutelary deity, yet all this cannot

stone for rough hands, brown complexion, and blunt, and simple manners. Their books and philosophy, which have increased their knowledge, strengthened their judgment, and sharpened their wits, have left them without the external graces, and ignorant of the forms and etiquette of fashionable life, and it will greatly disparage my family, and put our pride to the blush, to receive and treat them as equals. I could get along with them myself, but my wife; it will never do." Such were Henry's reflections prompted by a false pride, which had ever beset his mind.

Amid the hurry and bustle of public life, Henry had found but little time, and less inclination, for the study of human nature. He did not know that virtue is the only quality that will wear well; that artless and unaffected manners can alone find their way to the heart, and that knowledge constitutes the only real aristocracy. He mistook form for substance, appearance for reality, outward formality for politeness, and hypocrisy for virtue, and seeing mankind only through this false medium, it was not strange, that he should regard the plain and unostentatious family of his friend, as only second or third rate folks.

Alford easily detected the embarrassment of his friend on his account, by the efforts of Horatio to conceal it, but conscious of his own true dignity, and confident in that just pride which ever flows from moral rectitude, and the approbation of our own conscience,

he felt no disposition to resentment or remonstrance, but on the contrary, was grieved to find one he loved, so much infatuated with the vanities of life. He saw Henry immersed in sensual gratification, a mere man of the world, and a slave to his passions; he saw him whirled round in folly's giddy dance with the devotees of pleasure, and riot with the debauchee in his bacchanalian revel; he saw him still bending in sycophantic adulation, to catch the fickle multitude, and intoxicated with the flattery that was, in turn, poured into his credulous ear; but what was worse than all, he saw that he had become a fashionable wine-bibber, that he was hourly at the tippling shops, and often protracted his intemperance to a late hour, participating in all those indulgences that are almost inseparable from drunkenness. He desired to expostulate with him, upon the fatal tendency of his self-indulgence, and the final bankruptcy and ruin that would result from his reckless prodigality, but for a time, he forbore; he was afraid of offending that jealous sensibility his friend had evinced, when from time to time, he had tried to fix his attention upon general morality. Beside, so unacquainted was Henry with the humble circumstances of indigence, that it would be no easy matter to make him understand the frightful mien of the meager messengers of want, or the squalid misery of the victims of penniless poverty.

Overcome at last, however, by his sense of duty, *Alford addressed his friend thus:—"I hope, Henry,"*

said he, "you will not esteem me presumptuous, in offering you my advice in certain matters which appear to me of vital importance to your welfare, for, however incapable you may think me of being your counselor, you know that I am a few months older than you are, which would seem to give me this right; you will not, therefore, deny, that this, together with the love and friendship I have ever entertained for you, entitles me, at least, to the credit of sincerity. It has been with pain, that I have for some time witnessed your participation in those practices, which, though they may be construed under your code of laws, as properly appertaining to the man of quality, are in direct opposition to a sound system of moral philosophy, and will, in the end, unless corrected, lead to disease, wretchedness and poverty. Fashion is the handmaid of folly, and vice is ever ready to hold up her train. You may find a temporary gratification in the lap of luxury, but you must finally pay the cost with bitter disappointment, and shed tears of repentance in unavailing regret. We may turn our back on dull care, in the hey-day of prosperity, and laugh at her sober face in the gayety of youth, but her stern form will at last knock at our door, and find decrepitude and want ready to receive them, I fear," continued Alford; "that what you call a social glass, will end in a confirmed habit of intemperance, and *that* you will see your error, only when it will be too *late* to apply the remedy; but there is still a higher

duty which we owe to others to which I wish particularly to call your attention. The innocent beings Providence has committed to our care, have a just claim upon every moment of our time, as well as upon the fruits of our labor, and he who disregards this claim, most palpably violates the will of his Creator. They need those comforts and advantages which money will alone procure; we should, therefore, lay up, from the superfluities of the present hour, what may be necessary for the future. Your present income, Henry, supports you in the widest range of sensual enjoyment, and flattery keeps all fear of a rival removed from your mind, but remember that the sunshine of popular favor is the 'ignis fatuus,' of destruction, and he who trusts its fickle glare, will find himself betrayed into gloomy disappointment, and sunk in the fens of corruption, from which but few have the power, and still fewer the inclination, to escape."

"I thank you Alford," replied Henry, "for your well-meant advice, but you must know that, though younger, I have lived more in the world than you have, and therefore, ought to know better what is expected from one in my position in society. I drink often, it is true, but it is always with my friends, whom it would not be policy to disoblige or displease; beside, I have observed that as men advance toward the head of society, they indulge more and more in fashionable gaming and drinking; I think it

is well settled, that no one can long maintain a standing among the aristocracy, who will churlishly abstain from a social glass, or sacrifice an innocent desire, in order to save his purse; as to riches," said he, "I do not desire them; I value money only as it is capable of relieving my wants, or of administering to my happiness, and what I have, shall therefore always be held subservient to these ends. If you, Alford, could forego all the pleasures of the present life or cold calculations of selfish interest, and if you have long since given up your hope of the distinction I enjoy, for pecuniary aggrandizement, you have yet to learn my character, if you suppose me capable of imitating your sordid example. This is a country," continued Henry, "where every vile serf accumulates his paltry gold, but it is only the man of taste and breeding that knows how to enjoy it; I will live while I live, and let each day provide for itself; my children must do as I have done, the world is wide, and they can easily make their own fortunes, for although I do not expect to give them riches, I shall endeavor to equip them with what I know to be a better passport to the favor of society, the highest personal accomplishments."

Alford, discouraged by the taunting reply of his friend, and seeing his countenance was beginning to assume the sternness of insulted pride, withdrew, and did not again obtrude his unwelcome admonition.

Years passed away, Henry managed, by the same

truckling obsequiousness by which he had at first obtained his offices, to retain possession thereof, and with the profits to support his family in the most unlimited extravagance. But a crisis at length arrived, and his affairs were destined to take a turn, as the sequel will show. His habits of idleness and dissipation gradually increased upon him, until they destroyed all relish for sober employment, and he seemed never to be contented except in the noise and bustle of the vulgar throng; instead of being a social drinker, he had become passionately fond of his glass, and instead of entering the grocery, as he had once done for the accommodation of his friends, he began to solicit his friends for his own convenience. He made hypocritical excuses to his wife, for his stay at the tavern, and pretended ill health to hide his intoxication. He rose early under pretence of urgent business, but only to satisfy the cravings of a morbid thirst, and arouse the barkeeper for his morning julep; in fine, with drinking and gaming and joking and smoking, Henry spent almost his whole time at the tavern and grocery, and wasted as fast as he received it, the income of his various offices. He now began to neglect his business as mayor, and was generally too much intoxicated to attend properly to his duties, he was therefore defeated in an election to this office and had to endure the mortification of seeing one he had esteemed greatly *his inferior*, installed in his place. He now soon

found himself unable to support his former style of living, which, however, for a long time, he still vainly endeavored to do. He now, for the first time in his life, began to feel the want of money. He found the greatest difficulty in supplying the perpetual drain at the grog-shop; his wife complained, that he did not furnish her with sufficient funds for the morning market, while his creditors were obliged to be put off, with promises of speedy liquidation. Thus from being a punctual and sensitive man about his contracts, Henry became exceedingly dilatory and evasive; he had also to borrow money from his friends, to meet his more pressing demands, and keep his pocket supplied for his hourly necessities. His popularity and standing were now gone. His enemies pointed at his idleness and dissipation, as well as his want of respect for his obligations; his merchant refused him credit until the old accounts were settled, and his friends began to avoid those interviews which might end in a tax upon their liberality. Thus day by day, did his situation grow worse; he paid cost and interest on all his debts before they were settled; he was harassed from morning till night, by some one of his numerous creditors; he was almost afraid even to see his wife for fear of a demand on his pocket, and his intemperance increased in a full ratio with his difficulties. He still labored to keep up appearances, which he well knew but ill accorded *with the narrowness of his circumstances; but still*

more serious difficulties arose; he now lost his two town lots by a debt which he had neglected to settle, as well as his fine carriage and horses, and was soon after compelled to dispose of three of his servants to save his dwelling; even this afforded him but temporary relief from the urgency of his creditors, for at the next term of the court, he saw his only remaining servant and household furniture levied upon, for his debts, his wife being compelled to interpose her title to save them.

Henry seemed now to be almost deranged, for he had neither the philosophy to meet adversity, nor the resolution to overcome it. In a half frantic mood, he applied to his friends for money, but alas, his credit was gone. They sympathized in his misfortunes, and lamented his deplorable condition, and regretted it was not in their power to assist him. Each seemed to have difficulties of his own, which it would require all his skill and means to combat, and they severally referred him to one another, for the relief he so much needed and desired. He now saw his real situation, and when he reflected on what he had been and the fate that was now unavoidable, he wept like a child, and for days refused to take any food, while he still hung a haggard and melancholy spectacle around the miserable brothel that had caused his ruin.

It was about ten years from the date of the conversation detailed in this story, that Henry saw his

friend Alford ride into town, and for the first time in his life, he was able to appreciate his character. He saw the cheerfulness of a contented mind beaming from his countenance, while his whole air and manner indicated the serene and sober dignity which agricultural independence ever imparts to the philosophic mind. As he approached, Henry was struck with the force of the contrast which he felt existed between them, and as he remembered the advice Alford had given him, and the sarcastic manner in which he had spurned it, he was overcome with shame and regret, for he now felt the truth and force of it but too bitterly, while he could not help admiring the uninterrupted affection of his steadfast friend.

"Oh, Alford," said he, "I am undone, my pocket is empty, my credit is gone, my health is impaired, and I am in need of almost everything pertaining to the comfort of my family. This morning my wife complained to me that she had been refused credit at all the shops in town, that the baker would send us no more bread, that the coalman had failed to bring around his weekly supply of fuel, and that her small stock of table supplies were nearly exhausted, and it would be out of her power to procure more, for that she, like myself, had unwisely abused her credit by borrowing of her neighbors, until they all had begun to make frivolous excuses for refusing her, knowing she would not be able to repay them. All this, you know," said Henry, "was enough to make me wiser."

able, but it was aggravated a thousand fold, by the withering rebuke of the being I have idolized, that followed this gloomy picture :”

“ You have spent all your living at your vile grocery,” said she ; “ you have disgraced yourself, beggared your family, deprived our poor children of the means of education, and even starvation now stares us in the face ; would to God,” said she, “ I had died before I saw you, that I might have been saved the anguish of this moment. Drink on,” she cried, “ and terminate your besotted existence, that I may speedily supply your place with one who will keep me and my little ones from perishing with hunger. Henceforth I will oppose no obstacle to your brutality, but shall count it one of the most fortunate events of my life, whenever the gods shall be pleased to rid me of you.”

“ This,” said Henry, “ is too much for me, and it is the more painful because it is true. For years, I strove to maintain my family in the fashionable circle in which I foolishly thought we must move, and though I had frequently to draw upon my friends and claim the indulgence of my creditors for this purpose, yet that false pride I have ever romantically cherished, and which, like an evil genius, has constantly led me into error and prevented me from acknowledging my real poverty to my wife, so that while I was barely able to meet my engagements, and keep up my imagin-

ary respectability, she was unconsciously increasing my difficulties by daily raising the standard of her taste, and introducing new styles of furniture, new carpets, new bonnets, and new modes of living. When I was compelled to sell my valuable town lots, servants, etc., I saw there was no hope of living as I had done, yet even then, I endeavored to keep up appearances, but now I can go no farther. I acknowledge," said he, "that my punishment is just, but when I reflect upon the crowning anathema of my wife, and the change my conduct has made in her affections toward me, I thank God that I am a slave to my appetite, and shall soon change this life for another. Oh, Alford, preserve my sons, for I am thankful I have no daughter, to share the consequences of my errors and misconduct. Tell them, instead of aiming to be popular and fashionable, their highest ambition must be, to be plain, sober, and honest men."

Henry was soon after found dead in his bed; three of his sons are in respectable professions, and two are engaged in planting; being frequently admonished by their mother, they seem to have a sort of horror of a popular ambition, and they cannot be prevailed on to taste of ardent spirits, while, I have understood, they are very sensitive about allusions to the memory of their father.

Alford is still living, though upward of seventy, and is quite a wise and happy old man.

When I had finished, I paused to witness the effect upon my audience. I thought James appeared to be somewhat stumped by what he had heard, for he did not immediately reply, but sank down into a contemplative mood, from which I had hopes of a change in his opinion. My wife, however, did not seem to be favorably affected. She had heard me tell this story before, and while I was relating it, having but little curiosity about the final catastrophe, I suppose she was making up her reply.

"The disastrous consequences you have just depicted," said she, "do not necessarily follow a life of public employment."

"I will not deny, my dear," said I, "that there ought to be many exceptions; yet, I am not, at this time, able to point out one, while I believe we are both familiar with many examples of the kind I mentioned."

She seemed to be meditating a reply, when she was interrupted by James, who recited from his own knowledge two cases in which my remarks were strictly applicable. My impression was, that my wife found her memory at fault, in attempting to recall a contrary example, and we soon found occasion for changing the subject of conversation.

CHAPTER L.

I OBSERVED heretofore, that my wife did not appear altogether satisfied with the force of the remarks I then offered touching a proper match for our daughter Clara. In this impression I was quite correct, as will appear from the following transactions. It was about six months from the date of the conversation referred to, that I returned home, from a trip to the old place, whence I had removed about five years previous, and which I still continued to cultivate. As I approached in front, I was struck with the changes (I might say improvements), which a day or two had made in almost every object around. The walk to the house had been scraped and bordered with pinks and jonquils; the trees in the yard had been whitewashed to the height of five or six feet, and the shrubbery, particularly my favorite cluster of Cherokee rose-bushes, had been trimmed within an inch of its life, there being only a single branch remaining, which was violently lashed around a convenient China-tree; even the horse-rack, outside of the yard, had received a coat of lime and buttermilk, the effect of which was to surprise my horse as well as myself, and cause him to maneuver considerably before he could be reconciled to its new dress. In the house still more imposing alterations *had* been made. The fire-place was stuffed with

green bushes, the mantle was loaded with the most odoriferous nosegays, the bookcase and piano-forte had been moved to different parts of the room, and the old carpet dusted and turned bottom upward, while my wife and all the children were dressed up, although it was nearly sunset, as if they were preparing for a party. This sudden and unexpected revolution in the aspect of my residence, for a few moments quite brought me to a stand. At first, I felt as if my wife might be preparing to take another husband, and vague and foolish as this feeling was (for it was nothing but a feeling), it was not a little strengthened by the consciousness, that I was not expected at home that evening. Indeed, so much was I at a loss to account for what I saw, and so much was my mind filled with misgivings about what it portended, that, contrary to my usual custom, I involuntarily made a polite bow to my wife, as I entered the parlor where she was sitting.

"My dear," said I, "I am glad to see you look so cheerful, I am also pleased with the improvements you have been making since my departure." Just at this moment, Clara entered the parlor, dressed in one of her gayest summer dresses with a rose stuck in her hair. I should at once have asked the cause of all this, but my own reflections that I had not been expected home so early, had thrown me a little upon my dignity, beside, I could not see with *what propriety* I could demand a reason for the gen.

teel appearance of my family; I thus determined to wait for farther developments, without in any way betraying my astonishment. I was, however, but a few moments in suspense, for all at once I heard a rush from different parts of the house, and in an instant more the cry from several voices at once, "He's coming!—he's coming." I stepped to the gallery, and saw Mr. Sanderson ride up, my wife's beau-ideal of a gentleman. The greatest excitement now pervaded the house; the children blockaded the doors, the servants were running to and fro, while my wife was exerting herself most violently to preserve order, and as if to increase the confusion, the dogs ran out with great fierceness, disputing Mr. Sanderson's approach, so that I was myself compelled to advance to meet him and conduct him in. I have often thought that our disappointments in this life, are in exact ratio to the foolishness or extravagance of our calculations, and that our success will generally be found the least satisfactory, in those instances where our precautions would seem to render it certain, and this especially, where it is our aim to please others. It was certainly so in this case. My wife had attempted to drill her servants on this occasion, as I afterward learned. They, however, misapprehended her instructions, and instead of water, one came round with a waiter of refreshments, as soon as our guest was seated, but accidentally catching the indignant countenance of her mistress, she instantly retreated, and unfortunately

meeting the forthcoming water at the door, a terrible collision took place, followed by the crash of glasses, and splashing of water on the floor. Both servants now retreated, my wife covering their rear, and I saw no more of either till supper was announced by the ringing of the bell; I saw but little more of their awkwardness, except that they constantly made the circuit of the table in opposite directions, scarcely knowing what to do with themselves, and frequently coming in contact with one another.

CHAPTER LI.

FROM the moment I had seen Mr. Sanderson ride up, I had experienced the utmost embarrassment. It was well known to my wife, that I was no advocate for early marriage, and also that I had objections to very young and inexperienced professional men, on account of the great uncertainty in which their future career is involved; notwithstanding all this, I feared she had a disposition to facilitate an event in contravention of my wishes, regardless even of those of Clara herself; this was embarrassing, because I was not at liberty to exercise the ordinary means of self-defense, for I have never felt myself free to violate the rights of hospitality, or infringe, in the slightest degree, the courtesy and politeness I have ever esteemed due to others while under my roof. Nor indeed did I intend

he should detect in my conduct any unfavorable sentiments which I might entertain in regard to his pretensions. In this state of perplexity, my mind suggested the following expedient: I thought I would endeavor to engage him in conversation on some subject or other, and that whatever side he might take I would take the opposite, and endeavor to confute him, for I knew that nothing was so mortifying to a sensitive mind or so likely to provoke asperity of temper, as to be conquered in argument. As soon as supper was over and we had all returned to the parlor, I became solicitous, and anxiously watched for an opportunity to commence a dispute, for I knew my wife was anxious for the usual ceremony of piano-playing to commence, which, as the evenings were short, I was well aware would entirely frustrate my design. I was about to commence when I was fortunately relieved from my anxiety by Mr. Sanderson, himself, who inadvertently asked my opinion of the presidential canvass then pending before the people."

"I have never suffered myself sir," said I, "to become enlisted in the exciting contests for political elections, in which it seems to be the ambition of the greater portion of our citizens to act a conspicuous part; I have often thought," I continued, "that warm political controversies would be aptly compared to a vindictive trial in our courts of law, where the disputants were artfully struggling to get the upper,

hand of each other; their disputes serve admirably to sharpen the wits, swell the finances, and increase the reputation of the distinguished counsel they have respectively employed to plead their cause, yet they must themselves pay the whole cost, and one or the other be loser at last. Our elections, by agitating the popular mind, will generally throw to the top the more furious partisans, or reckless demagogues, who willingly promote the ferment, that they may aggrandize themselves at the expense of the simple and unsuspecting multitude, who blindly lend their shoulders to push them upward."

"Do you not, sir, subscribe to the maxim '*bonum publicum optandum est*,'" said he; "I believe," he continued, "that it was Solon who directed in his code of laws, that every man should take some part in public affairs; would you not think it advisable that we should be well informed in regard to the opinions and sentiments of those who offer themselves for our suffrage? I presume sir," he continued, "you will allow, that in many respects Mr. Polk, is preferable to Mr. Clay."

"I will, sir," I replied, "in the first place answer your maxim by another from Cato, '*neque tamen se civilibus fluctibus committeret quod non magis eos in sua potestate existimabat esse, qui se iis dedissent, quam qui maritimis jactarentur*,'—'he would not engage himself in civil broils, because he did not *think them to be more in their own power, who trusted*

themselves upon those waves, than they who were tossed about by the waves of the sea.'” At this point I observed my wife began to grow impatient; she saw I had now joined issue with Mr. Sanderson, and from the unusual spirit I manifested, she (no doubt), began to apprehend the postponement of her favorite amusement; she coughed, moved her chair, and spoke to the children by way of diverting my attention, but it was all in vain; Clara was attentive and I proceeded:—“I would not however, hold that man excusable who should willfully fail to acquaint himself with the prominent traits in those between whom it was his duty to make a choice, and this, I flatter myself, I have done in the present instance; yet, I cannot by any means admit that Mr. Polk’s claims are paramount to those of Mr. Clay, for if we shall apply to the latter the sacred maxim; ‘*magnos honores metimur, virtute, non fortunam*;’ ‘we measure great men by their abilities, not by their fortune,’—he will be found to have but few equals, while his competitor is comparatively unknown.’”

“I will not attempt to counteract the beauty and justice of the maxim you have just recited,” said he, “and if we regard the two candidates in an individual point of view merely, it may apply with force in the present instance, but I presume, Mr. B.” said he, “you will scarcely deny, that in selecting a *functionary* of the executive department of the government, the maxim of ‘*Principes non homines*,’ would

more properly direct our choice, for, as you will readily perceive, should we depart from this palladium of popular rights, we shall have no guarantee left for the perpetuity of our Republican form of government."

I was now smartly put out, for I felt there was too much truth in his remarks; yet I knew that to doubt was to surrender, and that courage was more than half the battle, I determined, therefore, to assume a more decided tone, and immediately resumed the argument as follows:—

"If, sir," said I, "we shall apply to these men, (as you seem to think we should), the test of principle, and not of individual character, it would certainly be an unwarrantable stretch of credulity to admit that the result would be unfavorable to Mr. Clay. His principles are deeply laid in the foundation of the government, his policy and doctrines are all purely American, and his public life one continuous development of patriotic fidelity and universal benevolence. That he is now the choice of the people, will scarcely admit of a doubt, and I know of no higher encomium that could be conferred on any man; 'vox populi, vox dei,' is a trite maxim, yet none is more true. Yes," I proceeded, "the people are for Mr. Clay, and if he is defeated he may well exclaim with Eumenes, '*decidi non virtute hostium sed amicitiae perfidia*,'—'I fell not by the bravery of my enemies, but by the perfidy of my friends.'"

"I will not attempt to deny," said he, "that Mr. Clay's principles are what you assert them to be, yet his Americanism would inevitably result in partial or sectional legislation; his patriotism in an anti-war, and anti-extension policy; and his universal benevolence, in the destruction of the rights of the South; and indeed," continued he, "I cannot refrain from the expression of my surprise, at finding a slaveholder, so strenuous an advocate for one whose known sentiments are inimical to the existence of this species of property. Whatever may be the caprice of the populace, sir, in his favor, you will admit, that this is an argument 'ad hominem,' merely, and I submit it to your candor, whether this argument (did it deserve that name), would not invalidate the force of your remarks in the outset of this discussion, in which you seemed to deprecate the sinister influence which might be exerted by aspiring demagogues, upon the thoughtless multitude."

I was now so nettled, as almost to lose my temper, at his insinuation that I had taken contradictory grounds, for I thought myself, I had run somewhat across my own track in the argument. I was about to speak, however, in order to reconcile these seemingly adverse positions, when we were interrupted by Clara, my wife having left the room. They had both (no doubt), discovered that I was pretty well *defeated*, and Clara thought to relieve or assist me, *by* affording me time for reflection.

"Mr. Sanderson," said she, "do you not think Mr. Clay the favorite of the people at the South as well as the North?"

This seemed to stump him, somewhat, and before I found an opportunity to take up the argument again, he rose and took his leave, leaving me to my own reflections and the mortification of a defeat.

CHAPTER LII.

THE rather abrupt departure of Mr. Sanderson, reminded me of the disagreeable necessity I had thought myself under of contending so earnestly with a stranger, for the first time on a social visit to my house. I heed scarcely say, that I felt unpleasant, and indeed, I do not recollect that I have ever been as much fretted and disturbed from such a cause. The consequence was that I enjoyed but an indifferent night's rest, and several times found myself talking about Mr. Sanderson, and the Presidential election. It is, perhaps, proper here to remark, that whenever I have acted with doubts as to the propriety of my conduct, I have been punished for it afterward, as every conscientious man will be, and this, I suppose, may be regarded as the verification of the remark, 'according to your faith, be it unto you.'"

"Pa," said Clara to me, the next evening, as we

all sat together, "I was a little surprised to hear you defend Mr. Clay last night, I thought you were a democrat, and that you would be in favor of Mr. Polk."

"You are right, my dear," said I, "I was endeavoring to maintain an argument against my own sentiments, and I have paid dearly for it, for you (no doubt), observed that he had somewhat the advantage."

"I thought I did," said she, "and had it not been for my unconquerable diffidence, I think I could have assisted you with a passage from Cato which I had just been reading in the works of Cornelius Nepos, '*sui cuique mores fingunt fortunam.*'—'Every one's manners make his fortune.'"

"This indeed would have been in point," my dear said I, "yet I fear it would only have afforded me a temporary relief; in truth, I regretted the introduction of foreign quotations, for my opponent seemed to be rather better gifted in this way than I was myself. But my dear," said I, "I am sorry to hear you say, that your diffidence prevented you from interposing or speaking your mind. It is true," I continued, "that modesty is a quality commendable in both sexes, but bashfulness is ever an obstacle to retard our progress, and should be overcome, for it is in a great measure subject to our correction."

"Indeed, Pa," said she, "if you can tell me how to correct it, you will confer on me the greatest blessing."

sing I can now imagine, for I cannot tell you what I have suffered from it, and how much I have been embarrassed at times on this account."

"I was once the miserable subject of this paralyzing emotion," said I, "and I was thirty-five years old before I discovered the true cause of it; I then wrote out an essay for a newspaper, and if you or James will hand me my roll of manuscript, I will read it to you; it is as follows:—

CHAPTER LIII.

MR. EDITOR:—Thinking a sketch of my early, or youthful character might be useful to some one of your numerous juvenile readers, I have concluded to condense it as much as possible and give it to you; for if it should prevent but a tithe of the mortification I have experienced, the reader will be amply repaid for the time spent in reading it.

At about eighteen, I was one of the most bashful boys ever bred in polite society. I had a strange conceit that I was the center of every social circle, where I happened to be, and that more was expected from me than from any other. If I remained silent, every one appeared to think I was not well pleased with his company. I soon saw the effects of my taciturnity, in a cold and austere manner toward me. If I were talkative, or made any attempt to render

myself agreeable, I had either to express myself in the shortest phrases, or expose my diffidence to the company by trying to connect two or more sentences together, for whenever I had spoken until the conversation had all abated around me, and I found there was no one speaking but myself, I became overpowered with my sensations. I supposed all attentive to what I was saying; the blood mounted to my brain, my face tingled, my eyes flashed fire, my senses reeled, and I had to stop short in the middle of my story, or struggle on to the end without reason or consciousness. It is true, I always made an effort to preserve my gravity when I found my voice beginning to falter, but this only increased my confusion, until at last I became in reality what at first had only been imaginary, the primary object of attention.

Now if I should attempt to define my feelings as they irresistibly arose when I was called on to state the simplest tale to my uncles and aunts, or to chant at a singing school the eight notes of the elementary gamut, I should probably fall short of a just picture of the strange and unaccountable phenomena which were developed in rapid succession to my inexpressible mortification, and which could no more be anticipated nor prevented by myself, than by those, before whom it was my misfortune to act so ridiculous a part. Why I always supposed myself so conspicuous, is the only question to be

red, for in the solution will be found the cause of my bashfulness. I have sometimes been disposed to attribute it to the fear, that I might fall within my own standard of elegance or propriety, or to the morose fear, that while I personated this chimerical brain, I should betray that very thing I strove to conceal, (my bashfulness). Now although I experienced each of the above mental states, prior to the paroxysm of extreme embarrassment, yet the source of the whole lies deeper and will be found in the only legitimate parent of sensibility. This element in me was transcendental. I call it transcendental because it was unlike everything else I knew anything about. Some are proud of their talents, some of their quality, some of their looks, and some of their fortune, but I was proud of neither, for I was neither to be proud of. Nor was it that pride which arises from a conscious moral or religious superiority over the rest of my species.—But it was a pride which revolted at the idea of a superior, and I was more at the idea of acknowledging a superiority than the world might count above me. This it was, that excited that extreme sensibility which quivered in every fiber of my frame and shone in every accent of my voice, when I was in circumstances where I might in any degree compromise its dignity by a failure to act up to my own opinion of myself, and the opinion which I knew others had of me. It was the apprehension

that I might fail to do this, that caused the failure so mortifying to me.

Pride then, like other virtuous sentiments becomes troublesome when it exists in the extreme, and it disqualified me for acting my part among mankind with ease to myself, or advantage to them. As I advanced in life, I began to make the discovery that I was mistaken in regard to my own importance to society. I began to see that I was not truly the center of every social circle, until I had made myself so by the awkwardness of my demeanor. I thought my opinions had less weight upon those who heard them, than the opinions of those who I thought regarded me with so much veneration, not so much indeed on account of their unsoundness, as for want of emphasis and boldness in delivering them. I never heard one of my opinions quoted in support of any theory and think it quite likely that every good thing I ever said was lost to the world on account of the manner in which it was said. I saw farther, that while all my acquaintances treated me with respect, none seemed to prefer me as an associate, and I was thus almost insulated in the midst of society, with feelings and sensibilities that rendered me susceptible of the highest emotions of friendship and love. A long intercourse with mankind has insensibly corrected my pride, while it has equally moderated and subdued the feelings that resulted from it, and by comparing the past with the present I can clearly see

that all my embarrassment proceeded from my own mind, and was the legitimate offspring of the exaggerated estimate I had formed of myself. "Think not more highly of yourself than you ought," is as salutary advice as any from the pen of the inspired philosopher, and my experience proves it true as any of the sacred oracles. I must not be understood as admitting that I have now less pride than I have always had, for this I would be unwilling to concede, yet it is so modified that the feelings and fears which flow from it, are almost the opposite of what they once were, for whereas I once thought society expected more from me than I would be able to perform, I now fear it will give me credit for less than I am really entitled to: and instead of being embarrassed because I cannot act up to the highest limits of ideal perfection, I am stimulated almost to resentment because there seems to be a disposition to place me below the vulgar standard. My ambition then was to rival angelic purity—it is now only to act like a man, and knowing that nothing more is expected of me I have no fears of a failure.

I do not expect, sir, that one-fifth of your young readers will ever suffer the half of what I have felt from what is usually termed bashfulness; but we are apt to enter the world with too high an opinion of ourselves, and this opinion is obliged to undergo many mortifying changes before it settles down into a *just estimate of what our talents or merits may be,*

or a right perception of that in which we are held by others. We at first suppose ourselves essential elements of society; we soon find that society is quite independent of us, and that all its operations are carried on without even the necessity of our concurrence; that at the last public meeting where we had thought by our eloquence to give tone and direction to the popular feeling, some other speaker appeared and played the orator quite as well; that at the last convivial party several of our friends had not observed that we were absent, and that Miss Arabella was quite as well accommodated with her new beau. In fine—that our great importance exists chiefly in our own minds, and painful as it must often be, we shall at last be convinced, that whenever it is our sad lot to take our final exit from the stage of action, the world will go on quite as well without us as it had done with us, and that none will feel themselves aggrieved except those who might have been benefited by our continuance among them.

With these instructive truths constantly impressed upon our minds, we shall be able to see ourselves more nearly as others see us, and if they cannot entirely eradicate the very exalted notion which from our selfishness we are still disposed to entertain of ourselves, they will at least subjugate and control it.

Bashfulness then, although it may generally be regarded as favorable to a pure heart and virtuous sentiments, and the entire absence of it to a want of

moral principle, is not a distinct feeling of the mind but it is merely the sensibility that results from pride, and in order to correct it, we have only to correct the source from whence it springs.

Yours truly,

BABBLER.

As I finished a sort of altercation occurred about the utility of the above article.

"Really," exclaimed Clara who had been very attentive, "I believe every word of it, and if I find it true I would not take a thousand dollars for my interest in it."

"What's true?" asked my wife, who had paid but little attention to it; "bashfulness, is bashfulness; do you suppose," said she, "that anybody can tell what causes it? it would be as easy to tell, what makes one man smarter, or prettier, or uglier, than another, as to tell what makes one more awkward, or more bashful, than another."

"My dear," said I, "you have not listened to the essay, and never having been the subject of this disagreeable feeling, you have been saved the trouble of analyzing it; which I have carefully done."

"Yes," replied she, "and a man will be as bashful after he has read it, as he was before."

"James said he did not altogether understand some parts of it, but that if I would suffer him to review it, he would decide upon its merits."

Clara requested that he should read it aloud, and

she was now better pleased than at first, laughing outright at one or two points, and declaring, it hit her mind exactly."

James thought it was a good piece, and put on his studying cap as soon as he had finished. I do not think he understood it well at last.

CHAPTER LIV.

"WELL, Mr. B.," said my wife to me, on Sunday morning, "I wish to take all the children out to preaching to-day; the little things will never know anything, and grow up afraid of their own shadow, if they are not sometimes carried into company where they can see something."

"I have always thought, my dear," I replied, "that children too young to sit still, not only disturbed the preacher, but greatly incommoded the parents, who thus often lost whatever benefit might have been otherwise derived from the discourse; yet, my dear, we will take them to-day and see how we get along with them, perhaps we shall do better than I imagine." I accordingly ordered the carriage, while my wife and the servants began busily to equip the little fellows; in a short time they were strutting about the house and scarcely able to walk, for the admiration which each could not help bestowing upon himself; some had red shoes, others new dresses

or ribbons, each passing by or coming to me as soon as he was dressed to display his finery and receive my congratulations upon its elegance and beauty. James next appeared, in a sort of doubtful dress, that is, I could not tell whether my wife had intended to rank him with the little boys or the young men; he had on a garment about half-way between a round-about and a coat, shoes, about half-way between boots and low quarters, and a standing collar; yet he had on no waistcoat, and only a black ribbon around his neck; he seemed to have considered himself as somewhat superior to the little children, for in order to ride by himself, he had brought up one of the work-horses, which (it was well-known), I did not like used on Sunday, as I have always thought every domestic animal ought to rest one day in the week, for its health. Clara soon appeared, in one of her gayest summer suits, and my wife closed the procession, in her rustling black silk, with a large breastpin in her bosom, and artificial rosettes upon each shoulder. Now although I am a plain man, and dislike everything which bears the semblance of vanity or folly, yet I could not help feeling a little proud of my family, as I saw them all strutting along before me, with their shoes creaking and crying, and their ribbons fluttering in the air, and indeed, I have ever thought them all tolerable, both for mind and body, and my wife, to say the least of her, a *fine-looking woman*.

Old Joe was at his post, for it was rather late, and we were all soon rolling along in the direction of the meeting-house. The horses twice refused to pull, at the hills, and my wife and children had as often to walk up the hills, to all of which they seemed to have no objection, for so timid had my wife become, that the slightest interruption in their progress, was certain to be followed by the immediate evacuation of the carriage of all its load, till things were adjusted. When we arrived the house was pretty well filled, as I could easily determine from the large number of carriages and horses round about, and I really almost felt unwilling to intrude with such a troupe of noisy prattlers, for I imagined I saw the frowns of the preacher and the gaze of the congregation, all of whom might well wonder, at the cause of such a juvenile parade. They were all however, in a short time disposed of, my wife taking two in her lap, and a third by her side. They were quite orderly for about half an hour, and I began to think we should get along very well with them, but their patience was now exhausted, and they began to wriggle and twist in spite of frowns and threats from my wife, and in a short time a cry was raised, and this increasing to a violent scream, my wife was compelled, with the three youngest, to leave the house, and thus lost the balance of the sermon, as well as the closing scene, which was somewhat interesting.

CHAPTER LV.

"PA," said Clara, "in the evening after our return from preaching. What do you think of the religious conversions, that were said to take place to day? I feel a sort of horror when I witness such scenes, and I am not certain, that there is not mixed with my sensations, on such occasions, a degree of fear, that I am not so much of a favorite with my Heavenly father as they seem to be."

"I am not astonished at all, my dear," said I, "that you feel concerned, as you should, about so important a matter, and I have intended for some time to give you my views on this subject, which I will now do, and I hope you will all be attentive, for I shall be as brief as possible."

"Revealed religion then (and we know nothing of it, except as it is revealed), is contained in the Bible. Its cardinal doctrine is, the love of God for his creatures, and the consequent incarnation, death, burial, and resurrection of his son in their behalf, who having executed this glorious mission is now exalted to the right-hand of his father, a Prince, and a Saviour of the world, and hereafter to become a king and ruler on the throne of his father David."

"The design of our Heavenly father in dispensing this glorious system of salvation, was to reform the human family, and gradually prepare the world for a

more perfect revelation, or development of his divine character. This reformation consists in abstinence from sin and wickedness, and in the practice of virtue and holiness, the principles of which are clearly and infallibly laid down in the sacred volume. The motives to this reformation are deeply and accurately laid, in both the physical and mental constitution of man; they are the fear of punishment, and the hope of reward. And these you will see, my children, are the only motives that can be brought to bear upon our conduct."

"But are we not required to undergo a conversion of the heart and affections, as preparatory to a more perfect and acceptable obedience to the divine commandments?" said she.

"I cannot conceive, my dear," said I, "of a greater conversion, than that implied in discontinuing our sinful practices, and turning to a life of holiness. Our affections are most certainly an attribute of the mind, and necessarily accompany it in all its impressions, whether these are virtuous or vicious. Of this we can easily satisfy ourselves by reflecting, that we can never feel the emotion of love, till our minds have first been impressed with some quality that is lovely, in the object that excites it. It is then, only when we believe the character of God to be lovely, that we can feel any regard for Him, and thus you will see, that our affections depend upon the operations of our minds, and as a reformation must also proceed from

the mind, and from the same cause that excites our affections, it is evident, they will always accompany, if indeed, they do not precede it. It might, and perhaps often happens, that the heart and affections are changed without producing immediately, a corresponding reformation (as we may sometimes love objects, for which we do not at once manifest our regard), but I cannot imagine the existence of a reformation without thinking at the same time of the conversion of the affections, without which it could not have been produced."

"Are not conversions spoken of in the Bible, Pa?" said she.

"They are, my dear," said I, "but the word is there used in reference to the external action which was performed upon the penitent, in consequence of his reformation." The Bible was now adduced (see Acts ii and iii, where this term is used).

"You are certainly right, Pa," said she, "and I must now trouble you to tell me something about faith, for this term, like that of conversion, is greatly emphasized, and we are told that without faith, it is impossible to please."

"Faith, my dear," said I, "is the assent of our minds to a proposition that is proved so as to satisfy us. In religion, it is the belief of the revelation made by Jesus Christ and his apostles. Without faith, we should be skeptics or infidels, and no conversion or reformation could ever possibly take place,

inasmuch as we must see the necessity or propriety of a thing before we can practice it, and no man can long act contrary to the convictions of his own mind. Should there, however, be found those base enough to thus act in religion, they would not only do violence to their own feelings, but would certainly call down the indignation of Heaven upon their hypocrisy."

"This is indeed, self evident," said she, "but is not something more implied by the word faith, than simple belief of the Bible? Are we not said to be saved by faith?"

"I do not understand, my dear," said I, "by the term faith, anything more than simple belief or confidence in the truths and facts of Christianity, for this is all that this term implies according to its literal definition; and I am sustained in this view by a scriptural definition from Paul: 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' It is just equal to the amount of evidence upon which the belief of a fact rests, and can never, by any law of the mind, exceed it. We are, indeed, said to be saved by faith, but we are also said to be saved by baptism, and saved by the blood of Christ, and saved by the grace of God, etc.; and it would certainly be arbitrary in the extreme, to say that we were saved by any one of these requisites exclusively, all of them being necessary to our salvation. We may, however, emphatically be said, to be saved

by faith, for without this prerequisite assent of the mind (as I have before said), the remaining conditions of salvation could not possibly take place. 'He that cometh to God, must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.' Hebrews xi, 6. Faith, my dear," I continued, "is always implied in obedience, insomuch, that when the apostle was asked by a great multitude what they should do in order to be saved, he said nothing about faith, naturally supposing that faith existed as a precedent condition of the mind; see Acts ii. Yes, my children," said I, "if you will faithfully carry out in your lives and conversation, the salutary precepts and benevolent injunctions of this book of books, we shall all at last meet, according to the constant burden of my prayers, around the throne of God, where we shall enjoy whatever happiness it may be the fate of the blessed to participate, and where we shall at least, be elevated to a higher state of perfection than we can expect in this state of existence."

"If your views be correct, Pa," said she, "and they appear to me most consistent and rational, are not those greatly to be pitied who undergo so much self-inflicted torture with the design of propitiating God, when he only requires our sincere and honest obedience to his commandments?"

"I have for a great while so thought, my dear," said I, "yet we must allow others to worship in their own way; for we shall always differ more or less

with them, and whatever their real or imaginary errors may be, we must suppose that they at least, have the merit of sincerity, and this is most acceptable in the eyes of our Heavenly father, who will render to every man according to his talents, and the use he may make of them."

"You would then, leave us no excuse," said she, "for not being religious?"

"I would not most certainly, my dear," said I, "for whenever we can discern the difference between right and wrong, we are capable of serving God, and are then required to commence our obedience, and mould our lives to virtue."

CHAPTER LVI.

"MR. B.," said my wife to me one day, as she heard me remark, that all men were equally selfish; "do you not think a miser more selfish than the mass of mankind?"

"Indeed I do not, my dear," said I, "and I will tell you of a confession which old Candid Curmudgeon once made to me: 'Mr. B.,' said he, 'I am one of those individuals the world is apt to call miserly, and so often has this unpleasant epithet rung in my ears, in my intercourse with mankind, and been tauntingly thrown at me by my wife, when all of *her wishes* were not gratified, that I have sometimes

been really afraid, it was a most apt one for my character; I confess,' said he, 'to a strong passion, for what the world calls money. I can think of no enjoyment of a worldly nature, but what seems to be more or less subject to its influence, or within its power to purchase; and consequently when I think of happiness, I think at the same time, of that which seems to be the price it will cost; but I will go farther. I am not certain that I am not actuated by another feeling a little different from the conception of the power of money, for I have sometimes thought in the honesty of my heart, that I loved the very thing itself, not indeed, from any false idea of its intrinsic value (for that I well know), but possessing as I suppose, but little power of separating in my mind, the substance of the thing itself, from that of which it is the mere representative, I have come, by long habits of association, to regard money as lovely in itself—and I am never so well pleased as when the radiant metal is jingling into my coffers, or some bright prospect is bursting upon my vision, of greatly increasing my stock on hand; each successive clinking, as the precious stuff tumbles headlong into my vaults, appears to remove poverty and want farther from my door, while it raises the consciousness of my importance to society, and my power to be useful, in a corresponding ratio, and I turn away proud of myself, with the feeling, that enough of the same *article* would make me quite happy. But the worst

feature of this passion,' said he, 'like many others, is, that it grows stronger, as I grow older; for caring less and less, for things which do not seem to be connected with my welfare, while my capacities and inclinations are constantly diminishing for their enjoyment, I naturally give in more and more to the predominant passion, and it is not difficult to foresee the time, when all the powers of my mind may become absorbed in the accumulation and love of money, without the ability to enjoy it—yes, it might even run,' said he, 'to the ridiculous extent, of haggling with the carpenter about making my coffin, or with the sexton about digging my grave. This passion of acquisitiveness,' he continued, 'was implanted in our nature for wise purposes, but like all other passions, it should be carefully guarded to prevent its becoming predominantly active. In my own case, there seems to be but little consistency between my desires and my necessities; I have all the real comforts of life, that is, all that I care for, or know how to enjoy; old age and luxurious indulgences, have rendered me incapable of enjoying the delicacies of my own table; with locality strong in my constitution, I feel no desire to ramble through the world in search of happiness, and as to dress, I am too old to care much about it. Even had I a disposition that way, it would look like vanity, and by the contrast it would form with gray hairs, and drooping shoulders, would render me a conspicuous object of regard, while it

would stimulate those to put on a fine coat, who might not be able to bear the expense. Now all this I know, and often think of, but all my philosophy cannot cure my love of money, for I always wind up one of these soliloquies with the old proverb, 'make hay while the sun shines, for no one knows what may happen to-morrow.' You now see something of my character, Mr. B., said he, 'and I should like to know if I am more selfish than other men? The world,' he proceeded, 'seems to me to be governed by the same passion under different forms. If the proud aspirant for worldly honors and distinctions, displays his liberality at intervals, it is with the view of avoiding the imputation of churlishness, and may be set down as the sacrifice, which his parsimony pays to his pride. This by no means proves that he is not avaricious, for he hopes this very sacrifice will assist him in advancing his ambition to a point, where he will be able to gratify more extensively this voracious appetite. The parson, who boasts a divine mission to preach the gospel, expands or contracts like mercury in the glass, laboring accordingly as he is well or ill paid; he is sure to be found where the harvest is the richest, and it is only necessary to hang out a sufficient salary to procure the most eloquent declaimers against what they are pleased to call the root of all evil. My good-natured Boniface, who has credit for loving all mankind, and who (no doubt), as much *deserves this praise as any of his species, is extremely*

sensitive in regard to pecuniary affairs; he contracted his benevolent face almost into the aspect of resentment the other day, merely upon my getting twenty five dollars the advantage of him in a trifling trade, and really has not been so good-natured with me since; yet he would be ashamed to acknowledge that five times this amount could mar his good feelings, for his neighbors and I have seen him pay the principal of an outlawed claim, and reject the interest, although the money was going to a poor widow and orphan children, whom, in his benevolence he was bound to love. 'The truth, sir,' said he, 'seems to me to be, that the passion of avarice occupies the same place in every breast, and that it manifests itself accordingly, as it coexists or not, with other passions that are weaker or stronger. The fact that Brutus killed his benefactor, did not prove that he was destitute of the feeling of gratitude, but that this feeling was associated with another that was stronger. The parson knows that the contempt of riches is expected of his profession, and he is obliged to simulate this virtue, to advance a higher object, which is nothing less than the simple desire to reach a more exalted station where he will be better fed, more flattered, and better paid. Boniface is really happy in the daily exercise of his charity, but it is the love of the fame he acquires in this way, or the hope of a future reward, that is stronger than the love of money, or it may be, that he expects to make his liberality instru-

mental in reaching some object of his ambition, when avarice will at last be gratified by official salaries or governmental munificence. I will not deny,' he proceeded, 'that all men desire the happiness of others, but we can only contemplate and desire it, as it consists with our own ; consequently, in all our schemes to advance the prosperity or happiness of others, we think primarily of the manner in which our own is connected with them. Had I as much ambition of popular approbation, or public promotion as most men, I should show less of my love of money, for the latter would be constantly taxed to support the former, and instead of pursuing an honest and upright course as I now do, regardless of the opinions of others, I should then hold a loose reign upon my purse, in order to conciliate the rest of mankind ; so then it is,' he concluded, 'the absence of qualities, we all unite in finding fault with, that gives to my character the appearance of a miser.'

"There are, indeed," said I, "many modifications of the selfish principle, but they are modifications only, for it is the same in us all, and where it manifests itself in a disagreeable or absurd form, as in the case of Candid Curmudgeon, it is not diverted by other passions, into other channels, and thus appears to us in all the force of a predominant and absorbing passion."

CHAPTER LVII.

PERHAPS, those who have no families, as well as those (if any there be), who have never felt a great anxiety as to the sort of character their children should maintain in the world after them, have but an imperfect idea of the deep solicitude of a virtuous parent, for the future happiness and respectability of his offspring, or of the very high sense of responsibility the latter cannot but feel, in the delicate business of raising and educating them; nor can we feel more than properly belongs to the subject. All our examples whether good or evil, are likely to be imitated, every action to be recollected with veneration, and even our words and peculiar modes of expression are in great danger of being adopted, while our instructions are regarded as infallible, and our admonition as oracular, and there are but few subjects on which my mind has been more anxiously exercised.

"Mr. B.," said my wife to me one day, after I had ordered James to take his plow, "does it not appear like somewhat of a hardship, that James should be compelled to work regularly in the field, when other boys, whose parents have less means than we have, are allowed, when not at school, to hunt and fish, ride about in the neighborhood, or amuse themselves in their own way?"

"Indeed, my dear," said I, "I have never thought

it a hardship to work, when we are well, and able to do so, and certainly youth is the season best adapted to labor. I cannot," said I, "esteem the rising generation under less obligation to labor than that which immediately preceded it, and I need scarcely remind you, my dear, of the toils and hardships we have undergone for that, which you seem to think, should exempt James from labor."

"Our labor," said she, "was then necessary ; we were compelled to work for the means of subsistence, but circumstances are now changed, and we are able to raise and educate our children without work."

"Circumstances have indeed changed, my dear," said I, "yet there is this striking difference, that, whereas we then had but one reason, and this (as you justly remark), founded in the necessity of the case, my reasons are now threefold, for imposing this duty upon our children. In the first place, my dear, it appears to me necessary, in order that they may justly appreciate, and be able to preserve and enjoy that, for which we have ourselves so long and sedulously labored. In the second place, my design is, to develop the physical constitution, and muscular power of the body, for on these will greatly depend the mental constitution, and intellectual energy. And, thirdly, by thus employing their youthful hours, I shall diminish the opportunities for the acquisition of those fashionable vices from which, in after life, *it is so exceedingly difficult to separate ourselves.*

And I think I may safely suggest a fourth reason, which will be found in the inevitable decree, that labor is the natural and proper condition of man, imposed upon us by our Creator, and without which we cannot long hope to enjoy wealth, wisdom or happiness, for the idle are neither happy nor contented, and some kind of employment will always be found necessary to the enjoyment of even tolerable health."

"But do you not think, sir," said she, "that James's manners would be improved by mixing more with company?"

"I have no doubt," I replied, "that he would take a glass with greater freedom, clench a cigar with a more familiar air, or deal out the cards in a quadrille with more dexterity. He might even wear his coat with a little more grace, walk a little more at ease in high heels; yet as you will readily perceive, these are only superficial and frivolous accomplishments, to say the least of them, in which it is not my desire he should be ambitious to excel. James is a little awkward, it is true," said I, "yet I have ever found that good breeding and sound moral principle are the only certain corrective for vulgar manners, and these we shall endeavor to instill into his mind."

"James is by no means awkward," replied my wife, "but the very opposite, for he is both easy and agreeable."

"I only intended to say, my dear," I continued, "*that his arms* seem generally to be in his way, and

that in walking, he appears to reach rather farther with one leg than he does with the other; a foolish habit no doubt, which he has acquired, and which time may correct."

"Mr. B.," said she, "you are certainly the most extraordinary man I have ever seen; you are always disposed to point out faults in your own children, and appear to think them inferior to others. Did they know your opinion of them, they would be awkward indeed, for they would then be embarrassed with your imaginary notions of their inferiority."

"I do not intend, my dear," said I, "to disparage our children, by the candor of my observations, for I have some time thought that every man should have his own peculiar character, and not study to imitate others, and indeed, I might say, that these external peculiarities are often characteristic of the most distinguished men, and we should no more strive to eradicate them, than we should to remove the disparities in our form or features. But I have an essay, my dear, on this subject, which I will at some convenient opportunity read to you and the children, for the latter of whom it was originally designed."

"Your essays can never make awkwardness right," said she, "and I think you would do yourself more credit by writing about something else."

"Well, my dear," I continued, "you will be a better judge of its merits when you may have heard it, for *whatever our talents or powers of discrimination may*

be, it will always be safer for us to be well-informed before we make up our judgments of any matter, and thus it is that the wisest are generally the last to decide. You will not deny, however, that it should be our constant study, to give our children a character which will not only enable them to command the respect of others, but which will also be able to sustain them in the midst of difficulties, which it may not be in their power to avert."

"I hope," said she, "I entertain a just sense of my responsibilities, in this respect, sir."

"I am pleased to hear you, my dear, speak thus," said I, "for to our hands is committed, in a great degree, the destinies of our children, both temporal and eternal, for aught I know. I have thought," said I, "that at twelve years of age, the character, if not fixed, has received an inclination which it will be almost impossible to reverse, and difficult even materially to change, and if this be the case, you will readily perceive, my dear, that a great deal must rest with you, for within this tender age, they are, in a great measure, under your direction, and the influence of your example. By this, I do not mean in any degree to diminish the high obligations incumbent upon myself, for although, the pressure of my affairs, will frequently separate me from them and you, yet when I am with them, it shall be my constant endeavor to inculcate upon their youthful minds, the *soundest* maxims of wisdom, as well as the more

ennobling precepts of Christianity, while I shall certainly, to the best of my abilities, portray vice in its most obnoxious forms, and the wicked, as indeed they are, the inevitable victims of Omnipotent vengeance. I have often thought, my dear Caroline," said I, "that could we imagine, that any of our children should hereafter (even after we are transferred to our final repositories), sink down under calamities which our instructions might have prevented, or fall under adversities against which, we had failed in due time, to fortify their minds, how inconceivably distressing, would be the state of agony we should now endure. But, could we think, but for a moment, that the worst of human punishments, the loss of liberty, and incarceration in a dungeon, with which the statutes of all civilized nations punish the guilty felon, should be the wretched fate of any one of the beloved little innocents who now hang upon our necks, and look to us for protection and happiness, there, perhaps under the rigorous leash of some tyrannical driver;"—here I saw my wife was in tears, and I desisted. "I can never, my dear, however," said I, "suffer myself to doubt, that Providence will guard and protect our children even as he has us, for faithfully have I committed them to his holy keeping.

CHAPTER LVIII.

"PA," said James, to me, "I should like to know what economy is, which I have heard you talk so much about, for I do not understand it."

"I would define economy, my son," said I, "to be living within our income. What is economy to one man, may be parsimony to another, or extravagance in a third. It is too, more of a negative, than a positive virtue, and consists more in holding on to what we have already acquired, than in judicious management, or theoretic schemes to acquire more, for I have known many persons who appeared to have no system of management whatever, who nevertheless grew rich by the unyielding obstinacy with which they held on to whatever came into their hands; I do not think that mere abstinence from expenditure is at all times consistent with true economy, yet so safe is the principle, that I have never seen it fail to enrich those who pertinaciously adhered to it. I will tell you a short story that may serve in some degree to illustrate my views. Two poor families in similar circumstances once settled near me, who practiced opposite systems of management owing to their different views of economy, for it was the object of both to make money. One, whom I will call Williams, immediately commenced a vigorous system of improvements; he threw down the old corn-crib,

which seemed to be infested with wevils, and built in a different place; moved the fodder-house nearer to the crib in order to save time; moved the kitchen farther from the house for fear of fire; threw away the old gin-stand which only ginned a bale per day, and purchased one which ginned three bales in the same time, while he threw down, and arranged more advantageously, every line of fence on the place. He now purchased a large supply of corn, and three additional horses with which to make his crop; he also ordered several new kinds of instruments such as sweeps, cultivator, scrapers, etc., which he said were great improvements in agriculture, and he entirely discarded all the old-fashioned plows on the place, substituting those of an entire new style. He thought leather greatly superior to home-made collars and was careful to send his horses to town to have them well suited with substantial harness. Williams was now thought a most industrious and enterprising man, and no one entertained doubts of his success. Hardcastle on the other hand, adopted a most quiet, cautious and unobtrusive course; he did not materially innovate upon the order of things he found on the place, although he frequently remarked, he should be pleased to make several improvements. He made a few rails, and inserting them here and there as seemed to be needed, he had soon repaired his fence; he also in like manner repaired the various houses on the place, and having straitened the.

battered saws of his gin-stand, and made one or two new cogs for the wheel, he began to clear off his fields for the plow, for his team was weak, and he would not increase it, on account of the scarcity of corn, as well as of the outlay of cash it would cost, and he thus commenced early to plow, that he might not be behind with his crop; he fixed up all the old plows, made collars of shucks, hewed out his own hames, and made traces of rope. Having fewer horses to feed than his neighbor, he planted several acres less of corn and as many more of cotton, and by turning his horses out to grass at night, he actually sold a part of the small supply of corn he had bought, to his neighbor, whose system required he should keep his horses in the stable; there was but little difference in their crops, but a great deal in their expenses. In a year or two Williams began to complain of his difficulties, and the low price of cotton, while he still spoke fluently of improved methods of cultivation, as well as of new kinds of cattle and hogs, and the most economical modes of rearing and feeding them. Hardcastle on the other hand gradually increased his means, and when the fortunes of his neighbor began to decline was ready to assist him with a small sum to appease the urgency of his creditors. But there is a different species of economy, my son," said I, "which at this *time* began to manifest itself in these two families,

and this is rather more of a positive than of a negative description. Williams would not suffer his children to labor in the field with his servants, for this he thought would be mortifying and degrading to them, as well as disagreeable to his own feelings. His son, therefore, spent his time in hunting, fishing, or other idle amusements; his wife kept a horse for visiting, and his daughter occupied a sort of doubtful station, being cook extraordinary, and assistant house-keeper, as circumstances seemed to require. Hardcastle, on the other hand, thought children ought to be made to work; that it was both honorable and advantageous for them to do so. His son, therefore, was put early to the plow, his wife managed, with the assistance of the younger children, to get along with her household business, and his daughter made one of his best hands in the field."

"Ha—ha—ha!" said James, "that is something I have never seen yet; a lady in the field."

"It is no disgrace to labor, my son," said I, "and had I now to select a wife for myself, I would infinitely prefer one like Miss Hardcastle, with a clean Lowell dress, a sun-bonnet on her head, and a hoe in her hand, to one like Miss Williams, who, with too much pride to labor, and too much poverty to claim exemption, glides about slip-shod between the house and kitchen, not knowing whether to count herself a maid or a mistress; now blushing with

shame at her dingy calico, and the menial service she performs, and now unnaturally assuming an air of pride, which her own consciousness will not sustain."

"Did Miss Hardcastle marry?" said James.

"She did," I replied, "for it was with difficulty, old Mr. Hardcastle could keep her on his hands till she was seventeen. The old gentleman boasted of her dexterity at the hoe, and this, together with her gayety of temper, and decided tone of mind, established for her a reputation which spread far and wide, and I have myself seen two of her suitors, both respectable gentlemen, hoeing alongside of her, to enjoy the pleasure of her animated conversation, and when she finally yielded her hand to the favorite of her bosom, there were not less than half-a-dozen, ready to stipulate for so inestimable a prize.

"The fate of Miss Williams may be easily imagined; affecting a superiority over one class, and falling short of the dignity of the other, she was unpopular with them both, and attracting only from the opposite sex, such suitors as she would not marry, and aspiring at such, as would not marry her, she died an old maid, sharing to the last the poverty and destitution of her parents."

CHAPTER LIX.

It was about three months after Mr. Sanderson's first visit to my house, as I returned home from my plantation, that I understood he was again on a visit to us, having arrived but a few moments in advance of myself. Now, I do not know that Mr. Sanderson had the least intention to connect himself with my family, yet I was determined to forestall it, should such a design exist even in embryo, for I now saw, that, notwithstanding I had disputed with him most earnestly, amounting almost to rudeness, it had not caused a discontinuance of his visits, while my wife seemed still unconvinced of the propriety of encouraging them. I was for a few moments much disturbed, for I did not know what was best to be done. I was a little suspicious of the success of an argument, having previously so signally failed; I soon, however, thought of a subject upon which I supposed he would be too sensitive, to make a very vigorous defense. At any rate, I had reflected sometime upon it, and was better prepared than on any other I could think of. This was 'the injurious tendency of the legal profession;' and I determined to introduce it, as soon as I could do so without a manifest breach of politeness. An occasion was soon presented, by a remark made by Mr. Sanderson, concerning the purity of our *republican institutions*. "I have, sir," said I, "the

highest respect for the freedom and simplicity of our form of government, yet there remains to be corrected a most important public license, borrowed from pagan Rome, and by no means homogeneous with the spirit of our institutions, or advantageous to the rights and liberties of the American people. I speak," said I, "of the legal profession, of which you are a member; I am in hopes, sir," said I "that you will not make an 'ad hominem,' application of my remarks, for I have long been impressed with these sentiments."

"I should be pleased," he replied, "if you would favor us with your views on this subject."

"The profession then, is a mockery of justice," said I, "in this, that the principles of equity are not sought for, in legal disputes, but each advocate strives to get the advantage of his adversary; if justice results, it is accidental, because it is not what either party desired or contended for. Should we inform a plain and simple-hearted people, unaccustomed to our courts of justice, that in some island of the ocean a tribunal had been established for the purpose of dispensing impartial justice to all the inhabitants, but that in order to insure this object, the most cunning, subtile and sagacious men on the island were invited into its sacred deliberations, and permitted to exert their mightiest influence to warp the judges in their judgment; that these men are operated upon by the strongest motives of the human heart, to pervert the principles of justice, and defeat the intentions of

honest complainants, by some of their numerous devices; that they held themselves in readiness, and sold their services to the highest bidder, to advocate even the most unworthy cause, and plighted their reputation and honor to prosecute it with fidelity; we should certainly be astonished to hear, that any cause had been there decided in accordance with the principles of equity. And yet, such a paradoxical procedure, prevails in all our courts of judicature." Here I thought Mr. Sanderson seemed to be somewhat estopped, and I was about to proceed, when a most decided movement of my wife arrested my attention, she was (no doubt), apprehensive of a long dispute, and in order (as I thought), to interrupt it, remarked, as she drew her chair immediately between us, "that the air was very cold, and that we should probably have frost." To this I paid but little attention, and as soon as all were again silent, resumed: "Yes, the professional lawyer comes into court, not with the view or the wish to facilitate the administration of justice, but under a professional obligation to promote the interests of his own client, at the expense of the opposing party. He is not only bound by this obligation, but he is moreover prompted by the strongest motives that can be brought to bear upon the human mind, avarice and ambition, to turn the scale of justice in his favor, and this, experience teaches us he will do, though every principle of right *be violated*, and the clearest statutes of the State.

distorted." Mr. Sanderson, here evinced a disposition to reply, but as he seemed a little dilatory in collecting his ideas, I continued: "In the advocacy of a weak and untenable cause, he labors first to throw his adversary out of court, by availing himself of some trivial informality, in no way affecting the merits of the cause, or to make up a false issue, by which the real merits may be kept masked and concealed from the tryers. He next labors to falsify and embarrass the witness, that his testimony may fall self-confuted, or be shorn of its proper influence upon the minds of those it is intended to enlighten, and if he does not always succeed, it is to be attributed to the intelligence of the witness, whose penetration enables him to detect the stratagem intended to mislead or circumvent him. But it is in the subsequent pleadings before the jury, that every stratagem is used, every artifice employed, and every species of imposition practiced that the case admits of, or the abilities of the legal juggler can invent. Evidence is distorted, the law is misinterpreted, facts often misstated, and justice herself almost turned into ridicule. Every passion of the human breast is appealed to, all the sympathies of our nature are sought to be aroused, while the more sordid considerations affecting our own selfishness, are brought to bear, in order to effect a bias in favor of the speaker's cause, and even the holy temple of divine justice is often desecrated, by a misapplication of its sacred oracles to the subserviency of an un-

righteous cause, and it is only when the orator fancies he has transfused the poison of his own interested conceptions into the minds of the jury, that he withdraws from the contest, and awaits the effect of his charlatanry. Nor is it at all wonderful, if the magical transformations of his eloquence, or the sickly vapors of sophistical ratiocination, have incapacitated the honest juror, for rendering a true verdict."

"In the eloquence of your denunciations, sir," said he, "you seem to have failed to give due weight to the consideration, that each party litigant, has his own advocate, and that whatever objections may lie against this form of controversy, the chances are equal, and the trial fair.

"I will admit, sir," said I, "that the chances are equal, and that this makes something like a balance of wrongs, but I can never admit that two wrongs make a right, any more than I can admit, that the equality around the card-table, legitimates the gains and losses of the contending dealers, and this it seems to me is all the force of your argument; beside," continued I, "the opposing advocates are never equal in tact and talent, and consequently play a very unequal game at the tactics of special pleading, nor is it difficult to predict the result where an experienced and eloquent advocate is opposed to one of ordinary skill, more especially in our circuit courts, where the great mass of our business, is transacted. But suppose them to be exactly equal (a circumstance not likely to

happen), still the tendency of a sophistical course of argumentation is to perplex the juror, and to displace in his mind those natural conceptions of right and wrong which spontaneously arise upon the contemplation of the law and evidence, and to substitute in their stead, the ingenious, unnatural, and specious conclusions of the speaker, and as it is impossible to retain but a small part of their wily sophisms, retaining only the most imposing, and these generally derived from the last orator, a verdict will now be rendered on false data, the juror having entirely merged his own original conceptions of justice in his respect for the opinions of those to whom he still vainly looks, for a proper exposition of the principles of the law." The bell now rang for supper, which suspended the discussion, and greatly relieved my wife, whose place it was now to take the lead in the conversation, a position which she gladly assumed, hoping (no doubt), that she could put an end to our dispute. I was now very polite myself, for I thought he would not be able to answer my last arguments, and I imagined from his apparent unwillingness to quit the discussion, that he felt I had the advantage of him, and that he probably would not renew the subject. My feelings were now those of a victor toward the vanquished, and I felt I could be generous, indeed, I almost regretted my uncourteous attack upon *his* profession, when his demeanor was so elegant and gentlemanly.

CHAPTER LX.

As soon as supper was over, we returned to the parlor, and my wife followed as soon as practicable, intending (I have no doubt), to start the piano; in this, however, she was destined to be disappointed, for Mr. Sanderson and myself) seating ourselves together by the fire, I suppose the tenor of my last remarks presented themselves to his mind, and without appearing to desire a continuation of the argument he observed, "that he thought my last objections were obviated by the fact, that a judge who is supposed to be impartial, presided over the trial, whose duty it was to protect the jury from irrelevant and impertinent matters, as well as to see that the law is clearly expounded to them."

"This is truly his duty, sir," I replied, "but is the judge himself, inaccessible to the seductive power of eloquence? surely no one who knows himself or the laws which govern the currents of the human heart, will for a moment deny, that all men are more or less warped in their judgment by the touching and stirring appeals, which the astute lawyer perpetually essays. It was not the justice of Patrick Henry's cause when he plead against the parsons, that caused the judges to fly from the bench, and set the house of burgesses in tears, for these sublime effects of his *electrical* voice had been seen, before the mind had

time to digest the logical propositions of a demonstrative argument, it was the irresistible force of that talismanic power, by which this man was able to transfer his own vivid conceptions to the minds of his auditory, without the necessary intervention of any very forcible reasoning, and which insured the most complete success, wherever there existed a field for its operation. I would farther remark," said I, "in answer to your last argument, that, if (as is admitted), it be the duty of the presiding judge to expound the law, there can be no good reason why he should not perform this duty at once, and thus not only prevent unnecessary delay, but preserve the jury from tiresome disquisitions, and contradictory constructions of both law and evidence." He did not immediately reply, and I continued; "if then both the judge and jury, are susceptible to the transforming influence of eloquence and specious argumentation, with what consistency can one be introduced into the sacred deliberations of a court of justice, who will there use these agents with the professed intention to advance the interests of one party to the prejudice of the other? to whatever extent the court yields to this *ex parte* influence, it so far swerves from justice, and contravenes the objects of its creation, and were it not in some measure influenced thereby, it would be anomalous indeed, that any could be found suicidal enough to pay the cost of the advocate." My wife now became exceedingly impatient; she rose from her

chair, advanced to the piano, adjusted the cover, and after a few seconds dispatched one of the little fellows to tell me that she wished to see me in the other room; just at this moment however, Mr. Sanderson made a remark which I felt bound to answer; I thus forgot the message of my wife, and was soon again earnestly descanting upon the defect I had been laboring to point out, in the administration of the government.

"We cannot expect," said Mr. Sanderson, "that our judges will be well informed in every case of nice discrimination that may fall under their adjudication, and they would consequently require the assistance of those who have made the same their particular study."

"If our courts," I replied, "need jurisconsults, let them be disinterested and impartial, well acquainted with the laws, and sustained by the government; such men would be valuable auxiliaries in intricate causes, while they would have no motive for misapplying a clear and unequivocal statute. If it be contended that the court needs the assistance of conflicting counsel to elicit the truth, then the objection still recurs, that the exposition comes from interested and suspicious sources; it is just such information as would be rejected by the court, if derived from any other except the professional lawyer, for it is interest that vitiates testimony and drives the partial juror and witness from the court. If juries," said I, "are incor-

pable of appreciating plain facts, and of applying thereon plain statutes, in vain shall we expect them to apprehend the ingenious, and often complicated circumlocution of partial commentators, and still more remote must be the hope of attaining the desideratum of every legal inquiry, a true and righteous verdict." I was now in hopes he would surrender, for he did not seem to have a reply at hand, and I was about to conclude as he propounded the following interrogatory:—

"Why is it," said he, "that the most enlightened nations of the earth have sustained the legal profession?"

"The Athenians," replied I, "knew nothing of this profession. With them no such advocacy of causes was permitted, lest the judges should be biased in their decisions thereby, and they held their most important trials by night, to avoid the influence of sympathy, which the countenance or manners of the parties litigant might engender; yet so celebrated was their Court of Areopagus, that the Romans and other nations sent thither their hardest causes for adjudication. At Rome, where the legal profession originated, a severe prohibition was enacted against the mercenary patron (alias lawyer), who set himself up to sell legal opinions, and for a time, the iniquitous custom was suppressed, but the cupidity of mankind prevailed over a feeble sense of justice, and this nation was in the end, cursed with the evil I complain of. The *English* borrowed it from the Romans, and we bor-

rowed it from them. This institution grew out of an impracticable scheme to republicanize the people, and prevent the growth of aristocracy. It was the custom to appoint from the patrician order, a patron for every plebeian, whose duty it was to superintend the interest of his client, as well in, as out of court. It was thought this law would establish more firmly the politico-social bond, and cement the two grand orders of the state, thereby preventing the factitious distinctions which pride and opulence ever mark out for themselves; and while this scheme proved inadequate to the design, it had the effect to create an aristocracy far more injurious, both in a civil and political point of view, than that intended to be forestalled or corrected. Thus an institution springing from an injudicious Roman statute, and fostered by avarice and ambition, has been foisted in upon us to shed its baleful influence upon, and mar the purity of, the most sacred councils of the government." My opponent (if such I may call him), seemed never to have considered the origin or history of his profession. He was struck with my last remarks, and did not reply, merely uttering without emphasis, the phrase, "*viginti annorum, lucubrationes.*" I felt he was pretty fairly discomfited, and proceeded with a sort of peroration as follows:—

"Yes, if Europe was once priest-ridden by the Catholic clergy, America may now be said, to be in the *same state* of vassalage to the legal profession.

The labor of thought and inquiry is in a great measure removed from the common people, while full a tithe of their substance, is annually abstracted for the support of those who think for them. This profession," continued I, "by a very natural tendency, absorbs all political office and emolument. The habit of public discussion, and the transaction of public business, impart to the professional jurist, a confidence, which the world are too apt to regard as the highest qualification for office, and he stands out, the most prominent man for whatever lucrative or honorable station may be presented. His boldness prompts him to pretension, while the modesty of the private citizen, opposes no obstacle to his ambition, and he thus soon finds himself installed in a place, which, had merit alone been consulted, might have been occupied by some less assuming aspirant. I would not, sir," said I, "wish to make an invidious distinction, in a moral point of view, between the two classes of our citizens; yet, it can scarcely be denied, that the influence, long and confirmed habits of prevarication and artifice naturally exert upon the mind, render the professional lawyer often less worthy of public confidence, than the plain and uncontaminated private citizen. If the former occupies the halls of legislation and the public councils, with long and well digested harangues, that tickle the ear, or challenge the admiration of some young Pericles, it *is often* at the expense of sound sense and judgment,

and calculated to engender a false taste for the light and frivolous, while it also disparages the simple Roman manners of a republican people. The almost inevitable promotion that follows this profession, forces the mass of the ambitious young men of this country into it, not (as it should be), to benefit the country, or aid in the due administration of the laws, but solely with the view of making it a stepping-stone to office and distinction. The consequence is, that the profession is greatly redundant, and without a change, must become more so, while a sordid competition is constantly kept up at the expense of the community. Indeed, sir," I continued, "I cannot err, in regarding our trials at law, in connection with their ostensible objects, as the greatest farce now acted in America by legal sanction, and were we not long wed to them, they would appear in all their ludicrous absurdity."

I was about to proceed with the many abuses that have grown out of this profession, such as the defamiation of all who are so unfortunate as to be involved in legal controversies, as well as the probable sum annually spent in this way, which would be sufficient to educate the youth of the country, when I saw Mr. S. was about to leave; I suddenly discontinued my remarks, for I now became apprehensive that I had transcended the rules of politeness, and was anxious to make amends for the unusual length of the remarks into which I had been led. I could not

however, invent any apology worth offering, and he was soon leaving my house, though with an air of the greatest politeness and gentlemanly bearing, and he has not since visited us. My wife was now asleep, the children had all retired, and Clara and myself alone remained in the parlor.

"Pa," said she, after he had taken leave; "do you not think he will take your argument as a personal thing?"

"I cannot see, my dear," I replied, "how he could thus understand it, as it was not particular, but general in its application. I also remarked in the outset that I did not design it to be so considered. I was, however," said I, "led into remarks that I had not contemplated, by objections which he raised, and I was about to enter upon a more imposing branch of the subject, as I saw he was about to leave us. I am glad now that I was saved from the necessity of the unpleasant remarks I was about to make, and I hope I shall never again be placed in so unpleasant a situation at least in my own house."

CHAPTER LXI.

HAVING for some time (as I thought), observed that my son James, in spite of his studied efforts to conceal it, evinced a strong attachment for a frivolous and worldly-minded girl, who frequently visited my

FAMILY AFFAIRS.

daughter, I thought it my duty to speak to him in regard to female character. I accordingly took occasion one evening, when the conversation happened to turn upon the beauty and accomplishments of Miss Mary Jemima Aramantha Boggs, to address him thus:

"My son," said I, "I have found by long experience, that a very large proportion of what we call external beauty, depends greatly upon the distance that intervenes between it and ourselves, and that our admiration will frequently be diminished, as we diminish the distance which at first lent enchantment to our vision. By this I mean to say," said I, "that we are often pleased by the mere exterior of those who would make but indifferent companions; and this is more especially true in regard to those whom we may propose as companions for life. While on this subject," said I, "I will tell you a short story which was a short time ago related to me by a friend who had the misfortune to have separated from his wife a few months before, and who soon after died (as was generally supposed), in consequence of the terrible calamity, for such it may be truly called. 'I was enamored,' said he, 'with the beauty of a face which I have since found was partly artificial, delighted with the gayety and frolicsomeness of a manner, which I afterward learned proceeded from the want of a solid understanding, and captivated by the richness and brilliancy of external decorations, which I found myself unable to continue. I soon saw, after

we were married, that my wife was artful and fashionable, while I was unaffected and plain. She was fond of admiration, and almost intoxicated with the flattery that heartless sycophants poured into her ears: I was unambitious of popular distinction, and found my greatest enjoyment in private seclusion. She was too much interested with the world to calculate the claims of religion; I saw the Deity in every object around me and almost trembled at the slightest infraction of the moral law. Thus while she blamed the quiet unobtrusive domesticity of my life, I could not but find fault with her frivolity and extravagance; and while she was daily mortified at the restraints necessarily imposed upon the gratification of her vanity, I was as much irritated at the repeated calls, which her love of pleasure made upon the philosophical regularity of my habits. Thus day by day, was this conflict of dispositions carried on, my wife asserting the undisputed prerogatives of her sex in all matters of etiquette, and I insisting (as I have ever done), on the masculine right to govern, till a total estrangement took place, and I am probably rendered miserable for life. Had I possessed a larger fortune,' said he, 'our union might have been protracted, but of one thing I am well satisfied, although I have paid too dear to learn it, that where there does not exist in the female breast, the feelings and sentiments of religion, we may in vain hope for happiness in the married state, for folly will then be without its most

salutary check, kindness and charity without a motive, modesty without an advocate, and even conjugal fidelity without a certain guarantee.'"

James seemed forcibly struck with this simple tale, and I have not since seen him interested with Miss Boggs.

CHAPTER LXII.

"Mr. B.," said my wife, after we had sent James to college; "I am a little surprised that you do not send James to a dancing school, for you sent Clara, and I have often heard you say that it had a tendency to polish the manners and make us feel easy in company."

"I have, my dear, always so thought," I replied; "yet I have not esteemed the refinement of a boy's manners of so much importance, believing as I have before had occasion to remark, that true politeness would naturally accompany a well instructed mind. Beside, my dear, James has little or no talent for music, upon which you know dancing greatly depends, and instead of making him feel easy, it might make him the object of ridicule, by the discord he would probably make, in attempting to beat the time with his feet; for you know, my dear, that although I have a tolerable ear for music myself, I could never keep

either the figure or the step in dancing, and was obliged finally to give it up altogether."

"James can't dance, James has no ear for music," said she; "the same old story about your children; they can never do anything to let you tell it. I would like to know the reason why James can't dance?" said she; "he dances now as well as the most of them, although the poor fellow has had to catch all he knows from the children who are sent to the schools."

"It is true, my dear," said I, "that he can jump up and down, or wheel and cut, in imitation of others, but do you not recollect, my dear," said I, "that a few years ago we saw a horse who had been taught to dance, and a dog to count?"

"What in the name of common sense, Mr. B.," said she, "has that to do with the subject? Do you compare your child to a dog, or a horse?"

"I only intended to say, my dear," said I "that in the case of these animals, the performance was altogether mechanical, and that I was fearful, on account of James's deficiency in musical perceptions, his dancing would be a somewhat similar process; nor can I bring myself to think it is right horses should be thus taught, inasmuch as it requires great labor, and a useless consumption of time."

"Well, sir," said she, "you will of course do as you please, and say what you please, but James is a

most promising boy, and in spite of opposition will not be much behind the best."

"I have myself, my dear," said I, "the utmost confidence that we shall realize the truth of your prognostications, for James will certainly possess both a character and a manner of his own. And, indeed, I am decidedly of opinion, that we should never aim to obliterate those distinctive peculiarities, which our Creator has impressed upon us; but, my dear," I continued, "I believe I promised you an essay on this subject, which, with your permission, I will introduce at this time."

"I can't see," said she, "what your essays have to do with the subject. You can get up an essay or a story whenever it suits you, but I cannot see what any of these have to do with dancing. You can read your essay if you wish," said she, "but I cannot see what it has to do with the subject."

"Well, my dear," said I, "let the children be seated and I will read it just as I prepared it for the press."

CHAPTER LXIII.

AN author of some celebrity thinks that man grew out of the monkey race; that he is only an improvement on this part of the animal creation, and he traces the resemblance from which

he deduces this opinion, chiefly through his physical organization. The truth or falseness of this theory I will not attempt to show; suffice it to say, that the Bible accounts for his origin in a very different way, and with this solution we are generally satisfied. It is impossible, however, not to be struck with a peculiar apish propensity which exists in the human family, and which to a close observer is discoverable in almost all our actions. Almost every one appears to have some model in his mind, which he is always trying to conform to. I do not mean to say that he is always trying to act precisely like some one else, but that he has drawn from the conduct of others, certain rules and notions concerning behavior which he is constantly endeavoring to apply to himself. My neighbor John, tries to personate the squire, the squire tries to act like Sir Charles, and Sir Charles tries to ape his royal highness; the consequence of all this is, that no one we meet with in the world, has his own proper character, it is more or less false or artificial, just as he happens to possess more or less of this propensity for imitation. It is true that as society advances in refinement and politeness, this disposition ripens into laws and usages which we denominate etiquette, and which we should feel bound to observe, from fear of the punishment which society would inflict for a transgression thereof; but this by no means weakens the above hypothesis, as all the social institutions of civilized or savage nations, can

only be regarded as the indices of their peculiar temperament or disposition. Now, if apishness be not an innate propensity of the *genus homo*, or man, it is certainly most preposterous that we should be ever trying to imitate each other, for the Creator has certainly placed marks of distinction between us, which, with all our ingenuity, we shall never be able to overcome or efface. It is just as impossible for the gay and laughter-loving Hylarius to counterfeit successfully, the demure and pensive character of a Chinese philosopher, as for the latter to assume the jocular and thoughtless good humor of Hylarius. It is just as impossible for the timid and coy maiden, to act with applause in the bold and senseless character of the indomitable Cleopatra, as for the latter to affect the modest simplicity and blushing innocence of the bashful virgin; and it would have been as impossible for the renowned Emperor of France to dictate his arbitrary opinions in the polished and mellifluous phraseology of the Grecian orator, as for the latter to have imitated the pointed force, and pithy sententiousness of Napoleon Bonaparte. Notwithstanding these natural differences, each one seems to be always striving to act under some rules, or to assimilate his thoughts, words and actions, in form at least, to those of some other, whom he thinks worthy of imitation, often indeed, vainly endeavoring to combine the perfections of many in his own person. The orator who mounts the rostrum, tries to observe all the

principles of rhetoric in the arrangement of his discourse, and all the laws of motion in the management of his hands, arms and legs, during the performance. He tries to enunciate like Webster, to point his periods like Captandus, and gesticulate like Hystrionicus. He brandishes his arms in fantastic circumgyrations, twists his body into as many artificial positions and attempts to portray the passions by distorting his countenance. When Rusticus goes into company, he tries to bow like Chesterfield, to touch his hat like a city dandy, to sit crosslegged like the doctor, and converse like Bombasticus. He inquires of all concerning the health of the family, speaks to madam about the temperature of the atmosphere, and to sire about the state of his affairs; and this often with a total indifference as to the response that may be returned to his interrogatories. In fine, we neither eat, drink, dress, or converse in our true character. We dress according to fashion, we drink in conformity with our gay and social companions, we eat to flatter the vanity of our epicurean hostess, and strive to converse by the most approved rules. We are afraid to talk too much, for this is impolite; we must not talk too little, for this is equally so; we must laugh at every attempt at wit in others, while we are not at liberty to indulge in merriment at our own facetiousness. All this is most preposterous and absurd, and could this false taste be once practiced upon in the world, what a monotonous and uniform race of

beings we should have ; where, then, would be found that variety so much eulogized by poets and philosophers as the spice of life ?

It would quite amuse us to see the hen, or pigeon, plucking out all those feathers which distinguish them from the parent bird, or the cow disowning her offspring because it differed in form, size, or color from herself ; yet this is what we daily witness among ourselves. Now, while I would not attempt to censure that uniformity of our external manners, which the convenience of society seems absolutely to require, I would oppose any modification of those individual differences, which the Creator has placed between us, whether of mental or external characteristics ; for it is only by developing our peculiar faculties and inclinations, in the direction which seems to have been originally given to them, that we can make ourselves eminently useful to ourselves or others, or answer the obvious ends of our being.

My neighbor John, is never so agreeable to me as when he appears in his own appropriate character, forgetting that he has any one to imitate. His conversation is animated, his gesticulation is natural, his diction is easy and his eloquence irresistible ; and though he laughs at his own stories, and violates every canon of politeness, in the motion of his legs and arms, yet I find myself amused without wit, and interested by the very awkwardness which seems to be a part of him. And, indeed, we turn with delight

from the studied formality, and artificial complaisance of the self-controlling courtier, to the simple and sincere exterior of this child of nature. He who labors most to please others, will most generally fail in his attempts, and he will find his dissimulation at last repaid by the very opposite of those feelings it was his wish to excite, and though he may pass current with superficial thinkers, for one of clever intellect, or even a man of parts, he will utterly fail to impart that heartfelt satisfaction which flows spontaneously from artless and unaffected simplicity. And the orator whose strict conformity to technical rules, has tickled the ear of attentive auditories, and forced the approbation of theoretical critics, will find that he has still not accomplished what should be the first and highest object of all speakers, to convince the judgment and persuade the heart. Where there is much formality, there can be but little feeling, and those who labor most to please others, show by the very efforts they make, a want of any very sincere regard. In confirmation, it would only be necessary to refer to the courts of kings and princes, where all is regulated by regal etiquette, and hypocrisy and dissimulation meet the highest reward; and even among the most polished nation, and the one most distinguished for the refinement and elegance of its manners, it is remarkable to observe the greatest laxity of the social virtues; conjugal infidelity being scarcely accounted a crime. The design seems here to be,

to make up by profession what is wanting in sincerity, and to affect the greatest homage for those virtues we are afraid the world will not give us credit for possessing. He who possesses the substance will make but little parade about its shadow, and he who really desires the happiness of another, will be too much interested in the exercise of his own sympathies, to make any vain demonstration in mockery of them."

"I suppose, then," said my wife, after I had finished reading, "if one of our children should possess the awkwardness of a clown, or dance like a horse, it would not be right to correct his manners; for fear he should become too much like other people."

"This is not exactly my meaning, my dear," said I, "yet I do not believe I can explain it any better, than by again referring you to my essay."

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE reader may now think it time, that I should say something of the system of moderation I spoke so much about in the outset of this memoir; and indeed it was a paramount object in commencing it, to show the complete success I have had in the management of my affairs, and if possible, to persuade all of my children (at least), to adopt a similar one. I cannot

better illustrate the policy of the very natural and moderate system I have steadily pursued since I began to act for myself, than by repeating a conversation between a wealthy and very respectable planter and myself a short time since.

"Mr. B.," said he, "I have heard several persons express their surprise, and I cannot but add my own astonishment, that you should continue on your plantation an overseer, who only makes you five or six bales of cotton to the hand, when you could get one for the same salary, who would make you seven or eight bales."

"It is true, sir," I replied, "that my crops are lighter than those of the majority of my neighbors (I mean of those who are called good planters), yet you are aware that our systems are, and have always been, different, for whereas the general aim is to raise the largest possible crop to the hand, my own has been only to produce a medium crop, or such as I can gather and manage without overtaxing anything about me. Indeed, sir," said I, "I have thought that I could make more money by raising five or six bales, than I can from a larger crop."

"I cannot see," said he, "how you can find five or six bales to the hand more profitable than seven or eight, for this is a subject which admits of mathematical calculation, and makes an annual difference of sixty or a hundred dollars to the hand."

"It so appears," said I, "at least, for a single

year, and I should myself think with you, did not my observation and experience force my mind to a different conclusion."

"I should be pleased," he replied, "to hear your views on this subject, for we all have the same object, and if your system is better than mine, I shall certainly adopt it."

"I will endeavor, sir," said I, "to illustrate this subject by presenting you with a comparative view of the result of these two very different systems by a retrospective view of the amount of capital invested by different individuals eighteen years ago, and the present value of the same; for facts are more satisfactory than theory, and experience than speculation. Eighteen years ago," said I, "my capital was about \$7,000; it consisted of eleven negroes, five of whom were able to work; I had no land or other property worth naming, I purchased (as you may recollect), at that time, a tract of land consisting of 550 acres, for which I gave my notes, and afterward paid \$4500. At that time, A. B., C. D., E. F., G. H., and I. J., five of the best planters, as they are generally esteemed, in the county, were worth each about \$45,000, or six times as much as was the value of my own estate; each had a well improved farm, from twenty-five to thirty-five hands, together with horses, cattle, and every other description of property, common to a plantation. I take the liberty," said I, "of instanc-

ing these planters, because they have not only been

the most successful producers of heavy crops, but are likewise regarded as the most judicious and economical men among us, while their opinions are quoted as good authority in matters of agriculture, and I could not name any others who have succeeded so well. At this time I own about 100 negroes, 3000 acres of land, etc., which may be estimated at \$60,000, together with about \$20,000 of cash on hand, making a total of \$80,000. Six years ago my property was equal to that of A. B., and it is now worth twenty-five per cent more. It is about equal to the estate of C. D., nearly equal to that of E. F., while G. H., and I. J., who have been the most successful of them all, cannot separately show an estate more than double that of my own."

"Your statement," said he, "is substantially correct; yet you have certainly been the most fortunate planter in the country, having scarcely lost a horse or negro during this time, but on the contrary, have had the most unprecedented increase in both species, while the planters you mention, have severally lost by accident or disease, from fifty to seventy-five negroes, and innumerable horses."

"You have, indeed, sir," said I, "hit upon the precise difference between the two systems, for instead of losing (as I probably should have done, under the same management), thirty or fifty negroes, I have lost but three or four infants, while my horses *really* last until we are tired of them, and amply

supply the plantation by their increase. I am only surprised," said I, "to hear you impute to good fortune, what must be chiefly ascribed to the certain and uniform operation of the natural law; for it is really astonishing, that men will charge the Deity, with afflictions or reverses, which their own misconduct has brought upon them."

"Have you never speculated, Mr. B.?" said he.

"I have, indeed, sir," I replied, "been tempted two or three times to make a little speculation where a good opportunity seemed to have been presented, but my attempts have invariably failed (as they have ever done when I have acted contrary to my convictions of propriety), and I have barely recovered the original sum invested, losing in every instance my own trouble and anxiety and the interest on my capital. I have never been at all benefited by the depreciation of the paper currency of our country, out of which so many made their fortunes; if then my own capital has increased nearly fifteen fold, in eighteen years, while that of the planters, I have mentioned, has only increased from two-and-a-half to five fold in the same time, I cannot see a reason for changing my mode of business."

"It may suit you," said he, "to make only five or six bales, but if my overseer does not make me ten this year, I will look out for another."

"You may make this crop," sir said I, "yet if you continue this course, your negroes will be worn

down at forty-five, while there will be but few young ones to take their place." This gentleman was by no means convinced by my arguments, although he did not attempt to answer them, and indeed I have generally found, that men prefer present good, to the brightest prospect of future enjoyment, and readily renounce the pleasure which exists only in anticipation, wherever it conflicts with the happiness of the present moment.

CHAPTER LXV.

CLARA had now been married three or four years, and residing near us she made us frequent visits ; on one of these occasions, she requested that I should finish reading the little poem I had written, partly for the amusement of the children, upon which I read to her and my wife, the following:—

THE PILGRIMAGE.

Popland, while here to man's estate, I slowly did advance,
'Twere hard to tell what visions bright, would through my fancy
dance ;
I thought this world half made for me, whose ever-during green,
Had been reflected from the glass, my youthful eyes had seen ;
That happiness triumphant reigned, and peace and perfect love,
And onward still in bright sunshine, my adult years would move.
I left thy fond maternal face, at duty's urgent call,
Impelled toward the common goal, to which she drives us all ;

Just as the infant leaves the breast, or soldier leaves his mate,
Crying aloud, yet moving still, obedient to his fate;
Since that I've felt a quenchless flame, within my bosom burn,
Should fortune smile, to leave the world, and to this spot return;
But ah! how diff'rent is mankind, from thy unsullied glass,
Self-interest in every heart, and coldness in the mass.

All wrap themselves in selfishness, one universal cloak,
And at the foibles of the rest, set up a snarling croak;
The politician spouting round, and frantic with blind zeal,
Denounces all, save his own creed, as anti-public weal;
Disdaining now to tread the paths, his fathers trod before,
He magnifies existing ills, and fancies thousands more.
And while he speculates in gloom, and sees a dismal fate,
His patriotism shows a scheme, to save the sinking state;
'Till legislation running wild, traverses her design,
And those who boast of freedom most, can scarce their laws define;
The prelate in his rostrum grand, beseeches, rants, and raves,
And by the fierceness of his wrath, destroys more than he saves;
Tries full five hundred erring sects, by his dogmatic rule,
When he might well himself be tried, in apostolic school;
Curses them all with demon ire, and purblind party rage,
And all but dooms them down to hell, their dev'lish war to wage.
And still he vainly vaunts himself, commissioned from on high,
To save the sinful souls of men, and teach them how to die;
The scholar, cloistered in his cell, pours over musty tomes,
Travailing with some big design, but when the bastard comes,
Some lady love of human birth, into an angel grown,
With paramour of fancied charms, and virtues not his own;
And gorgeous domes, and starry eyes, and neck of alabaster,
Shine falsely fair all through his tale, like gold in New York's
Astor.

He proudly boasts 'tis not for self, but for mankind he writes,
Yet cannot brook a rival scribe, who in this cause unites;
He views mankind near as they are, and draws the picture true,
But sets it in a shade so strong, 'tis not like me nor you;
Could he but see his portraits spring, from his own mind their cause
And that he partly paints himself in every line he draws.

'Twould cure contempt for meaner minds, or curb the critic
sneer,

And while he would indulgent feel, himself might learn to fear ;
The politician would be statesman, statesman would be king,
The prelate would be deified, then take celestial wing ;
The scholar would soar higher still, and mount above them all,
To see some reeling planet lost, just tottering to its fall.

'Tis low ambition creeps along, through small as well as great,
Sits umpire on the squire's bench, or drives the car of state ;
The doctor, though a learned man, and honest in his way,
Gives out his poisons, or withholds them, as the case will pay,
He publishes to cure disease, but seldom does so do,
And should he cure a malady, he manufactures two ;
His lancet sharp with pain he plies, in art'ry large or vein,
And draws the life-blood of the heart, through an unnatural
drain,

Till down his patient sinks at last, without the power to rise,
And still the curdling stream he draws, until he faints and dies.
Burning fevers, aching pains, kind friends to nature's cause,
Good champions of her combats fierce, and her infracted laws,
He counts the worst of mortal foes, and strives their strength to
break,

When he should bravely push them on, their mortal foe to take.
He does not see that while he would restrain their struggling
power,

He plants his foot on nature's breast, and sinks her hour by hour :
So the kind boy who sees his brother battling with his might,
Runs up at once to hold his arms, and stop the dang'rous fight,
Heeds not, that as he draws him off, he gives his foe the ground,
Till down he sinks, stabbed in his arms, with all his friends
around,

Last, when he fails to cure disease, or when he causes it,
He tries to make up by hard terms, just what he wants in wit ;
A palsy, is paralysis, a colic, rachialgia,
Your brain he calls encephalon, and headache, cephalalgia ;
Of fevers he makes numerous types, type typhus, or typhoid,
And type congestive, which he says, scarcely can death avoid ;

And though our friends around us fall, we call, then call again,
Resigned if they but die with skill, in scientific pain.
The lawyer's crafty, cunning, oft, a shrewd and subtle knave,
Tries every art his wit suggests, to get the half you have ;
Deceives the jury, hides the law, and tries to warp the judge,
While arguments he knows are sound, he strives to prove all
fudge ;

Instead of aiding justice in dispensing out the laws,
He perverts all her principles, and wrongs each righteous cause,
And when we send him to make laws, he makes them intricate,
In order to prolong disputes, and new ones to create ;
He thinks all justice foolishness, and counts all virtue vain,
And prosecutes to life itself, to fee his private gain ;
Just like the Devil, who had robbed old Job of flocks and herds,
Sought afterward with sanguine heart, and bold defiant words,
To touch his life, the only thing that to him still remained,
That thus he might secure his ends, and see his purpose gained.
Now if the last should be the worst, yet 'tis but a slight shade,
Which subterfuge and art prolonged, have a fixed habit made ;
One principle in all I've found, the only end and aim,
Their own exclusive selfishness, which is in all the same ;
The motive and the object too, the standard and the guide,
Which animates and moves the whole, and by which all are
tried.

One loves his hound, this goes to town, that loves to read or write,
Another loves to play at cards, drink whisky, or cock-fight,
This mounts a stump to make a speech, that writes an epitaph,
Another cracks a funny joke, to make his fellows laugh ;
One subtle grown, thinks deep and hard, and racks his tortuous
brain,

To drive a bargain with the man, that he would else disdain ;
The plodding Dutchman smokes his pipe, the Frenchman his
cigar,

The Irishman drinks off his drams and wallows here or there :
Some trick or custom, trait or vice, peculiar to each one,
And all indulged to please himself, and please himself alone.

Think you when Proteus smiles so fair, and lauds with peals on
peals,

That 'tis your happiness he seeks, 'tis his own that he feels;
Just ask him for a debt he owes you, which he knows is just,
And if he does not snap at once, he wrinkles up like crust.
His interest is all his care, and where he hopes to use you,
He praises, flatters, blames or censures, as he thinks will suit you
But where his smallest, meanest loss, involves your highest gain,
He'll always work against your good, his little to attain ;
One face there is, in Heaven first seen, which men and angels
know,

His savage aspect even now, still haunts me as I go ;
'Tis base ingratitude, foul cause of all our earthly woes
And ever-dying principle of our infernal foes ;
Direful demon, horrid monster, fiend within a fiend,
The likeness can nowhere be found, though earth's round realm
were gleaned ;

For when I've thought I'd made a friend, by kindness well be-
stowed,

I have been slandered, mocked and cursed, as if the debt I owed.
O, virtue fair, thy smiling face, how seldom have I found,
In all the varying grades of life, in all this world around,
How much of envy, pride, deceit, to counteract thy claims,
How much of false philosophy, to thwart thy noble aims ;
E'en where thou art, how little known, how little loved or praised,
Judged by that standard, false and foul, the sordid mind hath
raised.

In private life thy form is seen, scarce known to public fame,
And but for those who know thee well, thou wouldst not leave a
name ;

Yet if there be but one bright spot, where God alone hath been,
And nothing but seraphic ken, this heavenly spot hath seen,
Here thou shalt dwell in thy own light, without Almighty's aid,
The loveliest thing that he himself, in all his works hath made.

THE RETURN.

From this stern picture glad I turn, dear Popland, to thy shade,
Which fickle fortune in her whims, hath my possession made,
With worldly wealth, which thousands think the price of worldly
bliss,

But which one sorrow cannot soothe, nor one sad care dismiss.
But ah, what desolation drear, hangs on thy waning face,
What revolutions have been here, to mar this lovely place.
Is this the spot once seemed so gay, where rural scenes all round,
Life-like appeared in nature's robes, with verdant beauty crowned?
Is this the place once was my world, in happy childhood's hours,
And ever since has filled my dreams with blest Elysian bowers?
Is this the place my longing soul expects that peace to find,
Which anxiously for years, in vain, I've sought among mankind?
So changed thou art, myself so changed, I scarce thy form discern,
And crying when I left thy face, sighing I now return;
Thy vacant halls, where all was mirth, with startling echoes ring,
Thy lonely towers and drooping crest, look like some fearful
thing;

Thy rotten roof, and weeping eaves, are nearly now all gone,
Thy windows warped, and creaking doors, move with a hollow
moan,

Thy garden-spot uncultured lies, of all its beauty shorn,
Bald, wretched wreck of what it was, like maiden fair, forlorn,
Here fairy forms and fruits and flowers, the loveliest of their kind,
As if to mock my gloomy breast, rise up before my mind.
Here stood the peach-tree, there the quince, yonder the mound
was piled,

Here grew sweet basil, there sweet-william, yonder the rose-bush
smiled,

No vestige now of all remains, to point me to the spot,
In memory alone they stand, near by myself forgot;
Yon furrowed plains, from wintry rains, which now this scene
distorts,

Are where the wildest forest grew, and where I had my sports.

The streamlets winding through the vale, which my best pleasures claim,

Now choked with willows, gums, and brush, have scarce one look the same,

The fallen oak the lightning-struck, which long had stood the storm,

Now moulder'd into dust is gone, devoured by the worm,

And the stern beech, whose iron frame has breasted all the strife,

The elements have waged above, against his lengthened life,

Now grins with startling characters, which as the date will show,

Were cut into his polished rind, full thirty years ago ;

O, could I but recall those days, and those loved friends again,

Who now for years in silence, deep beneath the sod have lain ;

Could I but hear their voice once more, 'twould light my gloomy breast,

Resuscitate my soul again, or ease me down to rest ;

Four friends, my earliest and my best, now lie in death's embrace,

O'er all I shed fond memory's tear, to see the sacred place,

A father, mother, son and brother, and a sister all,

Now lie beneath yon sculptur'd stone, and in that marble wall,

Their names are deeply graved upon, the tablets of my heart,

Nor would I, could I, from this sad, this loved enchantment, part.

'Tis not like Brutus' evil sprite, moved by satanic power,

That comes to tell some wretched fate, just at the midnight hour,

It calms my passions, drowns my pride, pours gall in folly's cup,

Just as the wizard's potent wand, called good old Samuel up ;

For when the splendid pageant vain, moves on at pleasure's call,

And revelry and frolic wild, light up the festive hall,

It holds my towering spirit down, and checks my rising mirth,

To think those friends, gay as myself, once frolicked on the earth.

Again when friends or fortune frown, or persecutions rise,

It's like an anchor to my soul, fixed steadfast in the skies ;

I feel that there we 'll meet again, in one blest state, above,

Where all will be perpetual joy, and peace and perfect love.

Dear Popland, when I was far off, with sore disease oppressed,

Tossed to and fro, with febrile pangs, or with worse cramp distressed,

It mollified my aching frame, and quelled my heaving groans,
That when the vital spark was gone, thou wouldst receive my
bones,

And now I have been through the world and life's best dream is
passed,

I am resigned to lay me down, and calmly breathe my last;
A happiness which few enjoy, who long have loved to roam,
To repossess their native place, and there to die at home;
Like the poor pilgrim who set out, with heaven in his view,
And threescore years has limped along, to find mankind more
true,

Turns back at last to the lone spot, where first he drew his breath,
Way-worn and tired, to rest his limbs, or stretch them out in
death,

Thy furrowed face will weep for me, thy pines will howl my wail,
The owl's wild scream, and whip-poor-will, may tell my mournful
tale,

And yet so still shall be my sleep, and so profound my rest,
That storms, nor rains, nor thunder loud, shall e'er that sleep
molest.

As I finished reading both my wife and daughter
seemed to be affected, and indeed I could scarcely
restrain my own emotions, although they probably
proceeded from a different cause; "Yes," I continued,
after a few moments had elapsed, since the melan-
choly event which recently transpired in the death of
my dear old mother, "I feel that quite a change has
come over my mind, for though it is wrong to grieve,
and I make every effort to maintain my dignity, yet
all nature seems transformed before my eyes, and I
am frequently on the point of exposing my weak-
ness to those who look to me for an example of

resignation. I often fear that my mind can never recover its wonted cheerfulness under so afflictive a bereavement.

"Pa," said Clara, in a tremulous voice, "I am surprised that you have not written a line for one who has been more than a mother to us all, for her life could not be told in a volume."

"My feelings were almost too deeply affected, my dear," said I, "for I have felt as if my life had already passed away, and never before have I been able to realize the solemn truth, that I shall soon repose by her side and fill my own little corner, in the extended cemetery of my fathers; yet I have managed to indite a few incoherent stanzas which is perhaps all I shall ever be able to write on this subject, and drawing from my pocket a small slip of paper I read as follows:—

MY MOTHER'S DEATH.

My mother, has she gone at last,
Could Heaven spare her life no longer ;
Could the long thought of all she's past,
Not move her pulse one tittle stronger ?
Must the cold shroud, dread thing, forever,
Hide her dear form within its fold,
Can I never, never, never,
While I live that face behold ;
Shall I never hear that voice,
The first my infant mem'ry knows,
That made my troubled heart rejoice,
And lulled my slumbers to repose ;

And can I not those eyes engage,
Where all my fondest mem'ries dwell,
My youth, my manhood, and my age,
Their smiles and tears alike could tell.
Yes, thou art cold, yet still that brow,
That hand, that hair, that look the same,
As lovely and familiar now,
As when I learned to lisp thy name.
What to me are all life's joys,
Wealth, ambition, honor, fame,
Vainer now than childish toys,
That mock me with their empty name.
Who 'll now fire my soul for glory,
Who 'll now nerve me for the war,
Who 'll now praise, whate'er my story,
Who 'll now all my fortunes share,
Who 'll now pity, who 'll forgive me,
Who 'll now lure me from my sins,
Who 'll now weep and who 'll console me,
When my torturing pain begins ;
Who 'll now smooth my fevered pillow,
Who 'll now point me to the skies,
Who 'll now plant my weeping-willow ;
Or who 'll close my dying eyes ?
Oh ! my mother, oh ! my mother,
None on earth can fill thy place,
What are father, sister, brother,
To that kind maternal face ;
What that grief which hearts can borrow,
What though poured upon my ear ;
There's nothing now can soothe my sorrow,
Since my mother is not here.
Still and sad my soul shall languish,
Filled with grief, no mortal knows ;
Sighs alone shall tell my anguish,
Till my cheerless life shall close.

We could not now continue the conversation and Clara silently withdrew, overcome with her own emotions.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE deep sadness we had all experienced during the evening, still oppressed my spirits until the children had one by one, retired to rest, and all was silent around the dying embers, when the following conversation between my wife and myself, in some measure diverted the melancholy tenor of my reflections.

“My dear Caroline,” said I, while I could not help embracing her in my arms; “we have now performed nearly the whole journey of life together. We have had our arguments, and disputes; our joys, and our sorrows; our prosperity, and our adversity; our rewards, and our punishments; our friends, and our foes; and although age is beginning to make deep inroads upon our constitutions, and to make the traces of his unwelcome footsteps upon every lineament of our faces, with a view to that great change which ere long awaits us; yet I do not think it possible for *me* ever to lose sight of the almost divine brilliancy *that once flashed from those dark eyes, that of late,*

have been so often filled with tears of grief; or the deep carnation that then overspread those cheeks, now furrowed and faded by time; nor can I forget the incomparable happiness of that hour, when young, thoughtless and overflowing with affection, while the future was bright before us, and our aged old mothers and friends still remained upon the earth to bless us, when in the ecstatic embrace of our innocent hearts, we plighted our mutual faith, and vowed never again to separate." Here my wife became much affected, and I was compelled to desist, yet I had not given full expression to my own feeling, and after a brief pause resumed:—"Yes, my dear Caroline, I cannot but hope we have faithfully acted our part in this life, and that we may confidently look for our higher reward in that to which we are rapidly tending. If you have not yourself at all times acted a conspicuous part in the great drama, you have secretly nerved my heart for the conflict, you have been as a rivulet of running water to refresh my flagging spirits, and without fainting you have supported my arms when I prayed for victory." An incredulous expression from my wife corrected the sort of rhapsody into which my feelings had transported me, and I proceeded in a somewhat subdued tone:

"I can, my dear, see no good reason why we should hesitate in our upward progress, or be in the slightest degree unwilling to advance toward our final

rest, for we feel that repose is daily becoming more agreeable to us. Our vision is failing, our hearing is impaired, and in almost every other department of our organization, we are admonished that a beneficent Providence is gradually preparing us for the transition which is inevitable; and, indeed, if we reflect, that the greater portion of our once most intimate friends and relations, even our brothers and sisters, who entered life with us, have many of them long since preceded us, while there are but few now remaining who can sympathize with us in our early recollections, or feel more than a passing interest in scenes to which our minds almost involuntarily revert, it does seem to me that we have cause for rejoicing, more especially as we believe to this very agreeable society, must then be added that of our old fathers and mothers whose care and affections have been to us the highest source of our earthly enjoyment, and there amid the beatified spirits of the saints of all ages, and cherubim, and seraphim, we shall rest from our labors and our works shall follow us."

LETTER TO MY SON JAMES, AT COLLEGE

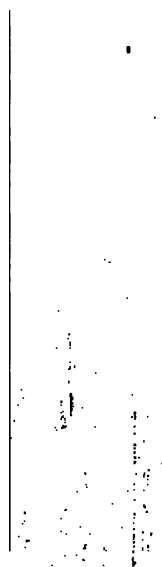
"MY DEAR SON,—I feel it my duty to give you as briefly as possible the counsel of my age and experience, for you are now at a period when impressions are likely to be most durable, and you are likewise beginning to form that character which must last you through life. In a matter of so much importance, it would seem *I might* be doubtful where to begin, and indeed, very many im-

portant principles of conduct press with peculiar force upon my mind, yet above them all, I would most unhesitatingly advise you to practice honesty with all men, as well as with your own heart: upon this more depends than upon the practice of any other virtue. By this I mean, that you should never tell a lie even in jest; that you should never intentionally deceive another, either by word or action, for this is a species of lying; that you should always keep your engagements, of whatever kind, punctiliously, and that you should be conscientious in all you do. Keep good company or none at all; your character must take its direction, in part, from the tone and bearing of those with whom you associate. By this I do not mean that you should affect a superiority over any—give good advice to those beneath you, and set them an example worthy of imitation. If you are falsely accused, be patient, and let your conduct vindicate your innocence. Leave vengeance to God, and time will punish your enemies; your character can never be injured, except by your own conduct. Never be idle—when your hands cannot be profitably employed, improve your mind. Drink no kind of intoxicating drinks. Play at no games of chance. Have but few intimate friends; and make but few promises. Think over at night, what you have been doing during the day. If you would prosper, make no haste to be rich, but live within your income; moderation, prudence and economy, are the certain guarantees to wealth. If you would enjoy the favor of Heaven, you must respect the laws of your Creator, for herein is the secret of success, as well as of happiness and true glory. Never borrow when you can avoid it; remember that youth is the time to lay up for old age. Speak evil of none, and never make light of misfortunes, which may some day fall upon you or your family. Whenever you are doubtful about your duty, think of the golden rule, ‘do unto others as you would they should do unto you.’ Avoid temptation, lest you be not able to resist it. Think not that you can do wrong, and escape the wrath of Heaven—your punishments will always be equal to your offenses. Harbor no evil thoughts, for even these, will react upon yourself. Lastly, my son, remember, that the practice of the christian religion, covers all these philosophic maxims.

and that were it possible for a man to practice them, without being a Christian, he would still be wanting in the most essential attribute of a great and good man, for whatever the foolish and vain may say, no man can be happy without religion, while in every station of life, it is the most dignified and honorable style of human nature, and the perfection of virtue.

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER."

THE END.





REC- 8- 1970

